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THE FIGHT OF THE COPPER KINGS

BY

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THE FIGHT BETWEEN F. AUGUSTUS HEINZE AND THE AMALGAMATED COPPER COMPANY—THE PICTURESQUE CAMPAIGN OF 1900 AND THE RE-ELECTION OF CLARK TO THE SENATE—BEGINNING OF THE GREAT LEGAL WAR OVER THE BUTTE HILL

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND A DRAWING BY F. E. SCHOONOVER

F. Augustus Heinze now enters the remarkable warfare that grew out of the development of the Butte Hill, and with him enters another new and masterful power in Montana,—the Amalgamated Copper Company, an off-shoot of the Standard Oil. With their entrance the character of the struggle changed. It had been almost wholly political; it became partly commercial. The legislatures were no longer the chief battleground of the opposing factions in Montana; the fight, although still a dominant influence in State politics, was largely transferred to the courts.

At the time when he really became a factor in the affairs of Montana, F. Augustus Heinze was about thirty years old. Tall, well-proportioned, physically powerful, a combination of the Bohemian and the calculating man of affairs, he displays at all times a grace of pose which one is puzzled whether to characterize as a bit of splendid by-play or a natural quality from birth. With this personality at his command, he has played the boldest game of bluff that the West, accustomed to the methods of desperate challengers, has even seen. His feats of legerdemain in business affairs have dazed his enemies; his boldness, no less than his eloquence, has governed mobs; his lightning changes of front have hypnotized courts. On occasions when Heinze has appeared as a witness before the Supreme Court of Montana, the sang-froid which he has imparted to some of his equivocations has been so pronounced as to border on contempt. He has smoothed and smiled his way through rigid cross-examinations with the most exasperating evasiveness, leaving on the spectator the impression that he was too keen for his opponents and too crafty for the reach of the ordinary judicial remedy. Heinze has read to me snatches of Ben Franklin's lighter philosophy in the corridor of the Butte courthouse while Judge Clancy was reading a decision in one of his cases involving two million dollars' worth of ore.

To his enemies, Heinze was always the unscrupulous charlatan—"the impossible," H. H. Rogers called him. To his friends, he was a man who, fighting for existence against unscrupulous and powerful foes, reached for any weapon in sight, whether it happened to be broadsword or coupling-pin. Not always having time to weigh calmly what was fair, not always seeming to care what might be the judgments of men who, not understanding him or his

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cause, would look upon his downfall with indifference, with pity, or with satisfaction, he no doubt felt that his enemy was as treacherous and as cunning as the Indian, and that any rules of warfare were justifiable under the circumstances.

The Origins of Heinze

According to his own statement Heinze is of German-Irish extraction. He was brought up in Brooklyn, New York, was educated partly in Germany, where he studied extensively in languages, and finished off with a course of theoretical mining at the Columbia School of Mines. After his graduation he spent some time in Colorado making a practical study of mines and smelting. He finally went to Butte, where he secured, in 1889, his first steady employment as engineer for the Boston & Montana Consolidated Copper and Silver Mining Company. By day he ventured the perils of underground employment; at night he donned conventional attire and was a social lion of the town. When not thus engaged, he lounged around the cigar stands and beer halls — the latter, in the absence of something better, being resorts of accepted respectability in Butte — gathering and mentally storing away the information that drifted through the gossip of miners and prospectors. He soon acquired an intimate knowledge of the Butte Hill, the trend of the veins, their pitch and strike, and their probable connection with veins in other properties. In the mining world of Butte he was a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles which his technical education and his foresight enabled him to use afterward.

Heinze early learned that there was an enormous profit in the smelting of ores at the going price in Butte. He conceived the idea of quitting his employment with the Boston & Montana Company and of forming a customs smelting company; that is to say, a company for the treatment of ores of small, independent mining companies and private individuals that were without smelting facilities of their own. He went to New York and had raised almost the required amount of capital, when the Baring Brothers' failure stopped all flotations for the time. Heinze, financially stranded, worked for six months as mining editor of the *Engineering and Mining Journal* in New York. In the course of his work he had charge of a compilation of all the copper statistics published in the annual number of that journal, and so he learned the name of every concern engaged in the copper business in the United States. He negotiated with these companies and finally found a market through which he could dispose of copper-bearing material profitably, by shipping it to the Eastern seaboard. He bought all the copper-bearing material he could command and made large profits — so large, in fact, that the Lewisohn Brothers, big factors in the copper market, joined him in these speculations.

Heinze's first venture in mining was the Rarus property at Butte — and it is a singular coincidence that a large part of his litigation with the Amalgamated Company afterwards revolved around this claim. He secured a bond and lease on the Rarus, by the terms of which he was to pay $150,000 for it in twelve months, in case his underground explorations satisfied him that the property was valuable. He worked the mine for a year and made some money, but concluded not to take it. After he had ceased operations on the Rarus, the owners of that property ran into a valuable chute of ore in following up Heinze's workings. Heinze then bought a half-interest in the property for $200,000 and two months later bought the remaining half-interest for $200,000 more.

The Raid on Canada

It was after Heinze had got his Rarus property under way that he made his famous raid on Canada and the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company. The episode is interesting because his methods in Canada were so like his subsequent style of campaign against the Amalgamated. Heinze was about twenty-six years old when he went to Trail, a town in the Kootenay mining district of northwestern Canada, and built a small smelter for the treatment of Rossland ores, Rossland being the center of the Kootenay mining district. There was a mine in the Kootenay district called the Le Roi, which afterwards became a famous producer of rich ore. The owners of this mine, many of them, were stock-holders in the Canadian Pacific Company. The Le Roi entered into a contract with Heinze to supply six hundred tons of ore a day for treatment at his Trail smelter. Under his contract Heinze was entitled to damages for each ton of ore less than the stipulated

F. AUGUSTUS HEINZE AND JOHN MAGINNIS

Heinze, who is standing on the right, became at the age of thirty a dominating figure in Montana politics. In his spectacular campaign against the Amalgamated, in which he figured as the leader of the people against the trusts, he succeeded in electing his chosen judges to the Butte courts, where his litigation with the Amalgamated was decided. Maginnis, later Mayor of Butte, was Heinze's chief political lieutenant

six hundred, that the mine failed to supply. When Heinze had secured the contract from the Le Roi owners, he built a railroad from Trail to Rossland. The Le Roi people soon discovered that their ore supplies were entirely inadequate to enable them to keep their contract with Heinze, and that the young Montana miner, if he exacted his pound of flesh, would bankrupt them.

PANORAMA OF BUTTE

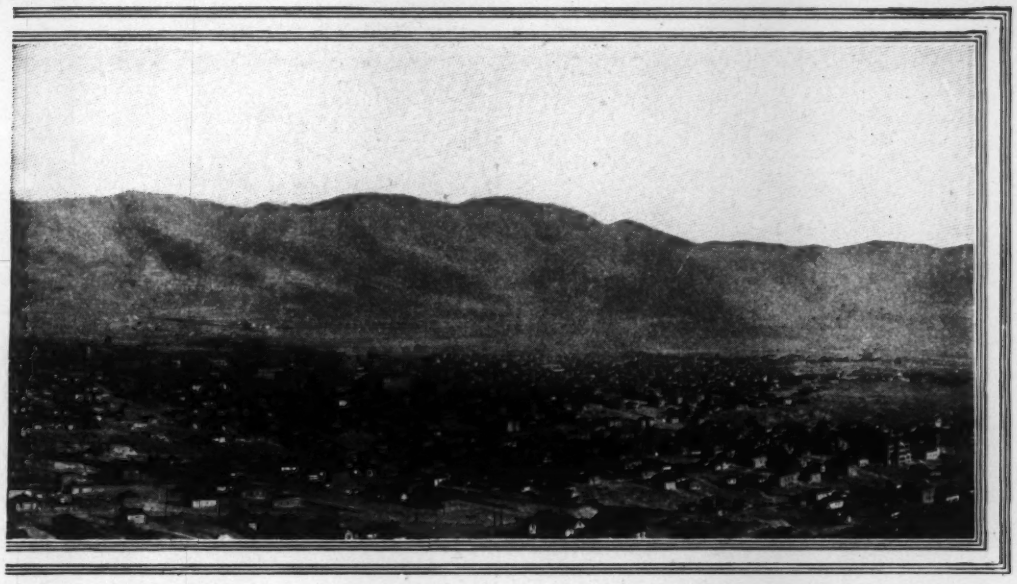
There is hardly a piece of ground in or about Butte Hill which, with ordinary development, has not on freight cars, would fill a train eight hundred miles long, and that the shafts, drifts, and cross-cuts of

The War on Canadian Pacific

Heinze's next move was to beard the Canadian Pacific Railroad in its own exclusive territory. He bought out the Rossland *Miner*, practically the only newspaper in the district, and, picturing himself as a wealthy American, anxious for the welfare of the miners and the people of Canada, began to arouse public opinion against the monopoly and exactions of the Canadian Pacific. The Canadian Pacific felt the scorn of the popular feeling that has seemed to follow Heinze's leadership everywhere, but ignored it. They assumed the stern and exclusive attitude of entrenched power which has always brought into play Heinze's boldest master-strokes.

About this time there came to Heinze's notice an itinerant journalist, one P. A. O'Farrell, afterwards prominent in Heinze's Montana campaign, whose writings usually found a ready popular audience. The scheme to harass the Canadian Pacific, that Heinze outlined through O'Farrell and the press bureau which he controlled, was to build a railroad running from Rossland or Trail to Victoria on the western seaboard, to be called the "Great Western and Columbia." Heinze was looking for a land grant for his railroad. Months before the Canadian Parliament met at Victoria and at the Dominion Seat at Ottawa, the press of Canada was filled with praises of the young liberator. Heinze took a following to Victoria, that charming but sleepy capital near the strait of Juan de Fuca, where the merchants breakfast at nine and open shop at ten. He found obstacles in his way. In this emergency he gave a banquet to the entire British Columbian Parliament at the Driard House in Victoria. When the echoes of that banquet had died away,—echoes that are even now pleasantly recalled in Victoria, — Heinze secured his land grant from the Canadian Parliament and returned to Trail with flying colors.

The "Great Western and Columbia" was never built. The stock-holders of the Le Roi Mine, fearful of the audacity of the American, brought pressure upon the Canadian Pacific to buy him out. With the threat of another road hanging over their heads, the Canadian Pacific people were only too glad to pay Heinze a good bonus on his Victorian banquet, and Heinze surrendered to them his land grant, his smelter, and his newspaper. It is possible that he would never have left so promising a field; but there were plots hatching in Boston which forced a hasty retreat into Montana. In meeting these plots, Heinze locked horns with the Amalgamated; which brings into the story this subsidiary company of the Standard Oil.



AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY

disclosed evidences of copper. It has been said that the annual output of the Butte mines, if loaded the Butte Hill, if put together, would make a tunnel that would reach from Butte to the Pacific

First Quarrel with Amalgamated

The Boston companies in Butte owned the mining claims adjoining Heinze's wealthy Rarus mine. Word reached Heinze that C. S. Batterman, his confidential mining engineer in Montana, was about to desert him and enter the employ of the Boston companies. This news was partially confirmed by Batterman, who told Heinze that the Rarus mine, for which he had paid $400,000, was valueless, and that what mineral was in it belonged to the Boston companies, by reason of the fact that the ore bodies in the Rarus "apexed" in the Boston companies' properties. The "apex" theory, the basis of most of Heinze's law-suits, comes in extensively later in this story. Batterman suggested that the best thing Heinze could do was to sell out to the Boston capitalists for whatever he could get. Heinze immediately went to Boston (February, 1897) and saw A. S. Bigelow, president of the Boston companies. He told Bigelow that he did not want any litigation, and, rather than have any, would compromise by the payment of $250,000. Bigelow replied that the Boston people had been badly treated in Montana; that from their standpoint it was desirable to make an example of some one, and that if they made an example of Heinze they were not likely to be molested in the future. This is the story, at least, that Heinze has told from the public platform in Montana time and again.

"Mr. Bigelow," replied Heinze, "you have a great deal of property in Montana which is subject to the same kind of litigation as that which you say you will thrust upon me. If your program is fight, you will find I am prepared. Before you and I have finished, I will give you a fight that will be heard of from one end of this continent to the other."

These Boston companies were afterward absorbed by the Amalgamated; and this brings into the story Heinze's bitter enemy — the Amalgamated Copper Company.

Daly's Scheme for Consolidation — Richness of the Butte Hill

Marcus Daly had for many years dreamed of a great corporation that would at some time take over the holdings owned by him and his mining partners and enable him to rest from his labors, which had grown so onerous with the rapid development of the Butte Hill. As the Hill developed, it gave constantly renewed force to the general belief that its wealth was practically inexhaustible. Former Governor J. E. Rickards of Montana told the International Mining Congress, which convened in Butte in September, 1902, that the annual output of the Butte mines, if loaded on freight cars, would

GOOD FOR TWO DOLLARS
IN TRADE AT THE
HENNESSY MERCANTILE COMPANY
STANDARD OIL & AMALGAMATED COPPER CO.
This is the Only Kind of
Money Montana Will See
If the Standard Oil Amalgamated Copper
Win the Election on the
6th of November

A HEINZE CAMPAIGN CIRCULAR

The reverse bears the legend: "This is the Only Kind of Money Montana Will See If the Standard Oil Amalgamated Copper Win the Election on the 6th of November." These circulars were scattered broadcast

fill a train eight hundred miles long, and that the shafts, drifts, and cross-cuts of the Butte Hill, if put together, would make a tunnel that would reach from Butte to the shores of the Pacific, a distance of nearly six hundred miles. "In sulphur and arsenic, by-products of our copper ores," he added, "there is blown away annually through the smoke-stacks of the smelters fourteen millions of dollars." Clark's mines on the Butte Hill, the Butte & Boston, the Boston & Montana, and Daly's Anaconda Company, used annually 100,000,000 feet of sawed timber; and Daly controlled large lumber interests in the western part of the State. The smelters of Butte and Anaconda consumed daily 3,000 tons of coal; and the Anaconda Company alone owned and operated vast coal fields in Montana and Wyoming.

The City of Butte

Butte, which became the storm center of Montana after the entrance of the Amalgamated in the field, has, including its close-in suburbs, a population of 70,000 people. It is named after a big butte, or peak, to the northwest of the town, which rises high above the surrounding hills. There is a fascination about the freedom of its life and the lavishness of its every-day expenditure. A dollar in Butte has less vitality than a dime in the average eastern town of the same size. There is in circulation no coin smaller than a nickel. The customer at the stores of Butte who buys twenty-seven cents' worth of anything pays only two bits or twenty-five cents. If he buys twenty-eight cents' worth, he pays thirty cents.

There is hardly a piece of ground in or about Butte Hill which, with ordinary development, has not disclosed evidences of copper. Shafts sunk in the heart of the city have opened up large quantities of ore. Only within the last year some enterprising miners located a mining claim over the graves of the dead in the cemetery, a mile

and a half from the city. At about the same time the yard of a prominent citizen, in the more fashionable part of the city, caved in, indicating the ever eager search for the treasure somewhere beneath.

The population is drawn from every quarter of the globe. Some one, adapting Stevenson, has called it, "the smelting pot of races." Among the miners, Irish and Cornish predominate. The mining pay-roll is considerably over a million dollars a month. One who descends to the lower levels of the Butte mines, and who, under the glare of electric lights, scans closely the features of the average miner, will be surprised to note that they exhibit none of the dejection of the hard-conditioned Eastern miner. There is general contentment and a spirit of humor, peculiar perhaps to the West, and not often met with elsewhere in the army of toil.

When H. H. Rogers visited Butte, he had examined the map of Butte Hill; and he had been at once impressed with the marvelous opportunity for a copper consolidation which would startle the world. The consolidation of the copper mines of Butte perfected, he had planned, it is said, to turn to Arizona, to Michigan, to southern California, and then to Spain; and ultimately to build up, with five hundred millions of capital, a copper trust that would more than rival in profits the great Standard Oil itself.

Formation of Amalgamated

During the summer preceding the legislative session of 1899, which elected William A. Clark to the United States Senate, Marcus Daly, H. H. Rogers, and their associates had framed up the incorporation of the Amalgamated Copper Company. Their first plans contemplated the purchase outright, either for cash, stock in the Amalgamated Company, or both, of all the properties on the Butte Hill which they might be able to acquire; and their entrance into the field was undoubtedly intended to serve tacit notice on all independent operators that it would be the part of wisdom to enter the alliance rather than be compelled to succumb after inevitable struggle.

STATION LANDING, 1500-FOOT LEVEL

This mine, one of the richest of the Butte group, is now being sunk to a depth of 2,400 feet

JUDGE CLANCY AND "SWEDE" MURPHY

Judge Clancy, the man on the right, with the flowing beard, had most of the Heinze-Amalgamated cases and decided the ownership of more millions than any other judge of his class in the United States. Heinze fought a hard political campaign for his election, and the Amalgamated won very few cases in Clancy's court

Shortly after Clark's election to the Senate, the legislature passed a bill which enabled two-thirds of the stock-holders of any mining corporation "to sell, lease, mortgage, or exchange for the whole or part of the capital stock of any other corporation, whether domestic or foreign . . . the mining ground, quartz mills, smelters, concentrators,

reduction works, or other property or assets" of such corporation. Any minority stockholder who dissented might receive the value of his stock, this to be fixed by appraisers appointed by the court. Other than to have his stock appraised and to accept that appraisement, there was no option left to the independent share-holder who was unwilling to sell. The consolidation which this act was intended to legalize contemplated not only the properties controlled by Daly, James B. Haggin, and others, but the properties of the Butte & Boston and the Boston & Montana companies, which, next to the Daly and Haggin interests, were the largest in Butte.

Governor Robert B. Smith vetoed this bill, which was known as House Bill No. 132, on the ground that Standard Oil and the Rothschilds were using it in an attempt to form a copper trust. "It has been rushed through with whip and spur," he said, "and every corporate lobbyist is at its back. The haste with which it has been railroaded through both houses ought to be a warning. They (the Standard Oil Company) control already the lamplights of America, and by controlling the production of copper they propose to control the electric lights of the world."

Clark and Daly Forces Combine

The Clark and Daly forces in the legislature, putting aside the frenzied hatred which had moved them during the election of Senator Clark a few days before, now combined against what influence F. Augustus Heinze could control, to pass the bill over the Governor's veto. Clark was in the alliance for political reasons. The representative of H. H. Rogers in Montana had led Clark and John B. Wellcome, his chief lieutenant in bribing the legislature, to believe that if the Clark faction would cooperate with the Daly interests in passing such measures as the Amalgamated agents wanted to have passed, there was not likely to be any challenge in Washington of Clark's title to the seat which he had bought at such lavish cost, nor need Wellcome worry about the threats of Whiteside, the scourge of the Montana vote-buyers. Those allied with both the Clark and Heinze forces have always insisted that this was the understanding, and their assertion is borne out by more or less convincing facts. John B. Wellcome immediately joined with the Daly forces in lobbying for this and other measures favorable to the Amalgamated and the Daly interests. A hush fell upon the utterances of such of the State newspapers as were opposed to Clark's methods.

This same legislature launched the Amalgamated Copper Company; for, although it was not organized under the laws of Montana, it had to receive certain concessions before it could carry out its plans. The Amalgamated did not take advantage of House Bill No. 132 after all, for it was believed that the law as passed was unconstitutional. Instead, it became a holding company and purchased a majority of the stock of the companies entering its combine. The bitter complaints of those in other states, who felt that they had been unjustly crushed by Standard Oil, had preceded the formation of the Amalgamated Company; and its entry into the warfare of the Butte Hill did not tend to allay apprehension of brewing trouble. The public did not, however, foresee the character of the struggle that was now to ensue. The feud between Marcus Daly and W. A. Clark it had come to consider a part of the strenuous life of the mountains. But, although Clark and Daly operated mines side by side, the question of the right to the titles to ore bodies had rarely arisen between them, a circumstance in striking contrast to their envenomed political strife. Now, however, there came in upon the courts such a flood of legal contention that the legislature was compelled to create a commission of three members to assist the Supreme Court of the State, and to pass a law creating a third judgeship in the City of Butte. Even with these additions to the judiciary, private individuals were obliged to allow their lawsuits to remain untried until the warfare of seven years between F. Augustus Heinze and the Amalgamated Copper Company had run its wild course and worn itself out.

One legal principle was the keynote of nearly all this litigation,— the so-called "apex theory." To understand Heinze's position, it will be necessary to understand this troublesome feature of Western mining law.

The Troublesome Apex Theory

The prospective mine discoverer goes upon unoccupied Government land and finds a vein — a comb of quartz rock — cropping out of the earth's surface. It has been forced

up, or the surface of the earth has perhaps been worn down to it. The prospector stakes his ground, according to law, so that he has fifteen hundred feet along the course of the vein and three hundred feet on each side of its median line, making a parallelogram fifteen hundred feet in length by six hundred feet in width. On the surface he is shut off completely from exploration or mining in adjoining ground; but if his vein, under the surface, dips or slants to one side or the other, along its fifteen hundred feet, through the side of his own claim into that of his neighbor, he may follow it and take out its wealth — it is his, not his neighbor's. The property is in the vein — the precious ores that lie between the walls — not in the surface ground, which is merely taken up to enable him to conduct his operations on the surface. In ordinary real estate the owner is entitled to anything within his boundaries, above or below; but if a miner in the Rocky Mountain regions has, within the two sides of his claim, the top or apex of a vein, he may follow it outside those side-lines anywhere, though at the ends of his claim he must stop, both above and below the surface. This peculiar law has caused endless litigation in Montana and in the West generally. It has been clung to tenaciously by the law-maker and the public alike, because of the powerful incentive it affords the prospector, to whom the mineral-bearing regions of the West owe so much in the way of material advancement.

Heinze, under this law, laid claim to many immensely valuable ore bodies which were being extracted from their own properties by the Amalgamated Company. He asserted that the tops or apexes of these veins came to the surface within the side-lines of his adjoining claims. He could show the tops of veins within his own side-lines. The question to be determined by the courts was whether these tops or apexes belonged to the veins in adjoining Amalgamated properties, which were being worked out two thousand feet below the surface. To demonstrate this by excavations would not only have cost several millions of dollars, but would have made a hollow, an eggshell, of the Butte Hill. The question was submitted to the judges of the district court, not to a jury, for these cases were what is known in law as equity cases, and the judge not only decided the fact of ownership upon the uncertain testimony of experts employed by each side, but his decision, barring some error of law in the trial, was final — so far as the question of fact was concerned, always final. The only remedy a losing suitor had was to fight for time by a slow appeal to the Supreme Court, take the chance of having the case reversed, and await the result of the next election, in hope of a change of judges. Heinze went into Amalgamated properties, often without waiting for the decisions of the courts, and took what he declared was his ore. It was proved afterwards in court that the Amalgamated had been guilty, in one instance, at least, of this same practice — its officials were, in fact, fined by Judge William H. Hun, of the United States Court, for taking ore in violation of an injunction.

Clark Selects Heinze for His "Vindication"

F. Augustus Heinze was the man whom W. A. Clark selected as his lieutenant in his campaign of "vindication," upon his return in disgrace from Washington. Clark, in making this combination, wanted the legislature in order that it might reëlect him to the Senate; Heinze wanted the Butte judges, who, under the law, and without approval of juries, had power not only to protect him in his lawful rights, but to turn over to him every Amalgamated mining property to which he cared to claim title.

Clark had picked upon a political comrade with the intelligence and adroitness of Daly and with a mental cultivation and a knowledge of human nature far surpassing his own. When he returned to Butte in June, the hand of Heinze had already begun to show. Accustomed to plan his battles in advance, he had mapped out a course of action. Clark was to furnish the money, Heinze to take the center of the stage, and together they were to lead a bold, aggressive assault upon the Amalgamated, with Standard Oil for a battle-cry.

The Miners' Union of Butte had a membership of seven thousand; the Trades and Labor Assembly, governing the downtown labor unions, about twenty-five hundred. Between these two, the destinies of political candidates and policies were ruled. The Amalgamated Company, representing now the old Daly-Bigelow interests, employed about ten miners in Butte to one employed by Clark and Heinze. Clark and Heinze reached controlling factors in the Miners'

Union; and they intimated that a demand for eight hours a day underground, instead of ten, and at the same wages, would meet with a favorable response from them. Daly was ill in New York. The Miners' Union committee waited upon William Scallon, the local representative of the Amalgamated in Daly's absence. Scallon informed the committee that he would submit the matter to the New York office, but that it would be a month before an answer could be received. When it came, the miners were angered by a refusal. Clark and Heinze, in the meantime, had put eight-hour shifts in operation in their mines. On June 13, 1900, Miners' Union Day in Butte, Clark and Heinze rode in a carriage at the head of the procession.

Among the assets that Marcus Daly had turned over to the Amalgamated was the D. J. Hennessy Mercantile Company, a great general store, housed in the best business block in the city. This establishment, where one could buy anything, was known as the "company store," and by its enemies was termed in derision, "the big ship." It was charged by some that the Amalgamated miners were compelled to trade there; by others that if they were not actually compelled to trade there, the miners felt more secure in their positions while doing so. The Clerks' Union was a strong labor factor. Getting into communication with the leaders of this organization, Heinze and Clark induced them to have a resolution passed in their body demanding the closing of all stores at 6 P.M., instead of 8 P.M., the closing hour hitherto. They surmised that this demand likewise would be refused by the Amalgamated, who were, in all their campaigns, always confident of victory over Heinze until the last ballot was counted. Clark and Heinze used painstaking means to see that every other business house in Butte acceded to the urgent demands of the Clerks' Union. The plan worked out as anticipated, the Hennessy Company being the only establishment in town to refuse the demand. The refusal was the signal for a vigorous assault upon the establishment by some union sympathizers. The Clerks' Union paraded the streets carrying placards denouncing "the big ship." Thus, early in the campaign, and by two almost simultaneous strokes, Clark and Heinze had arrayed against the Amalgamated, and in favor of themselves, almost the entire army of organized labor in Butte, the labor center of the State.

The Split in the Democratic Convention

Clark and Heinze's next move was to secure control of the State Democratic Convention. This was begun by having their delegates walk out of the regular Democratic County Convention in Butte, which was ruled by the Amalgamated or old Daly forces. The Clark-Heinze people made the charge of fraudulent primaries and later organized a separate State convention. The meeting of the State Democratic Committee in Butte, preceding the organization of the two Democratic State conventions, was one of the most tumultuous in the warfare between factions in Montana. The anti-Clark forces took possession of the entrance of the Auditorium in Butte, the meeting-place for the regular convention, while the Clark-Heinze forces formed in ranks and marched away to another hall to the strains of stirring music.

The question of approving one set of delegates or the other was "up to" the National Democratic Convention, about to assemble in Kansas City; and to that convention the struggle was transferred. Men of standing from the various states of the Union fought for places on the Credentials Committee, in the belief that a vote for Clark meant a life competence. Montana, as a writer for the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* said, seemed, for the time being, the center of attraction for everybody. By his spectacular speech-making on the streets and in the hotels of Kansas City, Clark once more attracted the attention of the press of the country, which had apparently lost interest in him since his expulsion from the Senate.

The Clark State Democratic Convention in Montana was declared regular by the National Committee on Credentials, and his delegation was seated. This gave Clark control of the regular Democratic organization in the State — which body had already, by resolution, declared for his reëlection to the Senate.

Heinze's Spectacular Campaign

The campaign, by this time in full swing, was a fierce and fantastic one. Heinze organized into a political party every remnant of opposition to the Amalgamated. He had at the end of his string the Democratic party, the anti-trust Republican party, the eight-hour Republican party, the Populist party, and the Labor party. The Amalgamated controlled the Republican party of Silver Bow

County, where Butte is situated, and the Republican State organization was friendly. The Independent Democratic party, a State organization, was also formed in the interest of the Amalgamated, ostensibly for the purpose of holding in line the forces in the Democratic party opposed to Clark, but mainly to secure in Butte a local Democratic organization in aid of the Amalgamated candidates for judges. The Amalgamated had subsidized, in large measure, the press of the State. But the public paid little attention to the political farrago of either the Amalgamated newspapers or the ones which remained loyal to Clark. The real press influence of the campaign was the *Reveille*, a little "bob-tailed" newspaper in Butte which Heinze had started, and in which P. A. O'Farrell, the literary Don Quixote of his Canadian campaign, opened a line of peculiarly virulent attack upon Standard Oil.

Acting on the principle that to arouse the public, which in Butte was composed of all nationalities, it was necessary to use every artifice, Heinze neglected nothing. In preparation for this campaign, he had taken unlimited Clark capital to the theatrical rialtos of New York, Chicago, and Boston, and secured the best singers. He had prepared popular songs in which the history of Standard Oil was told in humorous verse. Colonel W. A. Thompson, formerly of the Boston Lyric Opera Company, managed the vaudeville end of the campaign. A traveling theatrical company was offered as high as $500 a week to permit "Cissy" Loftus to sing one of the Heinze campaign songs between the acts. To these spectacular stage performances was added the work of brilliant cartoonists, imported from the East. Tally-hos rattled up and down the streets, carrying glee clubs whose popular refrain,

"We must down the Kerosene, boys,
We must down the Kerosene,"

to the air of "The Wearing of the Green," was cheered to the echo. Heinze spent a small fortune of Clark's money in lithographs and wood-cuts representing the Amalgamated miners working ten hours in the hot and oppressive atmosphere of the mines, while beside them were their more fortunate comrades working in the Clark-Heinze mines eight hours at the same wage.

Heinze Takes the Platform

Heinze's personal appearance on the platform lent form and substance to the campaign. He had never delivered a public speech until one night in Butte, early in the campaign, when he took the platform and, throwing away his manuscript, told with real oratorical genius the story of the Amalgamated's attempts to drive him from the State. It was cleverly and masterfully done. When he had concluded, miners who did not dare to cheer, for fear of losing their bread, went away full of unyielding antagonism to Standard Oil. They had the Australian ballot, and they meant to use it. Heinze blossomed out as an orator. Clark had offended the miners, dressed in their regular digging clothes and ready to go on shifts, by appearing on the platform in conventional dress suit at one of the evening meetings. Heinze dressed in the rakish apparel of the Western mining-camp. From the stages of beer halls, from hotel balconies, from the court-house steps, and wherever a platform could be improvised in the open, he addressed the crowds, speaking to them equally well in English and German.

No political orator dared defend Standard Oil and the Amalgamated against the heat of popular indignation which Heinze and Clark had fomented; but the Independent Democratic orators attacked Heinze and called attention to the "looting by judicial process of the Amalgamated properties." The response of Heinze's street orators to these charges was boisterous allusion to the "honesty" of the Amalgamated, and the assertion that if Heinze did not attack the Amalgamated in every quarter, he would soon find himself without wealth and the people without a champion.

This campaign, in short, was probably never equaled for political astuteness or appeal to popular prejudice. "Drive Standard Oil out of the State," became the rallying cry, the catch-word of the streets. So masterfully had Heinze spoken his piece from public platforms, so masterfully had he arrayed facts against Standard Oil, that his larceny of Amalgamated ores was forgiven in the belief that he was fighting a battle royal against a coterie of public enemies and judicial bribers, and was, therefore, justified in the use of any weapons. In Butte, at least, the people paid little attention to Clark. The public eye was focused on this young, daring, resourceful freebooter. They little cared how selfish his motives might be — his fight was their fight. They admired his boldness; they sympathized with his

unequal struggle against a powerful clique that had forced so many other struggling competitors to walk the plank.

Daly's machine, once the best organized political force in the State, collapsed. At the polls, the Amalgamated miners, covertly and openly, went over in squads to Heinze. Bryan, Clark, and Heinze swept the State like the swell of a rolling sea over the gunwales of a listing ship. Both Heinze and Clark attained their objects. The former elected Clancy and Harney, his candidates for judges in the Butte district, and the latter a State legislature pledged to send him to the United States Senate.

This campaign of vindication is said by those best informed to have cost Clark over a million dollars. Throughout the State his supporters spent money recklessly and exhibited large rolls of currency. A vast sum of money was distributed at the local headquarters in Butte. The Amalgamated Company likewise spent heavily. During the campaign Clark told one of his chief political supporters that he did not understand why it was necessary to spend so much money; that he was greeted by immense audiences everywhere.

"Well, Senator," replied the distributer of funds, "you must not mistake curiosity for popularity."

Clark Deserts Heinze—His Election to the Senate

Within a month after the election, Clark, turning his back upon Heinze, was holding political conference with Amalgamated officials on the sixth floor of the Hennessy Building in Butte. Thomas W. Lawson always declared that the true inwardness of Clark's alliance with the Amalgamated was the fact that H. H. Rogers confronted Clark in New York — where the latter had gone directly after the election — with the declaration of two-thirds of the members of the United States Senate that they would again unseat Clark. Whatever his motive, Clark did enter into a compact with the Amalgamated. Heinze afterward publicly charged that he also formed a conspiracy with the Amalgamated officials to secure the passage of an eight-hour law which would be both defective and unconstitutional. In Colorado such a ruse had brought about the labor troubles which later stirred that State so deplorably.

A week after Clark's "vindication" at the hands of Montana's voters, Marcus Daly died at the Hotel Netherland in New York. Just before his death he sent for his old mining partner, James B. Haggin, and told him that it would be their last talk; that he felt he could no longer struggle against the end. The toil of the world and the bitterness of its feuds were behind him; for weeks he had been drifting back across the years in the placidness of resignation, recalling his early struggles and his poverty.

After the election the Amalgamated put its men on eight-hour shifts, anticipating the passage of an eight-hour law by the legislature, and the Hennessy store closed at six o'clock. The Amalgamated had been overwhelmingly defeated at the polls and had brailed its sails after the storm.

Frank E. Corbett, who had figured in the attempt to bribe the Supreme Court, was elected speaker of the House of Representatives at the next session of the legislature, and on the 16th of January, 1901, W. A. Clark was reëlected to the United States Senate. He received fifty-seven votes, three more than his supporters had claimed for him in the preceding legislature two days before the Whiteside exposure. Five days after the adjournment of the legislature, Frank E. Corbett died in Butte, a martyr to the cause of Clark. The excitement of the legislative session, coming upon the heels of the long, bitter, harrying, bribery fight, proved too much for him.

"It is daylight until half-past seven o'clock to-morrow morning," was the cry of the crowd, as they filed out of the Auditorium in Helena, after Clark's election. The Boston & Montana Band of Butte was telegraphed for and arrived on a special train that evening. Charlie Clark had sent out earlier in the evening to purchase all the hotel bars in the city. "Turn them loose," was his command. Champagne and cigars were as free as water. The crowd marched in procession to serenade Senator Clark at the Helena Hotel.

"I thank the people of Helena for their loyalty and friendship exhibited on so many occasions," said Senator Clark to the crowd.

"You gave us the capital, Senator," shouted an admirer.

All this time the fight between Heinze and the Amalgamated had been crowding the Butte courts. The details of this litigation explain why Heinze made his personal fight

for the Butte judges, and especially for the reëlection of Judge Clancy.

Judge Clancy: a Political Accident

To understand something of Judge Clancy's Butte career, it is necessary to go back to the campaign of 1896, when the silver interests of the country found a champion in William Jennings Bryan. Those who live in the East remember the force and fierceness of that campaign; but if Bryan succeeded in arousing the East, what must conditions have been in the mining regions of the West? One Western politician was asked by an Eastern friend why he had ever followed such a false light as the silver cause. "Did you ever see a herd of stampeding buffalo on the plains?" he replied. "No? Then don't ask. If you ever get within sweep of their hoofs, you have got to keep in front of the stampede, or you'll be crushed to death." Republican ranks in Montana dwindled from legions to a corporal's guard. Populism ran fiercely, arrogantly riot. The local Democratic and Populist parties in Butte, holding separate conventions, agreed to fuse on certain offices. Among these were the Butte judgeships. The Democratic Convention nominated John Lindsay, a clean, ruggedly conscientious character, for one of these places. The Populist Convention nominated William Clancy, then a portly, curbstone lawyer, of recent advent in Butte. He was from Edina, a small town in northeastern Missouri. A very respectable lawyer had been the choice of a majority of the Populist delegates prior to the Convention, and the leaders of the Populist party had offered Clancy the nomination for justice of the peace. But Clancy, illiterate but cunning, coarse but shrewd, secured the promise of certain delegates to vote for his nomination as judge on the first ballot, urging that a complimentary vote of good proportions would give him a standing in the community: that all he desired was a chance to make a showing in the Convention. Clancy had been a saloon lounger, and the prominence given by a mention from the Populist Convention, he said, would aid him in a professional way. His small following in the Convention urged other delegates to vote for Clancy; it would do no harm, they said; he could not, of course, get the nomination, but a showing of hands might do him some good. The Convention cast two votes more than a majority for Clancy.

When the news of Clancy's nomination reached the Democratic County Convention, then in session, there was wild indignation. A recess was taken, and Marcus Daly was implored to use his influence in securing a reversal of the action of the Populist Convention, which body, it was said, was already conscience-stricken; but Daly declared that the Democrats had agreed to endorse the nominee of the Populist party, and that the contract ought to be carried out. Daly lived to regret Clancy's nomination more than his own defeat in the capital fight.

The combination of Democrats and Populists swept Silver Bow County at the polls. There were but 1,200 Republican votes cast in the County, out of a total of 15,000, and Clancy was overwhelmingly elected. He took his seat on the bench at the beginning of the year, and for eight years his backwoods humor kept the benches in the rear of his court-room in one continual roar of merriment. His ample beard, the ancient emblem of the Western Populist, flowed in patriarchal opulence down his chest. He had a deep, crashing, bear-like voice, which, when he became angry, growled and thundered through the court-room. He consorted with all sorts and conditions of men, and freely discussed on the street corners his judgment of cases pending in his court. Often he rendered written opinions which he stumbled through in the reading. He tried, at first, both civil and criminal cases. On one occasion he tore up a verdict of murder, returned by a jury in a criminal case against a "hold-up," who had shot and killed one of Butte's leading citizens, and wrote out a verdict of acquittal in his own handwriting.

On another occasion the prosecuting attorney scored him in open court for an instruction practically directing the jury to return a verdict of acquittal in a case of murder, the defendant being one of F. Augustus Heinze's smelter foremen. This performance on the part of the State's attorney put new courage into the hearts of those who had been at one time or another the target of Clancy's judicial abuse. On the following morning one of Butte's old-time lawyers appeared before Clancy, in another case, and, during the course of the trial, stood up to enter an objection to the court's rulings. "Sit down," said Judge Clancy. "I will not sit down," said the

lawyer. "I am here defending the interests of my client, and —" "Sit down," again roared the Judge, and he wheeled round in his chair and pointed his long index finger at the tall figure facing him. The lawyer shot into the seat from which he had risen, his countenance undergoing sudden change. To the right of the lawyer, and about six feet away, was a vacant chair. "Not in that chair," thundered the now irate Clancy, "but in that one," pointing to the vacant seat. The lawyer, losing no time, jumped from his own seat to the one indicated by the Judge, and thereafter maintained a judicious regard for his Honor's rulings.

Some Characteristic Decisions

One day a case was being tried before Judge Clancy, involving the legal title to some mining property. One of the attorneys was arguing against the introduction of the location notice offered in evidence by the other side. This location notice is the grounding of the title to mining claims. The attorney asserted that the location notice was defective, and read from the paper: "Thence from the point of discovery to a corner post marked 'one'; thence to a corner post marked 'two'; and thence to a corner post marked 'three'—" and there the description stopped. "Where did he go from corner post three?" shouted the lawyer. Judge Clancy, who had been leaning his head on his hand and gazing out of the window on that "sand and barrenness" which drove Mary MacLane in distraction from her Butte home, turned round and said: "I don't know, John; but if you're asking me, and this fellow was within a mile of a saloon, I'd guess that he went to get a drink."

Judge Clancy had tried one case in the district court before his elevation to the bench; and for some questionable methods growing out of the case he had been tried in disbarment proceedings. Clancy's defense was that his guilt, which he admitted, was the result of ignorance of the law. On this plea the court had dismissed him with a reprimand. The judge who charged Clancy with his dereliction was afterwards Heinze's chief attorney, and never lost a case before Clancy in which Heinze was interested.

During the years of the judicial warfare between Heinze and the Amalgamated, Judge Clancy closed down by injunction several properties of the Amalgamated Company; on the slightest pretext he granted to Heinze inspection orders, permitting him to enter the mines of the Amalgamated Company and ascertain what they were doing. He refused the same right to the Amalgamated. On several occasions he levied heavy fines on Heinze's opponents for refusal to obey his orders; sometimes these punitory judgments were sustained by the Supreme Court, more often they were reversed. He would make characteristic Populist addresses from the bench, when these reversals came, telling the Supreme Court of Montana at long range what he thought of them. At one time the Supreme Court issued a supervisory writ directing Judge Clancy to make a certain order in a case, either granting or refusing a right to the Amalgamated, so that the matter might be finally determined in the higher tribunal. When this was brought to the Judge's attention, he announced that he would take the matter under advisement. The Judge had taken other matters under advisement, and they had never been heard of afterwards; it was one way of allowing Heinze ample time to extract valuable ore bodies from disputed ground.

"Under the decision of the Supreme Court, we are entitled to an immediate order," said L. O. Evans, the Amalgamated attorney, who presented the matter in court.

"Well, I'm not going to give it to you," came back the reply from the bench.

"Our only recourse will be another appeal to the Supreme Court," said Mr. Evans.

"You can go to the Supreme Court, or — anywhere else you please," said the Judge.

"This court can be punished for contempt ——"

"Go away, go away," shouted the Judge, waving his long arms belligerently toward the lawyer. "You talk like a town fool I used to know back in Missouri. Bailiff, adjourn court."

William Scallon, at the time leading attorney for the Amalgamated, was one day making an oral argument in court in a case involving several millions of dollars. He was cut short by the Judge. "I won't listen to you any longer. I'm tired of this whangdoodling," roared the Judge.

"But, your Honor ——"

"That'll do, now; that'll do. If you say another word, I'll send you to jail. I'll have no more of your shenanigan. Bailiff, adjourn court." And, without waiting for the court-crier to make the usual announcement, the Judge left the bench.

The day after Judge Clancy's second election to the bench, he was reposing on a settle at the top of the court-house steps, receiving the congratulations of his friends.

"I've got these shuttle-headed Amalgamated lawyers where I want 'em now," said the Judge. "I'll fix 'em. I'll make bumpin' posts out of 'em."

Judge Clancy tried and decided more litigation of importance than any other judge on the *nisi prius* bench in the United States during the eight years of his term.

"It would require a long investigation to state, or even to estimate, in how many hearings I have been engaged during this litigation in Judge Clancy's court," said John F. Forbis, one of the Boston & Montana lawyers. "It would not be an exaggeration to say that they must have run into the hundreds. In six and a half years we obtained in Judge Clancy's court, in Butte, only two fruitless injunctions. Before Judge Harney, the score of our successes is absolutely blank."

ONE WAY OF PEACE

BY

PAUL KESTER

TO live within walled gardens,
Once again to bound my life
This side the distant
Woodlands and blue hills;
To know
Neither the mystery of the river's source
Nor where it widens to the open sea,
To seek only the short beaten paths
Where the dew clings
To cowslips after dawn.
To find no new way out
Upon the uplands,
Never to measure
Eternity's long ways
Up to the distant stars,
Never to know the meaning of the sun's fierce fires
Except upon brown cheeks.
Never to greet the rushing tumult of the storm
With kindred tumult;
Only to know the breath
That shakes
The orchard petals down
Upon the low bent grass
Or drives the shadows
Of flecked clouds
Across the sunny
New mown meadow lands:—
Has peace a surer price?

THE ENTRANCE OF EZEKIEL

BY

LUCY PRATT

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

"NOW, of course," explained Miss Jane Lane to her protégé. Ezekiel Esquire Jordan, as they advanced up the steps of the Whittier School at Hampton Institute, "of course, I don't even know that they will admit you here."

"Yas'm," agreed Ezekiel, apparently perfectly agreeable to any outcome whatsoever.

"No, of course, we can't tell at all," went on Miss Jane, determined to be consistently pessimistic, "not until we have seen and talked with the Principal on the subject."

"Yas'm," agreed Ezekiel again. And they advanced into the Assembly Room where the Principal was apparently just waiting to receive them.

After a few brief preliminaries in regard to general educational qualifications and possibilities, the applicant and his guardian were escorted to a room which was called a "grade." And there the Principal made a few timely suggestions to the teacher in charge, and then returned to the Assembly Room.

Miss Jane accepted the chair politely offered by Miss North from the North, and Ezekiel accepted the only vacant seat and desk in the room.

"We are very full," explained Miss North in an agreeable aside to Miss Jane, "very full just now. Ezekiel, we are just having

a reading lesson — about a dog. About a little boy and his dog. Just take this book. Yes. Right there."

"Yas'm," replied Ezekiel, regarding the picture, and quite at ease and at home in his new surroundings, "'tain't look much like no r'al live dawg, is it?"

"Why, I don't know. Don't you think so?" rejoined Miss North, in tactful tones; "perhaps it doesn't look just like the dogs that you have seen."

"No'm. I ain't nuver seen no dawg look dat-a-way," went on Ezekiel sociably, "cuz —— "

"H — m, yes. Will you begin once more, William? And remember what a nice, loud voice you have, William."

William rose importantly, and with his chest protruded like a West Point cadet's, announced in a loud, warning shout:

"Hyeah are Naid an' 'is dawg!"

"Why, yes," agreed Miss North. "That was certainly very clear. Someone else give me the same story. Archelus."

"Hyeah are Naid an' 'is dawg!" challenged Archelus in a still louder shout of warning.

"Yes, Ned *and his* dog," suggested Miss North. "Now, just once more, and let us hear ev-ery letter."

It came like a last call of danger from which there was positively no escape.

"*Hyeah are Naid and his dawg!*"

Miss Jane looked a trifle uneasy, as if she expected Ned and his dog to burst in at any moment.

"I kin read de nex'," put in Ezekiel, still cheerful and sociable.

"Can you? Very well, Ezekiel. And perhaps not *quite* so loud, please. . . ."

"H — m. Yes. Very good," encouraged Miss North.

Ezekiel looked quite elated.

"Miss Jane learn me 'ow ter read," he explained, "Miss Jane an' Mis' Simons. Mis' Simons a w'ite lady where I wuk las' year."

"H-m. That was very nice, wasn't it? Thomas, will you go on?"

"Miss Jane, she ain't learn me same way's Mis' Simons, nudder, cuz Mis' Simons, she learn me outen a li'l' ole kine o' dark book where she foun' up in de akkit, she say. An' it's all 'bout all diffun kine o' things. 'Bout a li'l' boy where's so triflin' an' lazy, say he ain't gwine school — an' 'bout —— "

"Yes, never mind about that now, Ezekiel. Will you go on, Thomas?"

"An' 'bout a ole man, too. So ole 'is back is bent. Say 'is back is bent wid yeahs. But Miss Jane, she ain't learn me outen dat li'l' dark book. No'm. She learn me outen a mo' like dis yere kine. Say she gotten it fum a lady where teach school. An' it's all 'bout — "

"Yes. But we must go on with the lesson, Ezekiel. You see, we don't talk at all during the lesson."

"Yas'm. Miss Jane allays tell me dat too. Say I mustn' say nary word lessen she ax me."

Miss Jane, who was looking painfully ill at ease here, tried the effect of a surreptitious but speaking motion toward her protégé.

"Say she ain't gwine bother no mo' wid me nohow, lessen I kin pay mo' 'tention w'en she speak. An' she learn me one story 'bout —— "

"Ezekiel!" put in Miss North, with forceful assurance, "I want you to listen *very hard* now to the others. William, go on."

As they filed out at noon, Miss Jane approached Miss North in anxious perplexity.

"I don't know that you will be able to keep him, Miss North," she began; "I don't know that you will be able to do anything with him at all. He is a peculiar child," she went on, in resigned but conscientious tones. "I don't like to say he has *no regard* for truth, I shouldn't like to say that, Miss North, but at times he seems to be

a victim of a most extraordinary imagination."

Miss North looked at Miss Jane with a quick, half sympathetic, half amused smile.

"How long have you been interested in him, Miss Lane?"

"Since I came down from the North two years ago," explained Miss Jane. "He worked for me occasionally in little ways at first, and I realized how neglected he had always been."

"And who is this Mrs. Simons that he speaks of?" asked Miss North, with a broadening smile of amused reminiscence.

"Mrs. Simons, I judge, was a Southern woman," explained Miss Jane, with just precision; "a woman living not far from Norfolk, I believe, who was evidently very good to him. Come here, Ezekiel," went on Miss Jane, turning to a small figure which had just appeared in the door-way; "we are wondering if you can come to school here and do just the way the other children do."

"Yas'm, *I* kin do de way de udder chillen do," murmured Ezekiel, half shyly, half smilingly.

"I hope so, I hope so," encouraged Miss Jane, with sudden fortitude, "and I shall come back again after school this afternoon to find out whether they can keep you — to find out whether they can *keep* you here, Ezekiel," she repeated impressively.

"Yas'm."

With various other expressions of facts, fears, immediate hopes, and ultimate possibilities, Miss Jane made her adieus with a final sounding note of prophetic reminder.

"And I shall come back after school, Ezekiel, to find out whether they can *keep* you."

The children were in their seats again, and Miss North was again before them.

"Now you are going to listen so very carefully to the story which I am going to read," she was explaining, "that you will be able to write it for me in your own words when I have finished."

"How yer mean, write it fer yer in yer own words?" inquired the new pupil politely.

Miss North explained again.

"And it is about some children who live in a very cold country," she added; "about some little Esquimaux children."

The others looked quite intelligent, having varied recollections of having heard something of that sort before.

"Yas'm, yer read one story 'bout li'l' Esquimaux chillen befo', an' 'bout it's so cole dere dey ain't eat nary thing 'cep'n' ole buckets o' ker'sene, an' bottles o' grease, an' taller can'les, an' — "

"Not *exactly* right, William; but they must take a great deal of oil, mustn't they, because oil makes the body warm."

"Yas'm," agreed Ezekiel, "Miss Jane gib me whul bottle o' oil once, time I fell offen de poach an' twis' my knee an' my laig. Say ef I rubs it in r'al good, she reckon I'll feel better. But cert'nly seem like de mo' I rubs——"

"Yes, we don't care to hear about that now, Ezekiel. This story is about little Esquimaux children. You may pass the book around quickly and look at the picture before I begin to read."

Ezekiel was still appreciative.

"Jes' looker de dawg all harness up! Look sump'n like de story 'bout Naid an' 'is dawg. I know a story 'bout a dawg too. 'Bout a li'l' boy an' 'is dawg. An' li'l' boy —"

"Be quiet, Ezekiel." And Miss North's voice arose to the demands of the occasion as she began the story.

"I kin tell de story to yer," continued Ezekiel, as she finished. "I kin ——'

"Ezekiel! Sit down! This is to be *written* work."

Ezekiel sat down and regarded his inkbottle with rueful concern.

"I ain't nuver write dat-a-way," he mumbled. "Miss Jane, she 'mence learnin' me

wid ink, too. But praesen'ly she say she cyan' hab me messin' an' spillin' dat-a-way, an' 'tain't no use ter ax. So she jes' reckon I kin manage ter git along wid a pencil. Dat boy sniffin' 'is ink like he ain't no sense," he added critically.

"Ain't sniffin' no ink nudder!"

"Yer is too, an' 'tain't gwine do yer no good nudder, cuz —— "

"*E-ze-kiel!*" Miss North's tone was unmistakable. "You are to *stop* talking! Why, what do you think I can tell Miss Jane this afternoon when she comes to ask whether we can keep you?"

Ezekiel subsided, alarmed.

"Don't you know that school isn't the place for talking?"

"Yas'm. Miss Jane tole me so too. Say school ain't no place fer talkin'."

"Very well. And when Miss Jane comes this afternoon, I *hope* that we can tell her that you can stay."

"Yas'm, cert'nly hope so too," agreed Ezekiel, still perceptibly alarmed, "an' I — I kin *tell* yer all 'bout de story, Miss No'th — ef I cyan't write it."

"Never mind about the story. I should like to see if you can sit ab-so-*lute*-ly quiet while the other children are writing."

"Yas'm."

"Have you finished, William?" she inquired. "Will you read it to the others?"

William responded fully and satisfactorily, and Ezekiel raised his hand politely.

"I kin tell a story like dat er one," he announced. "I kin tell anudder story, too."

"Will you read yours, Frederick?" went on Miss North.

Frederick finished, and again Ezekiel raised his hand politely.

"I kin tell a story," he announced again.

"Will you read yours, Archelus?" continued Miss North.

And Archelus finished.

And this time Ezekiel forgot to raise his hand.

"I kin —— "

But the door opened, and Miss Doane's voice interrupted.

"Miss North, may I see you, please?"

It sounded prophetic of the unusual, and Miss North glanced at Miss Doane. Then she glanced at the children.

"Will you take very good care of yourselves?" And finally her glance fell on the new pupil.

"Ezekiel," she began, with sudden appreciation of the psychological moment, "you may *tell your story now.*"

"Yas'm." And Miss Doane and Miss North went on, and Ezekiel arose.

"ONCE 'twas a li'l' boy," he began; then he stopped and glanced around just long enough to collect his thoughts satisfactorily. "Once 'twas a li'l' boy, an' fus' thing w'en he's bawn, dey reckon dey'll call 'im Me*thus'*lah. But den dey 'cides, after all, Methus'lah soun' kine o' ole. Cuz co'se li'l' boy, he ain't ole 'tall, fus' thing w'en he's bawn, so dey 'cides ter change, an' jes' call 'im '*Man*uel. An' dey gotten 'im

a li'l' shiny bell ter shek w'en he feel r'al bad, an' a li'l' plate ter eat offen, an' a li'l' coat all trim eroun' wid li'l' fur edgin' ter keep 'im warm, an' den — den — dey jes' all tuk sick, an' nex' he know — dey's all daid. 'Is mamma, an' 'is papa, an' 'is li'l' brudder, an' 'is uncle, an' 'is li'l' sister where's name Pearliney, an' 'is gran'pa where's so ole he's deef an' dumb, an' 'is li'l' nephew where's so li'l' he cyan' see nuthin' w'en he's spoke to, an' —— "

At just this point Miss North unexpectedly returned and stood just inside the door, waiting for the speaker to finish.

"Yas'm, an' 'is li'l' nephew where's so li'l' he cyan' see nuthin' w'en he's spoke to. So 'Manuel, co'se he ain' no kin lef' 'tall. So he's jes' 'blige ter keep on livin' dere all 'lone. An' sometime in de night, w'en de win' gits a-w'istlin' an' a-r'arin' 'roun' de house, he 'mence ter feel kine o' lonesome, an' bu'y 'is haid 'way down in de baid clo'es, say:

" 'Oh, cert'nly is lonesome yere! Oh, cert'nly is lonesome yere!'

"An' nex' time ole win' come a-r'arin' eroun' de house, it's de trufe it's a-w'istlin' jes' like dat, too.

" 'Oh, cert'nly is lonesome yere! Oh, cert'n'y is lonesome yere!'

"But in de mawnin' co'se 'Manuel feel better 'bout it. An' praesen'ly he got outen de baid, say:

" 'I reckon I'se 'blige git me a li'l' dawg.'

"So he eaten 'is breakfus' offen de li'l' plate where dey got 'im fus' day he's bawn, an' put on 'is li'l' coat all trim eroun' wid li'l' fur edgin', an' start off down de road.

"An' fus' thing he seen 's a ole yaller dawg a-tippin' off down de road on free laigs.

" 'Heyo!' li'l' boy say, an' come 'long jes' a-pantin'

" 'Heyo, dawg!' 'Manuel say agin; 'ef 'tain' ter much trouble, I'd like fer yer ter come live wid me. Cuz my kin's all daid.'

"An' ole yaller dawg jes' look at de li'l' boy like he ain't jes' know w'at ter say, an' start off down de road so fas' it's de trufe yer cyan't see nary thing 'scusin' jes' a li'l' dash o' yaller where he been.

"An' co'se 'Manuel feel kine o' bad it come out dat-a-way, too. But he ain't sayin' nuthin' an' jes' keep on trabblin' down de road.

"An' nex' he know he seen a li'l' w'ite dawg a-settin' up on de road on one laig an' a-fannin' 'erself wid 'er tail. So 'Manuel, he jes' step right up an' say:

" 'Heyo, li'l' w'ite dawg! Ef 'tain't ter much trouble I'd like fer yer ter come live wid me. Cuz my kin's all daid.'

"An' li'l' w'ite dawg set up on one laig agin an' keep on fannin' 'erself wid 'er tail an' speak right out in a r'al kine o' li'l' high up voice, say:

" 'Yas suh! Yas suh! Cert'nly is proud ter 'blige yer!'

"So co'se 'Manuel an' de li'l' dawg jes' turn right 'roun' an' go runnin' back 'ome tergedder.

"An' nex' time ole win' come a-w'istlin' 'roun' de house in de night, li'l' boy jes' stick 'is haid outen de clo'es, sing out:

" 'Oh, we ain't 'fra d ter-night, cuz yer cyan' git in!'

"An' den li'l' dawg join in, an' dey bo'e sing out:

" 'We's livin' yere tergedder, an' yer cyan' git in!'

"So ole win' jes' turn 'roun' an' run away agin eroun' de corner same way she come.

"An' li'l' dawg's name Fanny. An' she allays keep on fannin' wid 'er tail jes' same way's befo'.

"An' one mawnin' 'Manuel wek up, say:

" 'Fanny, I ain't feel so well 's mawnin',' say, 'cuz I dream so bad in de night.' Say, 'I dream 'bout you, too, Fanny, an' w'at yer s'pose! Yer jes' stan' up dere where yer is now, an' turn into a li'l' teeny spurtin' fount'n dawg, jes' like dat-er-one over yonder

in de bu'yin' groun', where allays keep on spurtin' outen 'is mouf. An' fus' I knows yer begins spurtin' a li'l' spout o' water right plumb at me. An' I say, "Stop, Fanny! Ain't yer no mo' sense?" An' yer jes' keep on a-spurtin' at me in a li'l' stream ez study 's ef I ain' spoke. An' I say, "Stop, Fanny! Ain't yer see w'at yer's doin'?" But 'tain' no use. Yer jes' keep on a-spurtin' in same li'l' kine o' study stream, like yer's fixin' ter drown us bofe. An' praesen'ly I jes' jump up an' say, "Well, yer ain' gwine drown me no-how! Cuz I'se gwine git right outen yere, yer deef an' dumb li'l' ole fount'n dawg, yer!" It's jes' de wuds I say, Fanny, an' I meks fer de do'. But doan't yer know, 'tain't no use, cuz de water's gittin' so deep all eroun', I'se jes' drowndin'! An' same li'l' stream keep on a-spurtin'. "Oh, my!" I say, "yer's drowndin' me, Fanny! Yer's drowndin' me!" An' same li'l' stream keep on a-spurtin'. "Oh, stop, Fanny!" I say, "I'se mos' drown now! I is!" I say, "I'se all drown now, 'scusin' my—" An' 'fo' I'se spoken de sentence, my haid's went, too, an' it's de trufe 'tain't nuthin' lef' o' me 'tall. Nuthin' 'tall. Cuz I'se drownded—daid. An' yit same li'l' stream jes' keep on a-spurtin'.'

" 'Oh, my! Ain' dat tur'ble!' Fanny say, w'en li'l' boy tell 'er 'is dream.

" 'Cert'nly wuz!' he say, 'cert'nly wuz tur'ble. An' I been feelin' r'al po'ly ebber sence,' he say. 'An' seem like I feels wus eve'y time I looks at you, Fanny,' he say. 'Cuz I jes' cyan' seem ter help 'mag'nin' yer's fixin' ter turn inter a li'l' spurtin' fount'n.'

"Co'se li'l' dawg feel r'al bad w'en she hyeah dat, too. Say:

" 'Oh, frien' an' master!' (li'l' dawg allays call 'im frien' an' master w'en she speak). Say, 'Oh, frien' an' master! I 'clare I ain't! I 'clare I ain't fixin' ter turn inter no li'l' spurtin' fount'n!'

" 'I doan' want ter hyeah no imperdence 'bout it, nudder,' 'Manuel say. 'An' I tells yer, yer prob'ly *is* jes' natchelly fixin' ter turn inter a li'l' spurtin' fount'n.'

" 'Oh, but I ain't!' Fanny say, 'I 'clare I ain't, li'l' frien' an' master!'

" 'An' 'tain't no use cryin' an' ca'yin' on no sech a way,' 'Manuel say. 'An' now I 'spec I'se 'blige turn yer outen de house fer de res' o' de mawnin'. Cuz meks me feel po'ly eve'y time I looks at yer.'

"Den Fanny, co'se she keep on cryin' an' ca'yin' on, an' say she cyan' go outen de house, an' 'Manuel say she mus', an' Fanny say she cyan', an' 'Manuel say she mus', an' start off chasin' 'er 'roun' de room, an' outen de do', an' cross de ya'd, an' down de road—twell praesen'ly, seem like 'Manuel jes' 'blige' keep on runnin' after Fanny cuz he cyan' stop. Cuz he call out:

" 'Stop, Fanny! I ain' gwine chase yer no mo'!'

"But she jes' keep right on, an' 'Manuel after 'er, down de road an' cross de fiel'—dey cyan' stop no-ways—cross de fiel', fas'er an' fas'er, twell dey come right out siden de ribber. An' w'at yer s'pose? *W'at* yer s'pose! Fanny, she jes' jump right in! It's de trufe! She jes' jump right in!

"An' 'Manuel, he jes' stand dere lookin' after 'er where she jump, like he cyan' move.

" 'Oh, yer's drowndin' me!' she call out, jes' like li'l' boy's dream, only it's Fanny

where's drowndin' now; 'yer's drowndin' me! Oh, I's mos' drown now!'

"An' praesen'ly she go clare outen sight.

"An' yit 'Manuel jes' keep on stan'in' dere like he cyan' move. Twell nex' he know, he seen li'l' dawg's tail comin' right up outen de water, an' he hyeah 'er call out fer de las' time:

" 'Oh, li'l' frien' an' master! I'se *all* drownded now 'scusin' my ta-il!'

"An' 'Manuel jes' start up an' call out:

" 'No, yer ain't! No, yer ain't! Is yer?'

"An' he wait jes' tremblin' fer de answer.

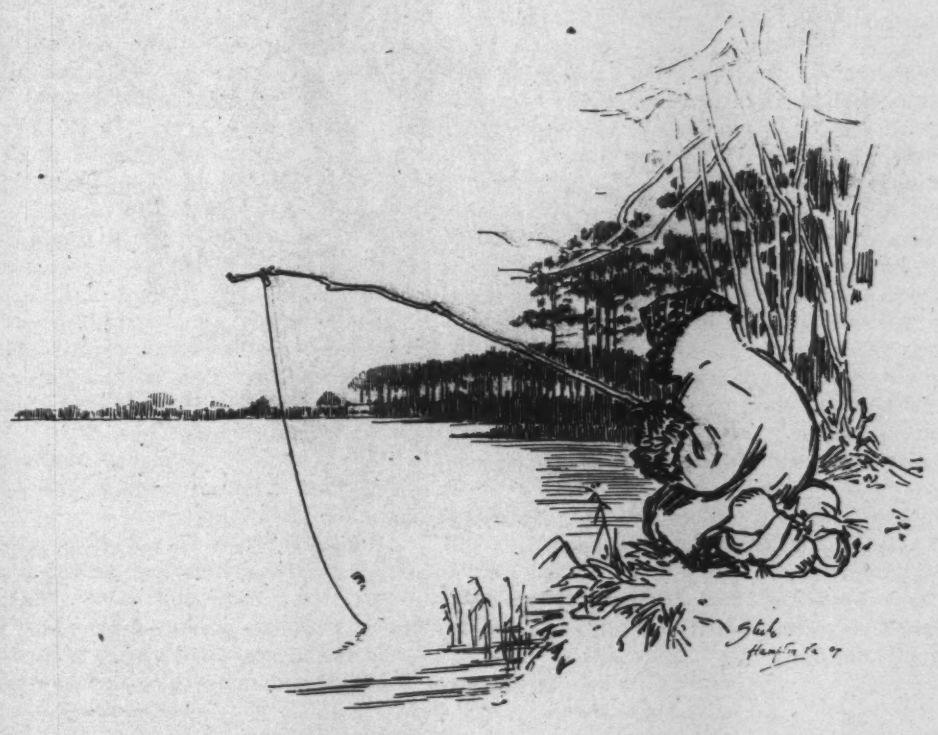
"But 'tain't no answer come, cuz Fanny's drownded. An' 'tain't nary thing lef' 'cep'n' de tip en' of 'er tail a-fannin' an' a-fannin' jes' a li'l' teeny bit 'bove de water, wid de breeze.

"Co'se 'Manuel feel awful bad w'en he seen w'at he done, too. An' he jes' drag 'isself back 'ome agin an' se' down an' pitch right in an' cry. But seem like dat mek 'im feel wussen he is befo'. So nex' he gotten 'im a li'l' fish pole an' start out agin. An' he se' down on de bank by de ribber, an' he putten a li'l' poke chop on de en' o' de line, an' he fro it out in de water an' sing out all kine o' shekkin' like:

"'Oh, Fanny! It's a li'l' poke chop on de en' o' de line! Ef yer could only jes' tek a li'l' bite! It's a li'l' poke chop on de en' o' de line, Fanny!'

"But 'tain't no answer, an' all he seen 's jes' li'l' dawg's tail a-fannin' an' a-fannin'.

"An' he jes' keep on settin' dere wid 'is pole, an' de li'l' poke chop on de en' o' de line, but he ain' nuver hyeah nuthin', an' all he ebber seen's jes' same li'l' en' of a tail



a-fannin' an' a-fannin' jes' a li'l' teeny bit 'bove de water, wid de breeze."

"Is that the end of the story, Ezekiel?" Miss North's face struggled a bit ineffectually to compose itself, and Ezekiel sat down surrounded on all sides by speaking glances of admiration.

"Yas'm, dat's de en' o' de story," replied Ezekiel. And at just this point the door opened, and Miss Jane Lane walked into the room.

Ezekiel, with startled recollection, looked suddenly, momentarily alarmed, and half rose from his seat.

" 'T wa'n't all — jes' a — 'twa'n't jes' a — *true* story," he whispered eagerly, explanatively, advancing toward. Miss North. "'T wa'n't jes' a *true* story, Miss No'th! Miss Jane! It's a — a kine o' mek 'blieve story I jes' done tole 'em! Jes' kine o' mek 'blieve! But Miss No'th, she done tole me I kin, ain't yer, Miss No'th! Yer tole me I kin tell it! Ain't yer?"

Miss North's voice was inscrutable.

"Yes, I told you that you could." And the children, in a long, winding file marched out.

"Well, how has he done, Miss North?" inquired Miss Jane, looking quite prepared for the worst. "Do you think that it will be possible to keep him? Can he stay?"

Again Miss North's face struggled to compose itself as she looked first at Miss Jane and then at Ezekiel, still standing before them in alarmed, apprehensive, quavering surrender.

"Yes — " she answered, "he can stay."

THE GATE OF THE SEVEN HUNDRED VIRGINS

BY

MARY S. WATTS

IT was a wearying journey. All day long the diligence toiled forward, attended by such a pillar of dust as went before the Egyptians; all day long it creaked, floundered, jingled, under a merciless sun, over certainly the worst roads in Europe; and all day long our driver discharged blast after blast of unavailing rhetoric at his beasts and flourished a gad calculated to inspire with respect any animal less sodden in evil than a mule. We grilled patiently on the hard, slippery, leather cushions of our chariot, from the pastoral hour of five o'clock in the morning, when we left Château Charny, until eight that night, when Valmi was reached. Valmi can be approached only by diligence, the theory (and practice) of rapid transit not having yet penetrated to this quarter of the globe; its road sets at defiance even the motor-tourist, spite of scenery and associations. We bounced, swayed, and jolted until eleven, when we halted for luncheon at the inn of the "Golden Fleece," Arrietz. Helen remarked that the only "fleece" about it was the dexterous operation performed on ourselves. "A franc apiece for that abysmal omelet!" she said; "no native would have been asked that much. But these people have Americans spotted as far as they can see us!" At three in the afternoon, we "raised" Marigny, in the nautical phrase, and came to anchor before the Café Deux Agneaux. "There's a satirical suggestion in these names," said Helen. "Two Lambs — here we are!" But the Two Lambs supplied us with fairly eatable bread and cheese, and thin red wine, for an immoderately small sum, only a sou or two, I think; and a fresh-looking, comely peasant woman with a sturdy little boy in her hand came and watched us eat, commenting audibly on our shoes and shirt-waists, which she bade the child observe, travelers being rare upon that road. She asked whither we were bound, and, on being told: "Ah-h-h, Valmi!" she echoed, quite ecstatically, "figure to yourself, madame, it is all by the sea, and they have fish — *but* such fish!"

As the hot afternoon wore away, a change grew upon the landscape. The hills were all at once mountains, not lofty, yet severe with pine-groves and abrupt cliffs. In the valleys between their feet were pleasant fields of corn, orchards and vineyards; and a little river linking through the meadows. There was a poignant tang of salt in the air. The sea was not farther than five miles now, our driver said; and, pleased at our interest, he began to enlarge his conversation, hitherto confined to the mules. The whole shore and neighboring countryside, he told us, were sprinkled thick with caverns and deep glens, a great place for smugglers and piratical adventurers in the old days. *Tonne Dieu!* We ought to hear some of the tales they told about those pirates! He? No, he could not remember any of the stories, but his brother Pierre — there was a man, now! *Vè!* If we liked, he would send Pierre to see us at our hotel in Valmi. Madame would perhaps need a guide, anyhow? Was Pierre a guide? *Tè!* Oh, no! Pierre was not; Pierre did not do anything. What should such a man as that do? Sometimes, it was true, he showed people about the city; and he had known Pierre to take — eh, whatever they wanted to give. For, do you see, madame, you cannot hurt people's feelings by refusing. Pierre would not do that; Pierre had a great soul. Eh, but yes, he was a man, that Pierre! He knew every stone of Valmi and could tell you stories as long as this whip. *Vlà!* Go on, then, sac-cr-red sons of thunder!

"All nonsense!" said Helen vigorously. "They play into one another's hands all the time. I don't believe we need a guide any more than we do another foot apiece!" I shook my head. My niece Helen is a self-reliant and adventurous spirit; she will undertake to go anywhere, serene in the assurance of ultimately getting *some*where, either to her appointed place or, as she is fond of saying, to some other just as good. For myself, as I am equally fond of saying, I want to go where I *want to go*. But, unfortunately, there never was a person so totally unblessed with any sense of location; I am of those who get up in the night and fall out of the window or down the backstairs. And when, at length, we reached Valmi, long after dark, the aspect of its steep, tortuous, ill-lighted streets was so bewildering, and the points of the compass shifted about with such appalling infirmity of purpose, that Pierre (had he known it) was as good as engaged before we were set down at our hotel door.

"Only for a few days," I pleaded, in response to Helen's jeers, "until we get used to the place. Then we can dismiss him. Besides, Baedeker says tourists are obliged to hire a guide for the old palace; it's not safe to wander about the ruins alone."

"Oh, but we're not alone," said she, with an impish twinkle. "Isn't P. Virgilius Maro along?" and we both laughed. I am afraid we are very simple people, and easily amused. P. Virgilius Maro is an ancient and honorable joke with us. That shabby gentleman in a brown calf coat has been my valued companion for years; his age defeats scandal. And, latterly, I devised a more convenient fashion of carrying him, by barbarously splitting favorite parts of the volume, notably the Aeneid, into liths or sections of one book each, rendering P. Virgilius much more portable and handy.

Valmi was impossibly theatrical; it would have furnished an incomparable setting for Elizabethan drama. Except for the changes wrought by gradual decay, the town (for good reasons, I have re-christened it, and you shall look in vain for "Valmi" on any map) could scarcely have altered its contours in the last three hundred years. There was a telegraph-office — these eyes beheld it; and we were told that some one in the city, some high official, owned an American clock. But think then, madame, a clock American! Save in these two instances, what we like to call the march of improvement had passed Valmi by on the other side. And this was the stranger because it was a seaport town, in constant touch, one would have thought, with the changeful world. Once its old stone quays roared with commerce; now only a few sad little ships stole out and in upon the tides. I suppose, however, that my second visit will find Valmi thoroughly commercialized; there was a dealer in curios already established, bird of ill-omen! Soon people will be selling Oriental brass and embroideries and Mexican silver jewelry in the tiny dark shops, and other people will be calling it "quaint," an adjective which I am proud to say I have not yet used — nor shall.

Pierre, the ornamental, the lotos-eating, presented himself the next morning. He was a swarthy, good-looking vagabond, in a velveteen jacket with silver buttons, a red cap and sash, and little gold ear-rings, the very figure of a stage bandit. After the first payment — or, shall I say, tribute? — we hardly expected to see him again; but he appeared punctually the following day, and thereafter showed himself more faithful and diligent than one could possibly have hoped of so magnificent a creature. Under his guidance we saw the Cathedral of Notre Dame de Bon Salut, and the cloisters; the ancient Fish-Market, decorated with amazing stone dolphins; and the royal palace, for once there were kings in Valmi. It was a vast, wandering pile, mostly roofless, covering an acre or so of cellars, dungeons, oubliettes, about which Pierre told us some grisly tales. In the desolate gardens he showed us the dried basin of a fish-pond, rimmed with marble, where some unlucky royal baby, neglected by its nurses, had tumbled in; and the carp had almost eaten it before the poor little body was found.

"And what did they do to those careless nurses, Pierre?"

He turned his thumb to the ground with a gesture and grimace of hideous significance. A great actor was lost to the world when Pierre elected to spend his life leading tourists about Valmi. We understood without further words. They had buried them alive.

The palace stood on an eminence dominating the view to land and sea for many miles; and, on one side, the ground sloped away steeply to the shore; so steeply that, perching on the ruinous old palace wall, we could

see, in a rift between the houses, a stair plunging down, which, Pierre said, led to a place they called the Quai Reine-Marguerite. There these dead-and-gone royalties were wont to take ship when bent on either business or pleasure. One of them, in the last days of Valmi, had escaped a mob of bloody-minded revolutionists, flying down these steps on horseback, like General Israel Putnam, that hero of another revolution. Pierre's stories were worth remembering; they would have made the fortune of a writer of romance. But Helen interrupted him in the middle of this one to ask: "What are those two towers close together down there to the right?"

He said he could not see any towers; it was a long while before he could be made to see them, although they stood out prominently above the roofs. Then he shrugged and said, "Oh, *those!*" He had not dreamed mademoiselle meant *those!* They were nothing; some ruins by the city wall. He turned his back on them and resolutely went on with his story.

"He was mad because I interrupted his ridiculous yarn about the Princess What's-her-name," Helen said. "Did you ever see anything so childish?"

We stayed in Valmi nearly three weeks; it was not later than the second or third day that Mr. Weingartner swam into our ken. With him, Romance (of a sort) entered our humdrum lives; and it is worth while noting in what an extraordinary guise Romance may sometimes be clothed. We came upon him in a black little shop on the Rue Saint Ignace — that curiosity-shop of which I have spoken. There he stood, with his hat pushed towards the nape of his neck, an umbrella (impeccably rolled) clamped fast between his knees, a cigar clamped in the corner of his mouth, and his mind clamped, figuratively, on the knotty French phrase-book. Around him hung, stood, or lay in heaps on the floor old brass bowls and cups, old needlework delicately yellowed, old carved furniture, old swords and bits of armor, old pottery of shapes and colors to make a painter throw up his hat and rejoice. In the background the dealer agitated vainly with a stiletto (dated 1560 on the blade) in one hand, and a brass hunting-horn, its smooth curves wound with faded green silk cord, in the other. "Gimme time, gimme time, John William Henry," he was saying, "I can't find it right first dash out of the box. Let's see: a necktie, a pair of socks, a pair of gloves, a pair of suspenders, a pair of shoes — nope, 'tain't there. Here's another. I want: a bath, *ung bang* — well, I do, but not right away this minute. Toilet Articles, see Page 52. I want: a towel, a cake of soap, a bath-tub, a foot-bath, a sitz-bath, a comb, a brush, a buttonhook, a wash-basin, a cuspidor — foiled again! Once more: A Visit to the Doctor. I have: a fever, a chill, a cold, a sore throat, a boil, a toothache, a backache, a headache — next will be a visit to the Morgue, I guess,— hold on! Now we're getting down to pay-dirt. I want: a pill, a powder, a gargle — nixie. This book is N. G. Or else the word *bottle* don't exist in the French language."

He stuffed the pamphlet into his pocket and eyed the shopkeeper with humorous resignation.

"Here's your Podunk, Missouri, or North Illyria, New York," whispered Helen, who comes from Chicago; "don't one see funny Americans over here, though?"

He looked up at that moment, catching sight of us, flushed, hesitated, waved the dealer aside impatiently, and evidently bracing himself to the deed, spoke:

"Beg pardon, but you're United States, ain't you?"

Helen stiffened into a cardboard dignity; but a respectable middle-aged woman may overlook some conventions. I said, "Yes."

"I'd have known it anywhere, by your looks," he said candidly, "but I saw your names on the hotel-book this morning. I'm staying here, too. I guess there ain't any other tourists here, it's such an out-of-the-way place. I'm one of Cook's. These tourist parties ain't such a much. The way they go around sort of puts me in mind of Christian Endeavorers, at home. I shook the outfit last week and came on here by myself. You can do that on your ticket, you know. I have to join 'em again at Bullone. I'm from Chicago, same as you."

Helen's face was a study.

"Pretty good little old town, Chicago," said he affectionately. "It just about spreads over anything I've seen here and tucks under the sides. My name's Weingartner — Weingartner's Perennial Fountain-Pen Fluid, I guess you've heard of *that.*"

He stood before us, a little awkward, nervously smiling, eager to hear the kind speech of home, yet plainly doubtful whether

a perfect gentleman should thus introduce himself to perfect ladies. It would have been brutal to rebuff him. I am somewhat afraid of Helen; she is twenty-one and knows so much more than I do; and, indeed, she afterwards informed me, with bitter satire, that I could have been polite, but I did not need to be cordial. "Funny little hotel we're at, ain't it?" he said, glowing under the influence of my reprehensible cordiality; "not very up-to-date, but then nothing is, here. I'd like to find some place in this God-forsaken country where a person could get batter-cakes and syrup for breakfast. You ladies going to see the sights? I know my way all around here."

"We have a guide, thank you," said Helen, in a tone which should have withered Mr. Weingartner on the spot. But he only looked surprised.

"Guide? What do you want with a guide? Why, I don't know a word of the language, and I go everywhere, without any trouble. Just bull right ahead, you know."

"Not always without any trouble, Mr. Weingartner," said I.

"Well, I ain't the first man that's had trouble over a bottle, ma'am," he said, grinning. "You know this is a sort of a second-hand shop, and I thought maybe I could pick up some little trick in the way of an old-fashioned bottle that I could have copied and use for the Fluid. Something the ladies would think kind of cute, you know. I do that pretty near everywhere. Look here, I had this made in Paris." He brought out a neat, nickel-plated cylinder about six inches long, with a pear-shaped bulb at one end. "Just try to open that, will you?"

I tried in vain, while Helen strolled around the shop, glowering helplessly. He took it from me with a smile and snapped the bulb end open and shut several times. "See. That's how. It's to hold the twenty-five-cent size bottles," he explained, "and, when it's closed, you can throw it across the street without breaking 'em. Good idea for traveling, hey? That's Pe-air outside, ain't he? The diligence-driver wanted me to hire him, but I said not any; I guess I can worry along by myself and save my dollar-and-a-half per. Say, you get him to show you that old gate that's got the bass-relief of women walking along the top of it. That's the funniest ever."

Relations were rather strained between Helen and me, as we followed Pierre, until the chastening she gave me put her in a good temper, as is frequently the case. We asked Pierre about the gate with the procession of women described by our new acquaintance.

"Women, madame?" he said vaguely. "But yes, we are coming to the Gate of Saint Mark, and that has a figure — but not a woman. *Tonne Dieu!* This poor Saint Mark, to be taken for a woman! He has a gown on; that is what misled this monsieur, no doubt."

There was, in fact, a colossal statue of the saint with his lion by his side, on a sort of shelf projecting from the top of the gate; it was a beautiful stone archway, draped with vines. The sea-air, I suppose, kept all the foliage here a lively green; and there was a picturesque and highly unwholesome mold on the buildings.

"This can't be the gate he meant, Pierre," said Helen. "That figure don't look the least like a woman. What are the other gates?"

He said there were a great many, oh, but a great many! Five or six, and there had been more, but three were battered down a hundred years ago, during the Vendée. Did *ces dames* know about the Vendée? Vè! He could tell us a story about that time — and he plunged into it forthwith.

Mr. Weingartner's last words had been, "See you later," and see us later he did, every day and all day, to Helen's indignation. The girl was civil to him, not for his sake, but for her own, because she *was* a lady, as she majestically informed me, and would not have two sets of manners.

"Oh, *you* don't care," she said savagely; "you think he's a type, and you'd just as lief study him. The man's *impossible;* I simply cannot *stand* him! Goodness, there he comes now!" We hurried along, but he overtook us at the next corner, beaming and breathless, wiping the inside of his straw hat with a large, spotless handkerchief. Mr. Weingartner was a very clean man; and also, what he himself would doubtless have called a "neat dresser." One envied him the easy, well-fitted comfort of his clothing.

"You two walk the fastest of any ladies I ever saw," he said; "and do you know, ma'am," here he addressed me, "you cross the street different from any lady I know. Most of 'em get out in the middle, and then they don't know whether they better cover short stop or second base. And while they're jig-stepping, along comes a fire-engine or a

trolley-car or an automobile—Bing! Friends will kindly omit flowers. Beg pardon, ma'am, but don't you write? I see you going around with that book all the time."

He meant P. Virgilius!

"Well, I write myself, off and on," he said, when I had confusedly acknowledged that I did sometimes. "Got into it writing ads for the Fluid. Last year I had a book out, 'Why?' Just that, you know, 'Why?' Inside it was all why this and why that. I made twenty-five hundred dollars with it. I'm going to write another, 'Because,' same style. That kind of book is a strong seller. Where you ladies going to-day?"

"Nowhere," said Helen hastily. "We — we're just taking a little exercise, and then we're going back to our room to rest."

He was distinctly disappointed. "I thought maybe I could take you to some of these places," he said wistfully. "There's that flight of steps down behind the palace. It's where the old kings and queens used to go piking out with their crowns and scepters and take a swim. Seen it yet?"

"We really can't go to-day, Mr. Weingartner," said Helen humanely — for her, that is, "I'm sorry, we're both tired. Anyway, we saw the steps from the palace wall."

"Oh, that ain't any place to see from. They're right by that gate I was telling you about. It's got two towers and a span between. I judge you haven't seen that either, if you haven't been down to the steps. You better let me take you. Pe-air'll never get around to it, the gait he's going."

Helen ruthlessly dragged me back to our huge, bare, stone-floored cave of a room. It was about as dry, well-lighted, and cozy as the average basement laundry. I protested, but she was inexorable.

"What is it you object to about Mr. Weingartner, Helen?"

She turned her youthful, measuring eye upon me. "Now you're studying *me!*" she remarked acutely. "What I object to about Mr. Weingartner is *Mr. Weingartner!*" And after this epigrammatic deliverance, she added, "He's slangy, for one thing."

"Every one that has any respect or affection for the English language is slangy at times ——"

"Oh, you always can say something like that!" said the girl, with contempt. "It's really not as clever as it sounds. You know he's slangy. He's — *the* — *limit!* What are you laughing at, now?"

In my serious moods I felt sorry for our poor countryman. For, whatever she thought of him, it was plain that he was very much taken with Helen. Anything more hopeless could not well be imagined; she was engaged, and, apart from that, she would not look upon him as a possible husband under any circumstances. The young man, to borrow from his own vocabulary, "meant business"; otherwise he would not make such an effort to be polite and attentive to *me*. That is a specific symptom. It was too bad; I had to fall back on the time-tested saying: "Men may die and worms may eat them — but not for love!" He would get over it.

The immediate result of our enforced seclusion this afternoon was a profound study of the guide-book on Helen's part. And before very long she unearthed some interesting particulars. "Why, look at this," she exclaimed. "We've been missing something worth while all this time. This must be the place Mr. Weingartner is always talking about. It's starred in Baedeker, and it sounds attractive. 'Porte des Sept Cent Vierges (Gate of the Seven Hundred Virgins), situated at the northeastern extremity of the city, on the Rue Reine-Marguerite, leading to the Quai of that name, the principal connecting-street between the Upper and Lower Towns at one time, now almost disused. An interesting medieval relic, the center of many legends. Its capacious dungeons,' etc., etc. I'll speak to Pierre about that. We ought to see it."

But, as it happened, Pierre, being arraigned the next day, put on a manner of much mystery and embarrassment. He shrugged, he shook his head, he made a dozen apologetic and deprecatory gestures. Yes, certainly, it was a fine gate, a pearl of gates, but — mademoiselle did not, could not comprehend. He would explain, only — to get there, one had to pass — and, in effect, there were in the neighborhood — of course, if *ces dames* insisted —! *Enfin*, he would speak at large to madame, if she liked, but to mademoiselle, never!

He might have said more, but Helen's agile feminine mind had already jumped — no, bounded, like a Rocky Mountain sheep, to a conclusion. She returned to me with a shocked face. "It's plain enough," she said, "the place isn't respectable. Pierre said no decent people would be seen going

there; at least, he didn't say so in so many words, but that's what he meant."

So no more mention was made of the Gate of the Seven Hundred Virgins, until Mr. Weingartner again brought up the subject. I had to tell him of our investigation. He took his cigar from between his lips and stared at me in incredulous astonishment.

"Not respectable! Well, I like that!" he ejaculated. "If I'm any judge, it's forty times more respectable than the Rue Saint Lazare, where he took you the other day, where the pawnshops are. Half the houses are shut up and empty; you don't see any people. It's as quiet as Sunday-at-the-farm. There's a kind of dump in one place where the citizens do considerable landscape-gardening with garbage and dead cats — but that's nothing, you see that right in the principal streets. I guess the Health Inspector don't get around oftener than once a day in Valmi. Respectable! Well, I guess I ought to know — any man that's born and brought up in Chicago —!" He paused, knitting his brows; then he gave voice to a thought that, strangely enough, had come to all three of us at the same moment. "Strikes me Pe-air's kind of leery of taking people to that gate!"

The upshot of this was that Mr. Weingartner finally had his desire and escorted us to see the Gate of the Seven Hundred Virgins, in absurdly high spirits. Helen and I were even on the score of undue cordiality now; it was she who accepted his invitation before I could say a word, with a weird and unnatural affability. And I took some satisfaction in reminding her that if she made a convenience of him, she must be prepared to be kind to him. "I'm going to be kind to him," she answered, and gave me an unreadable glance, "just as kind as you are!"

The Rue Reine-Marguerite, to uninstructed eyes, looked neither respectable nor the reverse. It was dead, that street; it had no soul, whether to sin with or to save. Grass grew between the cobbles. The houses were empty and falling into ruins; their hearths had been cold this hundred years. Even we, with our harsh, Yankee levity, our incongruous talk, could not touch to life its spiritless old echoes. Instead, it began to sit heavy on us all, in spite of Mr. Weingartner; and I, for one, thought, when we turned a bend and came upon the Gate, with the living water of the bay showing distantly under its wide-flung arch, that I had seldom seen so comfortable a sight.

There were two monstrous towers coupled together by a closed-in gallery over the archway; under it might still be seen the sockets wherein the great iron valves of the Gate had once swung. A tribe of beggars had taken possession of this old rookery, with a shambling hut built against the ancient city wall and roofed with boards and bits of sacking. Two women were washing clothes on a terrace, the place clattering with their talk; their dull-blue and Isabella-colored rags fluttered on a line strung between a pair of stone pillars. There was a man asleep on a bench near by, with his hat over his face. The women stopped a moment, gazed at us, then the shrill duet broke out afresh.

"The Virgins are on the other side," said Mr. Weingartner. "Hello! There's a steamer!" He pointed, and we made out the vessel at some distance from the harbor entrance, an attenuated smudge from its funnel defacing the sky.

"That's the first steamship I've seen around here," he said. "She's almost standing still. Some tramp, I guess."

We turned to the Gate. Across the entire outer face of the gallery-part (I do not know its architectural name) was a gigantic frieze, carved in what must have been at one time high relief, — the Virgins. The style of the carving was, of course, archaic; childishly direct, full of a rude sentiment. There was movement and dignity in these up-and-down Noah's Ark figures. One could see that it was meant for a march of triumph; and there was something brave and uplifted in its simplicity.

"What on earth is that thing they're each one holding?" Helen wondered; "a sword?"

"Looks like a baseball bat," suggested Mr. Weingartner.

I thought it might be a palm leaf.

"This place must be beautiful by moonlight," said Helen abruptly.

What put that into her head? Mr. Weingartner had out a little pocket-calendar in an instant. "It must, indeed, Miss Helen," he said; "let's see. 'Moon rises 8 hrs. 25 min.' That's to-night. What do you say we come down and see it about nine or half-past when it's got up in the sky, hey?"

"I think it would be lovely!" said Helen, with wholly unwarrantable enthusiasm. Had she proposed to dislodge the moon and

remove it from the heavens, I could not have been more surprised. This was being kind to him with a vengeance! Never before had the duties of a chaperon so weighed on me. I thought I saw a malign sparkle in her eye. And Mr. Weingartner looked inanely pleased.

"You'd just as lief, wouldn't you?" he asked me timidly; "just us three?"

I may fairly say that, speaking as an aunt with a marriageable niece, my world reeled! Three! The weather-beaten old she-dragon that guarded her was being invited to bear a hand in this Romeo-and-Juliet business! I had expected to go anyhow, writhing in the Nessus' shirt of propriety; and, lo, they wanted me!

"I hope Pe-air won't get next to the scheme," remarked Mr. Weingartner. "He's a butter-in, Pe-air is."

"Here's Pierre now!" said Helen.

"Told you so!" said Mr. Weingartner, under his breath.

Our ex-guide came up, a little winded by rapid walking, but smiling and civil as ever.

"You have seen the Gate, madame?" He smacked his lips and fell into an attitude of reverent admiration. "Ah-h-h, but it is the beautiful, the superb gate! And of an antiquity! Imagine you, madame, a thousand, *two* thousand years, maybe! That is prettily well old. Vè!" He pointed to the frieze. "Behold, the Virgins! They are all there — all the Seven Hundred, you may count them. And, observe, every one has her arms and legs complete — except where they have been broken off, and then you can see the place! It is of a completeness! In all that crowd, a pair of legs for every head! Not one forgotten, not one slighted! And conceive the difficulty! Seven hundred heads! Fourteen hundred legs!" He remained posed before this triumph of the sculptor's art in contemplative ecstasy.

"What do they keep in those old towers?" asked Mr. Weingartner.

"*Tonne Dieu!* Nothing at all, monsieur. They are all falling down inside."

"Look pretty solid to me," said Mr. Weingartner, who seemed to make a point of not believing Pierre, on principle, "and the doors are locked good and hard. I tried one of 'em the other day."

"But, monsieur, it is to break the neck if one goes in there! They lock the doors for that reason precisely."

"Huh!" said Mr. Weingartner.

Pierre gave him up and turned hopefully to me.

"There is a story about that Gate, madame, about the Virgins — if you would like ——?"

"Does it tell what they're holding in their hands?" asked Helen.

"Eh, yes, mademoiselle, and more, much more besides ——"

"Here's a place for you to sit down in the shade, ma'am," said Mr. Weingartner. "I can make a cushion of my coat ——"

He had it half-way off; but I refused, not as pleasantly as might be, I am afraid. I was not such a Mrs. Methuselah as all that, if I was Helen's aunt. He sat down beside us, on a patch of grass, and Pierre, standing in front, a dramatic figure in that drop-curtain landscape of sunshine, ruins, and distant sea, began:

"Madame, you know that statue of King Louis the Crusader, that I showed you in the middle of the Place du Roi, on horseback, looking toward Jerusalem, with a lance in his hand? Every year, at the feast of Corpus Domini, the little girls that make their first communion come in procession from the church and lay wreaths of olive and of parsley around the horse's hoofs — that is as high as they can reach, the little girls — Well, madame, it was in his time that all this happened. That was many, many hundred years ago, oh, but many centuries. King Louis went away to the Crusade, and all his knights and nobles with him, so there were only women and little children and old men left in Valmi. The city had a stout wall then, and nobody was afraid. But after a while a wild, roving king came down from the North with many long black ships, and bearded fierce men — they were Danes, madame, I do not know if you have ever heard of Danes in America. They drank blood, as I have been told. The king's name was Eohric. He anchored his ships off there beyond the point — it was there then as now; and landed his men, and they came up to take Valmi. But there were very brave people in those days, and they shut all the gates and came out upon the walls, and the women made kettles of boiling pitch and poured down, and the old men served the cannon — Bim! Boum! And the boys fired off the muskets — Tr — rr — rrat! Tr — rrrrrat! ——"

"Cut it out, sport! They didn't have guns in those days," said Mr. Weingartner.

"Never mind, it was catapults and arrows, I suppose," I said. "Let him go on."

"All right, ma'am," said he, patting a fold of my dress soothingly, "what you say goes."

"So the Danes, at first, could make no headway at all, madame, and they were sore and angry. And the young women came and stood on the walls and called out to taunt them: 'Eohric, King of the Danes, why do you not come into Valmi?' But, madame, they laugh best who laugh last. By-and-by they had nothing more to eat in the town, and the Danes would let nothing come in. They were starving, these brave citizens, and they killed rats and mules and ate them, and the children cried for bread. That is to make one mad, madame, when the little children suffer! At last Eohric, the King, sent in word: 'I will go away and trouble you never again, if you will send out to me and my men all those young women that came and mocked me from the battlements, and all the other young women. But if you will not send them, I will lay Valmi waste with fire and sword and take the young women away into slavery and kill all the rest of you.' So, madame, the elders held a council and talked a long while — because, do you see, the position had its difficulties. On the one hand they would all be killed, and the young women made slaves — and, on the other, they would all live, but the young women would still be — *bien*, madame, it was a point, that! It took thought!"

"A-o-reek kind of had 'em coming and going, didn't he!" said Mr. Weingartner.

"In the end, the old men sent word to Eohric that he could have the young women. For, you see, madame, somebody must live, there were children to grow up, and — and — there would, after a while, be more young women. There were seven hundred of them in the town, and the next day they all marched out ——"

"What!" shouted Mr. Weingartner, "they gave up the girls?"

"Monsieur, yes — one cannot have an omelet without breaking eggs!"

"Well, they were a pretty bum lot of old men, that's all I've got to say!" said Mr. Weingartner, reddening with indignation.

"Monsieur, I have no doubt you would not have done it, but, *quelle pitié!* You were not living and in Valmi then!" said Pierre, with fine irony. "They all wore long white dresses, and each one carried a sharp sword in the folds of her clothing, to kill the man she should be allotted to, or, if that might not be, to kill herself. And they sang hymns to the Virgin and made prayers: '*Mater purissima, ora pro nobis! Sancta Virgo virginum, ora pro nobis!*' like Père Antoine when he says the litany, madame. Then there came up a great fog out of the sea, and the people that stood and wailed and wrung their hands on the wall could not see, no, not ten paces from the wall. But they heard thunder and fighting, and words of command in many great voices, and saw flashes of scarlet and swords through the fog. Then, when evening came, the mist all rolled back, and there was the battlefield by the sea, and the dead, torn, trampled bodies of Eohric and his followers to the last man — but no Virgins. While they looked and wondered, the troop of girls came back just as they had set out, only with chaplets of flowers and hawthorn-boughs in their hands. When every one ran and embraced them, crying for joy, they were like people waked from a dream. They said, 'What is it all about? Here are dead men and a bloody field, but we saw nothing of it. There were no Danes here, as we thought, but only fresh fields and hedges. Now we will go and hang up our wreaths to the Virgin, and then we will sleep, for we are tired.' But, madame, when they got to Notre Dame, the Cathedral, there were the statues of the Holy Mother and the saints all hacked and blood-stained, and broken armor and swords flung down, and the garments of the images caked with sweat and dust! So they knew there had been a miracle, that the Blessed Virgin and the saints had come down from Heaven and saved the girls and delivered Valmi. Then they built the Gate, and here it stands to-day, to prove what I tell you. And, for another proof, they say, sometimes about the midsummer, like this, on a foggy night, the Virgins come down from the Gate and walk this way on their old march. Tè! I have known two, three, who have seen it!"

"Pipe-dream!" said Mr. Weingartner, rising. But I think he gave Pierre some money. As we walked back along the Rue Reine-Marguerite, Helen leading the way, for, whenever she decently could, she left

Mr. Weingartner to my entertainment, he said to me in an undertone: "You know what I said about Pe-air sort of gum-shoeing around and breaking in whenever he had a chance? Well, you saw how he followed us to-day. And I'm pretty sure he's the man I saw following me when I came down here by myself the first day or so I was here. I didn't know his looks so well then, and, at the time, I thought it was only some beggar. I'm telling you because I — because I—" he stopped short in some confusion.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Weingartner," I said, "but we don't need Pierre now anyhow. We've dismissed him."

"I guess that's just as well," he said; "but, ma'am, there's another thing. There ain't much gets by me, without my seeing it, and I've got a hunch there's something going on here, q. t., you know. You saw that fellow asleep on the bench this afternoon where the women were washing? Well, he wasn't asleep at all. He was watching us under his hat the whole time!"

The moon came up per instructions, as Mr. Weingartner said. We watched it rise that evening from a little balcony outside the dining-room windows where, on fine days, they served our meals. There was a yellow-and-white striped awning spread upon a sort of wooden gridiron to protect us from the sun or the night air; and we ate at charming little round tables painted apple-green. We had no view of the bay, for the hotel looked landward; but Valmi lying all aslant on the hillside, it was pretty to see tier on tier of red roofs and blazing windows at sunset; and, as night drew on, lights pricking out against the dusk. Mr. Weingartner came and sat by us, smoking, after dinner.

"I had a cup of nice, strong, old-vatted chicory and a fried boot-heel for my dinner," he observed gravely. "They called it coffee, and rag-oo, or burgoo, but I'm giving it to you straight. Say, it's a foggy night. Look at the moon."

There was a dull, iridescent ring about it; and we could see dim vapors drifting, fold on fold, over the house-tops.

"There is some fog every night," Helen said; "I've noticed it. This is a very damp place."

"It'll be worse on the bay-side than here," Mr. Weingartner remarked. He looked at his watch and stood up, settling those neat clothes with a man's slight shrugging movements. It occurred to me for the first time that he was a well-made man, straight and active; I suppose he was rather good-looking in a way. "Are you ladies ready?"

On the other side the fog was much heavier, as he had predicted. It dimmed the few lights along the streets, so that walking was not always easy; and, standing at one end of the Rue Reine-Marguerite, one might see tall wraiths of mist coil and dissolve and reshape against the farther dimness with a mysterious precision.

"Good night for the Virgins," said our cavalier.

"Oh, it *is* beautiful!" Helen cried out at that moment; for we had just come in sight of the Gate. It soared above us into the pallid twilight with a grave strength of outline. One small street lamp on the brow of the arch sent out half a dozen brave Lilliputian lances of light athwart the mist. The beggars' hut, the sordid rubbish of its surroundings, were all confounded in shadow. Immemorially old it looked, staunch and faithful; I think it somehow touched and awed us. We went through the arch; looking seaward, the vapors were not too heavy for us to distinguish the bay tracked here and there with lights. "That must be that steamer, where you see those red and green lights — they're too high up for any of the craft around here," Mr. Weingartner said. "She's lying a good deal nearer in. Ain't it funny about harbor-lights — on the boats, I mean? They're the same, and hung the same way, all over the world. You wouldn't find 'em any different from here in the bay of Hong-Kong."

We walked out in the middle of the road and backed away to get a good view of the Gate. "Oh, the top of it's all in shadow," I exclaimed, disappointed. "You can't see the frieze. But maybe the effect will be better when the moon gets higher. Why, where's Helen?"

"Over there," said Mr. Weingartner, with a vague gesture. "Come down this way; the farther off you get, the better you can see it."

"I hope Helen won't get turned around in this fog," I said. "If I were alone, I never could find my way home in the world."

We walked a little farther. "You ain't alone; you're with me," said Mr. Weingartner. "I guess Miss Helen's *on*. She's a mighty sweet girl, and bright, too. Runs in the family, I expect."

Oh, he *was* impossible! What ought I to do if he opened up on Helen to me? Heavens! *Opened up!* A week or so more of him would wreck the best-built edifice of English style in the world. What he would have said next, there is no telling, for, just then, Helen called out. She was in the road, a little behind us. "Look!" she said, in a high, gasping voice, "Look!"

I looked towards the Gate.

They came, the Virgins. Two by two, a procession, tall, white, and soundless as the fog specters among which they moved. The archway filled and discharged them, a measured stream. The swords were in their hands. They came. Straight towards us. Unhurried, inescapable.

I do not describe my sensations, because I do not remember to have had any sensations. I was in a stupor of terror, or mere surprise, call it which you choose. In common with the rest of the world, I have liked to fancy myself playing a high part in some heroic situation — but I know better now than to expect of myself presence of mind or even ordinary common-sense. They came, the Virgins! And then ——

Well, then, Mr. Weingartner rose to the occasion with the promptness and energy which have, no doubt, contributed to making Weingartner's Fountain-Pen Fluid famous. They were not fifteen yards away when he swept Helen and me behind him, with a sudden movement of his left arm, not ungentle, but of a convincing strength. And, with the same magic directness, his right hand traveled to the efficient, the ready, the deadly American pocket. Something twinkled in the moonlight, something clicked. I had never seen that motion outside of a cow-boy melodrama; but, amazing as it sounds, the Virgins had! They understood it! Their advance slackened, wavered, stopped utterly. A retrograde movement undulated through their ranks! They were prudent Virgins! After a pause, during which my mind groped up and down for thoughts and found none, a Virgin emerged from the front ranks, already fallen into a disordered group, and thus she spoke:

"Monsieur, we do not wish to hurt you, but *ces dames* must be taken *quelque part*, and you must come ——"

Mr. Weingartner opened his mouth and delivered a volley of clicking short words like a repeating rifle.

"See-you-to-hell-first!" And then, as two or three made a step forward, he trained the revolver on the first speaker. "Halt!" said he venomously.

They halted.

"Monsieur," said the Virgin, twittering, "pour l' amour de Dieu, ne tirez pas! Un coup de pistolet, un seul, et la garde civile viendra!" He wrung his hands, he made wildly imploring gestures. "Pensez à votre mère, monsieur, et ne tirez pas!"

This is the simple truth. Twenty armed men stood cowed and aghast before one! Somebody burst into a shrill cackle of laughter. Upon reflection, I believe this person was myself. Another phenomenon now took place. A very high, wide Virgin detached itself from the multitude, and, advancing, remarked huskily:

"Don't shoot, cap. You and th' ladies air as safe as — as the Democratic majority in South Ca'lina. If you git to sloshin' 'round with that there gun, the p'leece'll git down on us, and then th' whole thing'll blow up. That's what Pe-air's trying to tell you."

Mr. Weingartner, without removing his aim from Pierre, spoke out of the side of his mouth:

"Can you talk their hinky-dink?"

"Sure."

"Tell 'em to line up to one side, and if one of 'em stirs, I'll blow the head off him."

"Brother," said the other solemnly, "there ain't no needcessity. They know *me*. If I land on one of 'em oncet, it'll be th' same as if a chimney had fell on him. He won't be a smear. Wait till I git my nightie off."

He de-rolled his white shroud and stood forth, a monument in seaman's trousers and a red flannel shirt. The others watched him, apparently in a semi-hypnotic state — like myself. He addressed his associates in a language unknown to the human race, I should have thought, but it had the desired effect. They took position at the side of the road.

"Pe-air!" said Mr. Weingartner, and motioned him to a place about a yard in front of him. Pierre obeyed.

"Now you tell 'em that you and I are going to take the ladies home, and Pe-air's going to walk in front of me this way until we're out of sight, then he can come back and go on with this thirty-third degree fool

business, whatever it is. And you tell 'em if one of 'em gets gay when my back is turned, it'll be all day with Pe-air. See?"

"Mister," said the other, "Pe-air ain't no such package of gilt-edge securities as you think. He ain't never been quoted above thirty to my knowledge, and I wouldn't wonder if he'd slumped about fifteen points quite recent. However —" again he harangued the Virgins. They seemed to understand.

"You take that fair-haired lady," said Mr. Weingartner to our ally; his voice softened as he spoke to us. "Are you all right, ma'am? You — you don't feel faint, do you?"

"I can walk, I'm all right," said I. "I never fainted in my life." He took his arm away and offered it to me instead.

"Now then," he said to Pierre, "you walk!"

"Monsieur ——"

"Walk, damn you!"

Pierre walked.

We carried out Mr. Weingartner's program to the letter. I think the Virgins must have stood as still as their stone originals. Pierre was dismissed at the turn and went posting back to his followers with no more words.

"Mister," said the big man, as we resumed our journey, after watching him out of range, "you done right. I had to talk that way, because some of 'em understand a little U. S. But if you hadn't put up such a good front, you an' th' ladies wouldn't 'a' been safe, not one minute. An' then, of course, they knowed one shot 'ld blow th' gaff to th' gardsy veal — th' p'leece, you know. That was lucky for you, too."

"I think it was lucky for us you were there," said Helen. She was dangling from his arm like a tassel.

"Miss," said he, with conviction, "it was."

"I wish you'd tell me your name," said the girl. "I want to write about it to Papa."

"It's so long since I was baptized, I plumb fergit it," he said seriously. "But Paducah, Kentucky, is where I was raised, an' I'm thinkin' o' gittin' a 'ack o' Congress to call myself that — Paducah, George W. Paducah. Then I kin always look on th' map an' find out who I am, when I git one o' my lapses o' mem'ry."

Helen understood; she asked no more questions. And when we reached the house, she did a very pretty thing. She has — she had — a tiny miniature of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, painted on ivory and set around with pearls for a brooch. A dozen people have asked her if it was not a portrait of herself in fancy dress. At the door she gave her hand to her massive escort.

"I am glad to have known you, even for this short time," she said. "And I shall never forget you. And I feel proud of my countrymen to-night. I want you to take this, because it's the nearest thing I have to a picture of myself, and I like to think of your having jt." She reached up and fastened the rich little trifle on the breast of his red flannel shirt. She meant the words, and her young voice quavered as she thought of home. Oh, my country, if I forget thee ——!

Paducah was so embarrassed he could only stammer. The little scene did credit to them both. At the foot of the steps, as we turned to go up, we saw him remove the pin and carefully bestow it in his hip-pocket — to the destruction of sentiment! There was not much romance about Paducah.

Valmi looked so placid the next morning from my breakfast-table on the balcony, one might have fancied it knew of no such things in life as plots and pistols. Yet not for the first time had those ancient stones answered to armed men and desperate words. I had to smile when I remembered how well the setting had become the scene. My mind stopped short at the mystery of the Virgins; who they were, and what they were about, I did not even care to guess. In fact, I was tired and had not slept well — had not slept at all, to be accurate. As we were playing our gay, careless summer play, of a sudden the grim face of Tragedy looked forth between the music and the lights; and I found the adventure none the less gruesome for being also grotesque.

Mr. Weingartner stepped through the glass doors and threaded his way towards me among the apple-green tables. A week earlier, twenty-four hours earlier, no one could have persuaded me that the sight of him would stir me with a throb of relief and thankfulness. He looked a trifle jaded; yet crisp, clean-shaven, and unruffled as usual. "Well?" he said, and drew up a chair.

"Mr. Weingartner," I said, "why did you go back there last night?"

"Back where?" he asked shamelessly, pretending not to understand. Then he added ingenuously, "How did you know I went back?"

"I saw you and Paducah from my window. I had a notion that was what you meant to do, when you didn't follow us inside. And I stayed awake until I heard you come in. That was about three o'clock, I think."

A startling change came into his face. He turned red; he turned white. He made an impulsive movement towards me, then checked himself, dropping his eyes.

"Were you laying awake last night worrying about me, ma'am?" he asked hoarsely. "What did you do that for?"

"Because I wouldn't have been half a woman if I hadn't," said I fiercely. "As if I could have helped worrying! Why did you risk your life that way?"

"Oh, risk my life! I wasn't risking my life with that bunch. I wanted to know what in thunder they were up to, that's all." He picked up a ribbon of my dress and passed it through and through his fingers. "Say, I think your clothes are so pretty," he remarked, with entire irrelevance. "But I guess it's you wearing 'em, it ain't the clothes."

Well, he was impossible! But, for all that ——

"Then you know, now, all about it, I suppose? What the Virgins were, I mean. Pirates, robbers, smugglers?"

"You've missed," he said, chuckling. "Nope. At least, you might call 'em smugglers, but not the brandy and kid-glove kind. I guess the bottom dropped out of that business seventy-five years ago. Nope. You'd never guess, if you lived to be a thousand, and guessed every minute of your time. Why, those were real, live swords they were carrying, and some of 'em had guns with ammunition, cartridge-belts, navy revolvers on the side. They were shipping 'em all as per contract to William P. Castro, James W. Amador, Hiram H. Bolivar & Co., South America."

I looked at him bewildered.

"You don't see?" he said, twinkling with laughter. "One of these little tin-pot republics they have down there. The one-sixteenth of the populace that hasn't revoluted yet is getting ready to, and some guy over here is staking 'em to the munitions of war. They've got to keep it dark, you know; if the French government or their own got wise there'd be a dickens of a time. Paducah told me about it. You notice I'm not mentioning any names. That wouldn't be quite square. Paducah's all right; he's one of these fellows that kind of floats around and gets into everything. He's fourth-assistant-deputy-deck-swabber on that steamboat (remember that tramp we saw in the bay?) and they sent him ashore yesterday morning to take account of stock. Say, he said it was the worst job he was ever up against. You see, their agent has been shipping the stuff in here by the car-load for the last two weeks; they've had it spread out all over the country in caves and holes, so if any of it was found anywhere they'd kind of have a get-away stake somewhere else, see? The idea was, they were finally to get it all together in the cellars under that old Gate and have it ready to deliver when the steamboat came along. When Paducah was telling me all this, I says, 'Well, why in Sam Hill did they pick out Valmi? Couldn't they get terminal facilities anywhere but here?' 'Why wouldn't they pick out Valmi?' says he. 'Look at the town — look at the people — ain't they all dead ones? It's the safest town this side of the pearly gates. Who's straining their minds here about the down-trodden masses of the Republic of Casta Diva?' says he. 'Nobody. There's hardly ever any tourists even, except one or two like yourselves. They've got Rip Van Winkle beat a block.' Pe-air's chairman of the committee on entertainment; he's a natural-born pirate, that fellow, if he had a little more get-up-and-get. He had to see about getting the baggage here and billed to South America and way-stations. Every time anybody got within shouting distance of that Gate, Pe-air pretty near threw a fit. They worked at night, mostly, and Paducah says they kept the Virgin outfit on hand to scare off any townspeople that might come along. Trouble was, you see, *we* didn't scare worth a cent. 'Why, look here,' says I, 'did you know we were coming down?' We fixed it all up to see the place by moonlight when we were there in the afternoon, and I thought that fellow on the bench was rubbering.' 'That's what he was there for,' Paducah says. 'He's one of 'em that savvies a little English, but there's a whole lot he don't know; he didn't catch on to your plan. No, pardner,' says he, 'you and your girl and the little one that give me the sunburst was a surprise-party.

Lemme tell you,' says he, 'it was this way: I come ashore in th' morning and found everything wrong-end-before. These mutts ain't any more idea of organizing than the reform candidate for mayor of South Succotash, Mass. They keep right on talkin' after they've quit thinkin', and they quit early. Our agent picked out Pe-air for the likeliest man to run the Valmi end of the business. They had to have somebody, you know. The idea was that Pe-air was to have so many heelers at so much per. Well, then, what does Pe-air do but get together the star collection of thugs and strong-arms; you never see anything like 'em outside of Joliet, Ill. I was plumb disgusted when I see 'em,' says Paducah. 'I ain't any use fer 'em, but I can't help myself. I'm up against it, as here-in-before stated. I've been with 'em all day, an' I guess these hot sports have begun to find out there ain't much differ between me an' Old Pap Trouble; they're afraid if they ain't real good, I'll wig-wag th' "Lucania" to send ashore th' rest o' th' Trouble family. Likewise, I'm th' channel whereby they'll git th' long green. When you an' th' ladies turned up about nine-thirty, we was all ready to issue from our dungeon-cells into th' gladsome light of day, each one with a armful o' boodle. We had to begin early, or we'd never git through, you know. An' Pe-air was dead set on th' Virgin rig; that'll do more than anything else to show you what kind o' geezers they are over here. If you had 'a' been French, you'd be running still,' says Paducah. 'That's what they was figgerin' on. An' then they know they can't git up any kind of a rough-house, without stirrin' up th' gardsy veal. But they was plenty ready to stick a knife in your back when you was soft-sodderin' around out there'— I'm just saying it like he did, you know," finished Mr. Weingartner, coloring. And, indeed, he had imitated Paducah to admiration.

"Then your life *was* in danger," I said. "I don't see how you dared to go back after that."

"Pshaw, what would I be afraid of? Paducah told me all this while we were walking back. When we got there, they had about a wheelbarrow-load of sabres dumped on the Key Rain-Margaret, and that was as far as they had got! The skipper of the 'Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse' had landed a party of three or four husky-looking coons, in command of the second-mate, to hustle 'em along. The mate was a white man, about seven feet high, with a gun strapped around his waist; and when we got there, he was using language and a marlin-spike with equal freedom. 'Fine evening, bo!' says I. 'Heavenly, if it wasn't for the fog and the place and the people and a few other trifling objections!' He held up a lantern to look at me. 'Who in Hades are you?' he says (only that's not what he said). 'Shh! Don't give it away!' says I, 'but I'm Silent Sam the Snake-like Sleuth of Savannah. Want any help?' 'Oh, sugar!' says he (but that wasn't the word), 'do I want help? Get busy, or get out!' So I took off my coat and started in."

"What!" I shrieked, "you helped them?"

"Sure I did. Why not? It was pitiful to see 'em. They had the shells and cartridges and uniforms packed in boxes, but the guns and side-arms were sort of stacked up loose. 'Wouldn't that give you the Willies?' says Paducah. And, say, you ought to have seen those guns. They were the kind my dad carried at Chancellorsville back in '62 or thereabouts. 'They don' know any better,' Paducah said, 'and what's the use of telling 'em? Let 'em sleep.'

"Of course, we made more or less noise while we were working, and the a-leet that resides along the water-front and on Garbage-park came and looked on after a while; but I guess they were all friends and relatives of Pe-air and the rest, for they never offered to tip it off to the police. We cleaned up the last boat-load about half-past two, and then the mate and Paducah and I hunted up a soda-water fountain and had a drink. I liked those fellows."

I gazed at Mr. Weingartner silently, marveling within me at the Eternal Boy — marveling and envying!

"I guess you think I'm dippy," he said, with a diffident grin.

"I was wishing I was a man," I said.

He nodded comprehendingly. "We hit it off pretty well, don't we?" he said; and there came a look into his face that reminded me he was no boy, but a man.

"There was something I wanted to speak to you about," he began, in a different voice. "I'm — I'm thinking of — of getting married — if the lady'll have me, that is. I think maybe she — she likes me pretty well, from little things she's said. You know her. I — I guess I've showed how I feel, plain

enough. I believe Miss Helen knows, though of course I've never said anything to her about it ——"

"Mr. Weingartner, I'm so sorry," I said. "My niece is engaged. And I don't think she knows how you feel, or has had any idea of encouraging you. Helen isn't that kind of a girl."

He looked at me with an extraordinary expression. He had been nervously turning his hat between his hands, and now clapped it on the table with some emphasis.

"Helen — *nothing!*" said he. "It's you I'm talking about"; and followed this up by a fervent statement, the like of which I have not heard in twenty years.

They say every woman knows — but every woman does not know. I had a painful quarter of an hour with Mr. Weingartner. I reminded him that he had only known me ten or twelve days. He said ten or twelve years wouldn't have made him more certain. I represented to him that a person who goes mooning about the country with a dismembered Virgil under one arm is not likely to make a practical housewife. He said he was willing to chance it. I pointed out that I must be at least five years older than himself. He said that didn't make any difference, he guessed he was old enough to know what he wanted.

"I know you'd — you'd like it after we were married," he said earnestly. "You know we get along first-rate together. We like the same kind of things — we both write, even. And you could have anything you wanted. I'm well-fixed, you know, I've got plenty. And the Fluid's pretty solid — it's a money hatcher, that stuff. My mother wouldn't have to live with us, if you didn't want; I could get her a nice flat somewhere. You can have two girls and send the wash out. I'll put on a dress-suit for dinner every evening, if you like, even when it's just ourselves. I know you're used to having things tony."

Let no one think this was amusing. It was not. If I had been Helen's age, I might have known better how to deal with him, perhaps. But my youth is long dead and decently coffined; I felt an inhumanity in disturbing those poor ashes. Let 'em sleep! In the end, I made the highly original remark that this need not keep us from being friends.

He got up. "Oh, friends!" he said savagely. "Don't give me that old gag!"

Here, mercifully, Helen appeared on the balcony. She saw everything, of course; but, like a well-bred woman, and a genuinely kind and sympathetic one, she seemed to see nothing. She began and kept up a pleasant trickle of talk, until we had both somewhat recovered our poise.

"Shall we go to see any more gates today, Mr. Weingartner?" she gaily asked him.

"I'm going to see one," he said gloomily. "I leave by the diligence at noon."

Helen expressed what I believe was a sincere regret. And the conversation halted dismally. She cast about and started a new topic.

"I didn't know you went around armed, Mr. Weingartner."

He surveyed her vaguely. "Armed? Me? Why, I don't."

"But you had that revolver last night, and very luckily, too. Did you take it because you had suspicions of Pierre?"

I was pleased to see the ghost of his natural cheerfulness flit over Mr. Weingartner's features.

"Oh, *that!*" he said. "Look here!" He repeated the Wild-West gesture and produced — the nickel-plated holder for that indispensable liquid, Weingartner's Perennial Fountain-Pen Fluid, twenty-five-cent size bottles!

"Stood 'em up, didn't I?" he said, with a faint smile. "I just happened to think of this. The bluff wouldn't have worked with a gang of toughs from some of our precincts — but these dagos! I believe Paducah and I could have won out if it had come to a show-down. They ain't in it with Americans!"

Skoal to the Westland! *Skoal!* Thus the tale ended! I have never seen the hero of it since. In my quiet journey through the world, I do not meet with many Mr. Weingartners; yet he was only one of thousands. And I thought I saw in him not a little of the shrewd simplicity, the kind humor, the hearty spirit of his native land.

One thing more. Mr. Weingartner has got over it. There was an elaborate notice of his marriage in all our papers the other day. Men may die, and worms may eat them, but not for love.

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE*

BY

CARL SCHURZ

SCHURZ A BRIGADIER-GENERAL—McCLELLAN'S DISASTROUS INACTION—IMPRESSIONS OF FRÉMONT, SIGEL, BURNSIDE, AND HOOKER—THE SCHURZ-LINCOLN CORRESPONDENCE—THE ROUT AT FREDERICKSBURG

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

THREE days after the emancipation meeting of the 6th of March, I returned to Washington and made my report to Mr. Lincoln. He was in high spirits over the event which on the preceding day had taken place in Hampton Roads. It was the epoch-making naval battle between the "Merrimac" and the "Monitor," — the introduction of the iron-clad war vessel to the history of the world.

When I saw Mr. Lincoln, his mind was still so full of the great event that it gave him evident delight to tell me the whole story. He described so vividly the arrival of the first tidings of disaster, and his own and the several cabinet ministers' dismay at the awful prospect thus opened, and their sighs of relief when the telegraph announced the appearance of "the little cheese-box" which drove the rebel Goliath off the field, that I have been for years under the impression of having been personally in the President's room when it all happened, and the despatches successively arrived. A careful scrutiny of circumstances convinced me at last — to my regret, I must confess,— that I was not at the White House that day, but the day following. This is one of the cases which have made me very anxious to verify my memory by all attainable outside evidence, in writing this story.

Before leaving Mr. Lincoln, I gave him as good a report as I could of our emancipation meeting on the 6th of March, and of the general situation in New York. Mr. Lincoln expressed his satisfaction with what had been done and trusted that the public discussion of the subject would go on so as to familiarize the public mind with what would inevitably come if the War continued. He was not altogether without hope that the proposition of indemnifying slave-holders, which he had presented to the Southern States in his message of March 6th, would find favorable consideration, at least in some of the Border States. He had made it, he said, in perfect good faith; it was, perhaps, the last of the kind, and if they repelled it, theirs was the responsibility. I remember how grave he looked when he said this. The merry twinkle which had glimmered in his deep-set eyes when he told the story of the little cheese-box had altogether given way to an expression of deep melancholy, and he added: "An awful responsibility either way."

Schurz Relinquishes Spanish Mission to Join the Army

The conversation then turned upon my own personal situation. I repeated to Mr. Lincoln that I wished to resign my position as Minister to Spain; that it was an intolerable thought to me to lead a life of ease and luxury and comparative idleness while the Republic was fighting for its life, and most of the men of my age were in the field at the post of danger; and that now, our relations with Spain being in a satisfactory condition, and my business of reporting to him on the

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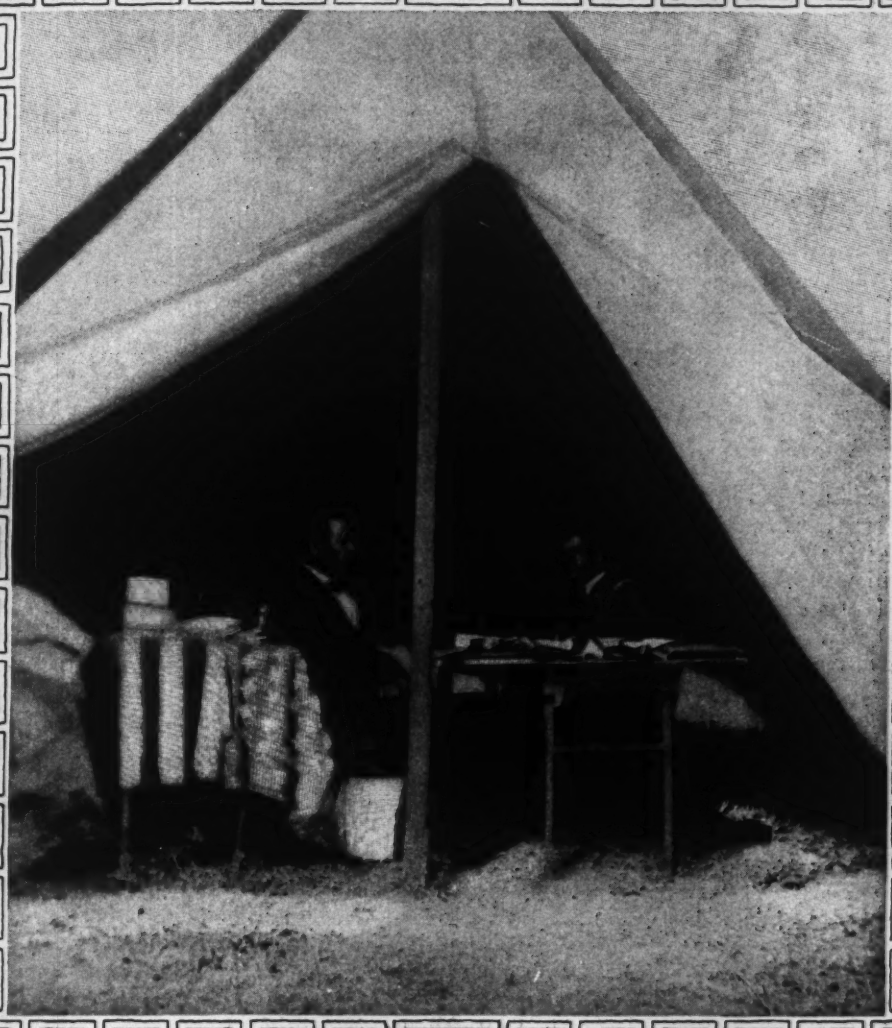
public sentiment in Europe, and of lending a helping hand in quickening the anti-slavery current, being substantially done, I was anxious to enter the army. Mr. Lincoln said that, remembering how reluctantly I had gone abroad last June, he had thought about this himself and had talked with Mr. Seward about it. Seward had told him that he was very well satisfied with my services; that I had won for myself a good position near the Spanish Government; and that he wanted me to go back to Madrid. Would I not consider the matter further for a week or two, or as long as I liked, and see Mr. Seward myself? This, of course, I could not decline to do. Mr. Seward, when I called upon him, was very kind, even complimentary, invited me and Mrs. Schurz to dinner, and urged me strongly not to give up the mission,— which was very gratifying to me, inasmuch as he originally, for very good reasons, had opposed my appointment. But in all our conversations he did not, with a single word, mention the subject of slavery, an omission which I could not but think significant and disquieting.

The more maturely I debated with myself the question of returning to Spain, the more firmly I became convinced that in such times the true place for a young and able-bodied man was in the field, and not in an easy-chair. I waited a reasonable time, so as to avoid the appearance of treating Mr. Lincoln's kindly admonition lightly, and then I told him that my mind was made up. "Well," said he, "I hope you have not forgotten that you are giving up a large salary and a distinguished and comfortable place, to take one that pays little and will bring you plenty of work and discomfort and danger. Have you talked the matter over with that handsome, dear wife of yours?" Mr. Lincoln had seen Mrs. Schurz several times, and had apparently been much pleased with her appearance and conversation. "Yes," I said, "she thinks that it is pretty hard, but she is a good patriot." "If she agrees," said Mr. Lincoln, "then I do. I expected you to come to this decision, and I shall send your name to the Senate with the next batch of brigadiers, and I trust we can find you a suitable command." I was delighted and thanked him most sincerely.

The military situation in the spring of 1862 was one of great uncertainty. The Union arms had achieved some important successes in the West and on the Atlantic coast. Gen. George H. Thomas, a Virginian by birth, but a faithful Union man, had defeated a superior force of Confederates at Mill Springs, Kentucky. General Grant had taken Forts Henry and Donelson. Our victory at Shiloh spread consternation throughout the South and so encouraged the most sanguine optimists at the North that they confidently predicted the speedy end of the War. An expedition under General Burnside occupied Roanoke Island and thereby opened a large part of the North Carolina coast. Our victory at Pea Ridge, under Curtis and Sigel, drove the forces of the Confederacy from Missouri. The capture of New Orleans followed in April.

General McClellan

But while the arms of the Union thus advanced in the West and the South, the Army of the Potomac, organized by General McClellan, lay idle in front of Washington. General McClellan was then thirty-six years old. He had passed through West Point, had served with credit in the Mexican War, had, in time of peace, been distinguished by various public employments, had witnessed part of the Crimean War as a representative of the American Army, had left the service with the rank of captain to take private employment as an engineer, and was president of a railroad when the President called for volunteers. Living at Cincinnati, he was regarded by prominent citizens of Ohio as the proper man to lead the State troops, and the National Government, advised by General Scott, who knew McClellan and esteemed him highly, promptly made him a major-general and entrusted him with a comprehensive command. He conducted some successful operations in West Virginia against rebel forces, consisting of a few regiments, and after our defeat at Bull Run received the command of the Army of the Potomac, and eventually of all the armies of the United States. The people fairly yearned for a hero and were ready to ascribe to the one who appeared now on the scene all possible attributes of genius and character. McClellan was a man of handsome appearance, winning manners, and fine soldierly bearing. The Government gave him its full confidence and allowed him complete freedom of action. The railroads poured an abundance of volunteer regiments into Washington and swelled the army forming there into a mighty host. In organizing



President Lincoln and General McClellan in McClellan's headquarters, after Antietam

that host and putting it into the best attainable state of discipline, the young general was in his element. Neither did he neglect the spectacular part of the business. People came from afar to see him at the head of a brilliant staff, to which princes and counts from abroad were attached, galloping from camp to camp and holding reviews and inspections. He was the "young Napoleon," the pet of the nation. The soldiers adored him, and the commanding officers were attached to him with warm, personal devotion. The army under McClellan's command was by far the strongest and finest that had ever been assembled on this continent.

When the work of preparation had been going on for two or three months, and the Army of the Potomac continued to lie idle within the forts and entrenched camps surrounding Washington, in the face of the fortified batteries which the Confederates had defiantly placed within sight of it, a murmur of impatience arose in the country. . . .

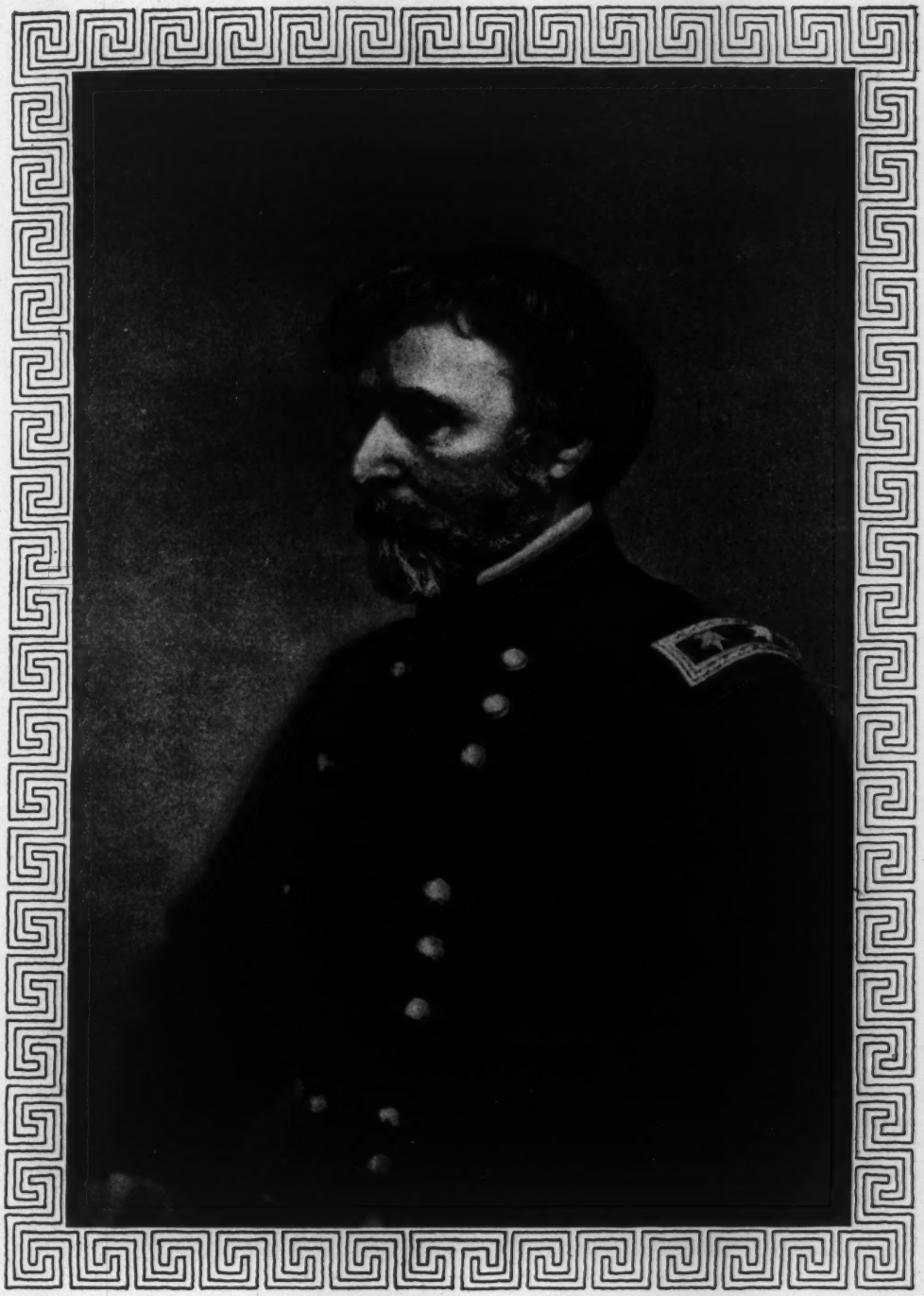
Irritation at McClellan's Inaction

The situation at last became actually inexplicable. The summer and autumn months, the season of healthful air and good roads, came and passed, but McClellan did not stir. The winter came, and in spite of snow and ice and bad roads, the Western armies marched and fought, but "all quiet on the Potomac." The impatience of public opinion rose to something akin to exasperation. Mr. Lincoln, whom I visited from time to time, did not speak to me of the vain efforts he had made to urge General McClellan into action, but when military affairs were mentioned, I could clearly perceive that he was very much troubled. It was like an outburst of desperation when, he issued his "General War Order, No. 1" that "the 22d day of February, 1862, be the day for a general movement of the land and naval forces of the United States against the insurgent land and naval forces." There was an abundance of "movement," and of successful movement, too, in other parts of the country, even before the 22d day of February, but McClellan's splendid army continued to stand still for some time after that day as if rooted in the ground. McClellan persistently asserted that his force was lamentably inadequate to an attack on the enemy in his front and pressed upon the President the transfer of his army to the lower Chesapeake and an operation thence upon Richmond, a plan which Mr. Lincoln finally accepted. That he did not, during that long period of hesitancy on the part of McClellan, which was full of contrarieties and disappointments, remove that general from command, is one of the most debatable points in Mr. Lincoln's conduct of the War. Perhaps he had no more promising officer to put in McClellan's place. Perhaps he felt himself restrained by important political considerations. McClellan was a Democrat. The Democratic party had taken up his defense, and it was thought desirable to avoid occasions for political jealousies and splits.

GENERAL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN

'He was the 'young Napoleon,' the pet of the nation"

Suddenly, on the 9th of March, the startling news arrived that the Confederates, under command of General Johnston, had evacuated the position in front of the Army of the Potomac and retired behind the Rappahannock. McClellan started his whole army in pursuit, but did not reach the rearguard of the Confederates, who had been preparing their retreat for some time and were well ahead. McClellan subsequently asserted that the Confederates had left their position for the reason that they had been informed of his design to attack Richmond by the "Peninsula" between the James and the York Rivers, and that Johnston had hastily



GENERAL JOHN C. FRÉMONT

Schurz' first commander in the Civil War

removed his forces for the defense of the capital of the Confederacy. But this fiction has been thoroughly exposed by the documents contained in the Confederate Archives, which show conclusively that the rebel force in front of McClellan, instead of outnumbering the Union army opposed to it, was not even half as strong, and was ill-disciplined and poorly provided.

General McClellan had hardly started on

his Peninsular Campaign, when he stopped again for weeks before a long line of rebel entrenchments, defended by a small force which might have been easily broken through by a resolute attack. And then his morbid delusion that the enemy greatly outnumbered him on the field of operations began again, and he vociferously complained that he had not men enough; that the naval forces did not coöperate with him; and that the Government withheld from him the necessary support — while, in fact, his forces were vastly superior in strength to those of the enemy in his front, and he might have triumphantly executed his plan, which originally was in itself not a bad one, had he made prompt, resolute, and vigorous use of his time and his means. And finally, after much heroic fighting on both sides, McClellan, at one time within sight of the steeples of Richmond, retreated before what he called the "superior forces" of the rebels and congratulated himself upon "saving his army."

On the 11th of March President Lincoln issued an order creating three military departments, that of the Potomac, under the command of General McClellan; the "Mountain Department," embracing the country west of the Department of the Potomac and east of a north-and-south line drawn through Knoxville, Tennessee, to be commanded by General Frémont; and the Department of the Mississippi, west of the Mountain Department, under General Halleck. Soon after my nomination for a brigadier-generalship had been confirmed by the Senate, I was ordered by the War Department to report to General Frémont for duty.

Lincoln's Humor

While I was waiting in Washington for my confirmation and assignment, I had again to undergo the tribulations of persons who are supposed to be men of "influence." The news had gone abroad that in America there was a great demand for officers of military training and experience. This demand could not fail to attract from all parts of the globe adventurous characters who had, or pretended to have, seen military service in one country or another, and who believed that there was a chance for prompt employment and rapid promotion.

One of the many foreigners who sought my intercession was a young German count whose identity was vouched for by a member of the Prussian Legation. He had a long row of ancestors whom he traced back for several hundred years. He was greatly impressed with the importance of this fact and thought it would weigh heavily in securing him a position in our army. If he could only have an "audience" with the President and lay his case before him, he believed, the result could not be doubtful. He pursued me so arduously with the request for a personal introduction to Mr. Lincoln, that at last I succumbed and promised to introduce him, if the President permitted. The President did permit. The Count spoke English moderately well, and in his ingenuous way he at once explained to Mr. Lincoln how high the nobility of his family was, and that they had been counts so-and-so many centuries. "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, interrupting him, "that need not trouble you. That will not be in your way, if you behave yourself as a soldier." The poor Count looked puzzled, and when the audience was over, he asked me what in the world the President could have meant by so strange a remark.

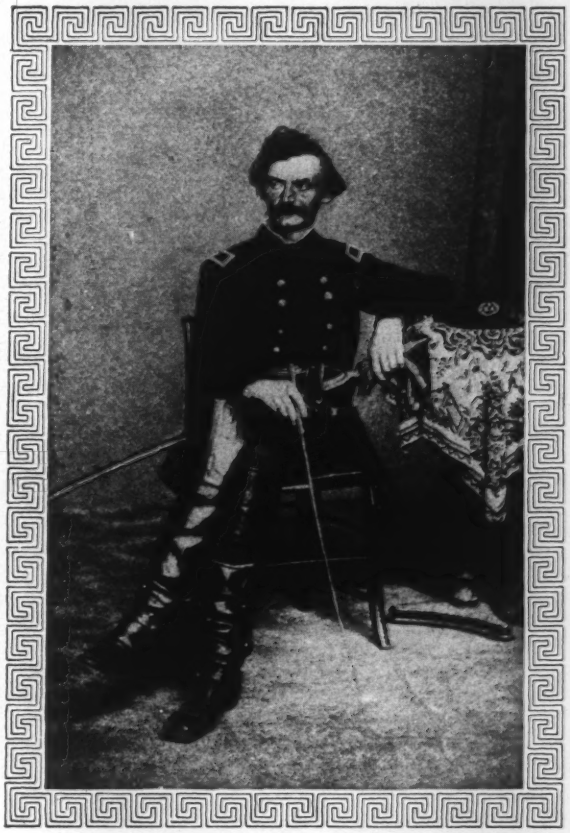
Another saying of Mr. Lincoln, of a similar kind, made the rounds at the time and was very much enjoyed. I cannot vouch for the truth of the anecdote, but it is so strikingly "Lincolnesque" that there is a strong probability in its favor. I have never seen it mentioned anywhere, and so I may be pardoned for inserting it here. It was to this effect: An Englishman, who had traveled far and wide over the United States, called upon Mr. Lincoln and told him of the impressions he had received of various parts of the country. Speaking of social conditions and habits, he said, among other things, that to his astonishment he had heard that many gentlemen in America were in the habit of blacking their own boots. "That is true," said Mr. Lincoln. "But would gentlemen in your country not do that?" "No, certainly not," the Englishman replied with emphasis. "Well!" said Mr. Lincoln quietly, "whose boots do they black?"

It is not my purpose to give, in what now follows, anything pretending to be a valuable contribution to the military history of the Civil War. I shall rather confine myself to the description of some personal experiences, with occasional glimpses of important historical events.

As soon as I had received my order to report for duty to General Frémont in the Shenandoah Valley, I called upon Mr. Lincoln to take leave. He was most kind, wished

me "good luck," and said in parting — as he had done when I started for Spain — that he wished me to write to him freely whenever anything occurred to me that I thought he ought to know. This I soon had occasion to do. After a somewhat adventurous journey I joined General Frémont's army at Harrisonburg, Virginia, on June 10, 1862, and reported myself for duty.

Frémont was then operating in West Virginia, protecting railroads and putting down guerrillas, when the renowned rebel general, Stonewall Jackson, made his celebrated raid into the Shenandoah Valley, driving Banks before him to the Potomac and apparently threatening to cross that river and to make an attack upon Washington. This, however, Jackson did not attempt, but, having succeeded in gathering up stores and in disturbing the plans of the Washington Government, he turned back and rapidly retreated up the Shenandoah Valley. Frémont was ordered to intercept, and, with the coöperation of Banks' and McDowell's troops, to "bag" him. This required some forced marches which Frémont failed to execute with the expected promptness, a failure which incurred the dissatisfaction of the Administration in a marked degree. Frémont, having failed to "bag" Jackson, followed him, however, up the Shenandoah. He had a sharp but indecisive engagement with the enemy at Cross Keys near Harrisonburg, whereupon Jackson went on to rejoin the main rebel army near Richmond, and Frémont fell back to Harrisonburg with the intention of retiring further down the Shenandoah Valley to Mount Jackson.



CARL SCHURZ
At the time he entered the Federal Army

Ceremony at Frémont's Headquarters

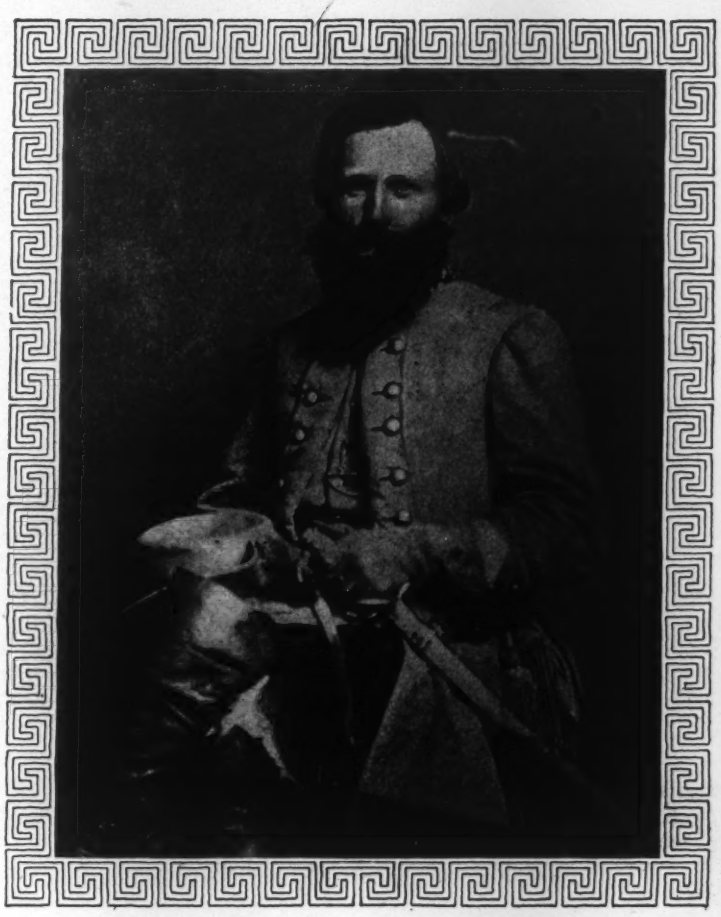
I arrived at Harrisonburg late in the evening of June 9th, a day after the action at Cross Keys. There were confused reports about the results of the fight, some telling of a "glorious victory," others of a bloody disaster. On the morning of the 10th, I started to join the army, but I soon met officers bringing the news that General Frémont had ordered a retrograde movement and would arrive in town in a few hours. Presently troops began to come in, marching in rather loose order. The men looked ragged, tired, and dejected. I heard a good deal of hard swearing in the ranks in various tongues, English, German, and Hungarian,— signs of a sorry state of mind. A troop of neat-looking horsemen appeared, patiently making their way through the throng and stopping at a house which, as I was informed, had been taken for General Frémont's headquarters. It was the General himself, with his staff. As soon as they had dismounted, I presented myself with my order of assignment. To be admitted to General Frémont's presence was a matter attended with some ceremony. There had already been complaint at St. Louis, as I learned, that General Frémont was "difficult to be seen." He was surrounded by a body-guard consisting mostly of Hungarians, brave soldiers who,

on occasion, did excellent service, but who also contributed much to the somewhat unusual "style" which was kept up at Frémont's headquarters. As I afterwards observed, Frémont himself had a taste for that sort of thing. When I was finally introduced by Colonel Zagonyi, one of the Hungarian aides-de-camp, the General received me kindly and at once promised to have a suitable command arranged for me without delay. It was my first meeting with Frémont. I saw before me a man of middle stature, elegant build, muscular and elastic, dark hair and beard slightly streaked with gray, a broad forehead, a keen eye, and fine, regular features. It has been said that there was much of the charlatan in him, but his appearance at that time certainly betrayed nothing of the kind. There was an air of refinement in his bearing. His manners seemed perfectly natural, easy, and unaffected, without any attempt at posing. His conversation, carried on in a low, gentle tone of voice, had a suggestion of reticence and reserve, but not enough to cause a suspicion of insincerity. The whole personality appeared rather attractive — and yet, one did not feel quite sure.

GENERAL FRANZ SIGEL
"Fighting mit Sigel" was a popular cry in the early days of the War

What he told me of the miserable condition of his troops I found to be but too true when I reviewed the regiments that were to constitute the two little brigades of my division — two regiments of New York volunteers, the 54th and 58th, two from Pennsylvania, the 74th and the 75th, one from Ohio, the 61st, and one from West Virginia, the 8th, besides two batteries of artillery and a company of cavalry. Most of the infantry had belonged to a division commanded by Colonel Blenker, a former Prussian officer, which, on the 1st of April, had been detached from the Army of the Potomac and ordered to join Frémont in the Mountain Department. For weeks it had wandered westward, most of the time over wretched roads, sometimes, it seems, without clearly defined direction, in districts of country where "you could not find forage enough for a mule," ill-equipped and ill-provisioned. In substantially the same condition they took part in Frémont's ineffective attempt to intercept Stonewall Jackson and in the battle of Cross Keys, where they fought bravely. And in that condition some of them passed under my command. . . .

On June 26th President Lincoln issued an order providing that "the forces under Generals Frémont, Banks, and McDowell, including the troops now under Brigadier-General Sturgis at Washington, shall be consolidated and form one army, to be called the 'Army of Virginia,' and to be under command of Major-General Pope." Of this army the troops of the Mountain Department were to constitute the first army corps, to be commanded by Major-General Frémont. Upon receipt of this order General Frémont promptly asked the President to relieve him of his command, for the reason that the position assigned to him was



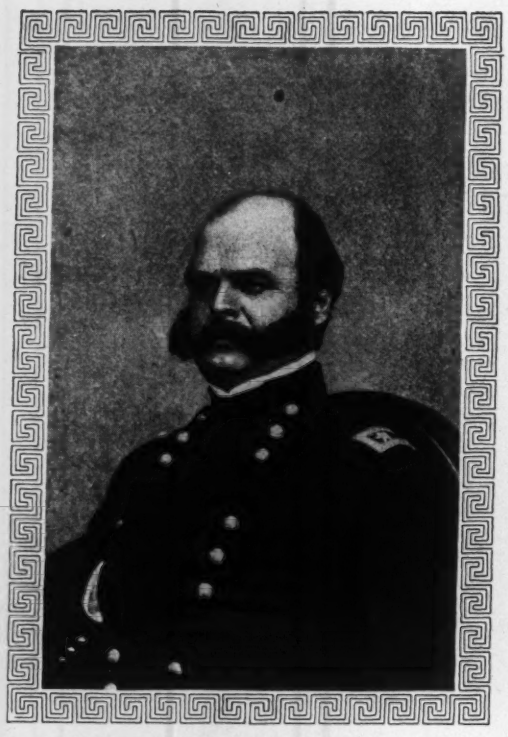
GENERAL J. E. B. STUART

"I could not help feeling myself attracted by that young enemy looking so gay and so brave"

"subordinate and inferior to those hitherto conceded" to him, and because the subordinate command to which he was now assigned would "virtually and largely reduce his rank and consideration in the service of the country." Secretary Stanton replied that the other major-generals, Banks and McDowell, had cheerfully consented to serve under the orders of a junior in rank, but Frémont's request was at once complied with, and, as no other command was conferred upon him, he disappeared from the scene of military action. Two years later he emerged again from retirement for a little while as a candidate for the presidency, nominated by a small conventicle of radicals dissatisfied with Mr. Lincoln's administration. And later he was heard of only as a business speculator, leading a precarious existence, vibrating between that of a multimillionaire and a pauper. Finally he died in obscurity, leaving behind him a dim, shadowy myth of quondam glory as the great "Pathfinder" and the first Republican color-bearer.

West-Pointers Hostile to General Sigel

In the place of Frémont the President appointed General Franz Sigel as the commander of the first army corps of the Army of Virginia. The German-American troops welcomed Sigel with great enthusiasm, which at least the rank and file of the native American regiments seemed to share. He brought a splendid military reputation with him. He had bravely fought for liberty in Germany and conducted there the last operations of the revolutionary army in 1849. He had been one of the foremost to organize and lead that force of armed men, mostly Germans, which seemed suddenly to spring out of the pavements of St. Louis, and whose



GENERAL AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE

Who commanded the disastrous attack on Fredericksburg

GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER

Although a bitter critic of the Administration, he was appointed by Lincoln to supersede Burnside

prompt action saved that city and the State of Missouri to the Union. On various fields, especially at Pea Ridge, he had distinguished himself by personal gallantry as well as skilful leadership. The popular war-cry "fighting mit Sigel," had given his name an extraordinary vogue. Thus General Sigel seemed to enter upon his field of activity in the East under the most propitious circumstances. But in the course of events I have become convinced that in respect to his personal interests, as well as his usefulness, he made a great mistake in leaving the West.

In the West there were comparatively few "West-Pointers" to take the larger commands. The volunteer element was overwhelmingly predominant, and the relations between the two classes of officers naturally assumed a more democratic character. In the East the number of "West-Pointers" was much larger, and their esprit de corps more pronounced and exclusive. They would tolerate with good grace the appointment to high grades or the promotion of civilian volunteers who were men of local importance, or who had distinguished themselves. But when a volunteer general, and a "foreigner," too, was transferred from the West to the East as a man of superior qualities and military competency, who might perhaps teach them something, it went much against their grain, and that man was apt to be looked upon as a pretentious intruder and to encounter very watchful and sometimes even rancorous criticism. Moreover, General Sigel was not well fitted to meet the difficulties of such a situation. He possessed in small degree that amiability of humor which will disarm ill-will and make for friendly comradeship. His conversation lacked the sympathetic element. There was something reserved, even morose, in his mien, which, if it did not discourage cheerful approach, certainly did not invite it. . . .

On the 8th of August we received marching orders. Although the subordinate commanders knew little of the ulterior purposes of our movements, the general situation of affairs was understood to have become critical.

McClellan's great "Peninsular campaign" dragged discouragingly on. The Army of the Potomac no longer threatened Richmond, and General Lee who, in the meantime, had been advanced to the head of the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, felt himself free

to enter with his main forces upon offensive operations menacing Washington and to invade the North. General Halleck was put in the place of McClellan as General-in-Chief of the armies of the United States,—an appointment which inspired the people and the troops with little confidence and no enthusiasm.

Pope's Tactless Proclamation — Sigel's March to Culpeper

The Administration had selected for the command of the "Army of Virginia" General Pope, who, indeed, on some occasions, had rendered fine service in the West, but whose elevation to so important a post caused much head-shaking among military men. Halleck resolved to withdraw the Army of the Potomac from the Peninsula and to bring it to Pope's aid. General Pope managed at the very start to make an unfavorable impression by one of those indiscretions which an untried leader should be most careful to avoid. He issued a proclamation "to the officers and soldiers of the Army of Virginia," in which he said such things as these: "I have come to you from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies; from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary and to beat him when he was found; whose policy has been attack and not defense. I presume that I have been called here to pursue the same system and to lead you against the enemy. It is my purpose to do so, and that speedily. Meantime, I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases which I am sorry to find so in vogue amongst you. I hear constantly of 'taking strong positions and holding them,' of 'lines of retreat,' and of 'bases of supplies.' Let us discard such ideas," and so on. There was in this a good deal of boasting, not altogether well founded, and some almost contemptuous criticism of Eastern officers and soldiers, not altogether merited, and well apt to stir up among these a feeling of resentment. In less than two months the boaster was to repent every word of it. In July, Pope, having three army corps, Sigel's, McDowell's, and Banks', at his disposal, was aiming at Gordonsville and Staunton and thus at the railroad forming the important artery of communication between Richmond, the Confederate capital, and the West, and pushed some of his forces under Banks forward to Culpeper. But Stonewall Jackson, with 25,000 men, advanced against Banks, who had only a greatly inferior force on the ground, and met him near Cedar Mountain. Sigel was ordered to hurry to the support of Banks. We broke camp at Sperryville on the afternoon of August 8th and marched all the night through. The night was hot, but the next day much hotter. After having rested a little while at Hazel River, we continued in the morning our march to Culpeper, where we arrived at two P.M. It was my first experience of a march with the thermometer up high in the nineties. It must have been well above eighty at the moment when the sun rose — like a huge, angry, red-hot ball. By nine o'clock his rays blazed down with inexorable fierceness. There was not a cloud in the sky and no breath of air stirring. The dust raised by the marching column hardly rose above the heads of the men and enveloped them like a dense, dark, immovable fog-bank, inside of which a black, almost indistinguishable mass struggled onward. As we expected to meet the enemy, I had instructed the commanding officers of brigades and of regiments to keep the marching column well closed up and to prevent straggling as much as possible. No doubt, they did their best. But as the sun rose higher, and the heat grew fiercer, discipline gave way The men, burdened with their knapsacks and blankets, their guns, and their cartridge boxes, heavy with ammunition, their faces fairly streaming with sweat, their mouths and nostrils filled with an earthy slime, their breasts panting with almost convulsive gasps for breath, their eyes wide open with a sort of insane stare, dragged themselves along with painful effort. Each man, feeling the heat increased by the nearness of his neighbor, sought to have the comfort of as much elbow room as possible, the column lost its orderly compactness and spread over the fields to an irregular breadth. Wherever there was a run of water, or a well, or a pool, hundreds would rush to it and tumble over one another to slake their ferocious thirst. Hundreds threw away their knapsacks and even their blankets. Scores dropped by the wayside utterly exhausted.

Banks Outnumbered and Defeated

Between four and five o'clock we heard the booming of artillery in the direction of Cedar Mountain. It was the expected battle between Banks, on our, and Stonewall Jackson, on the Confederate, side, and we were to

hasten to the support of Banks. We had hardly marched two miles from our resting place when we met a number of straggling fugitives from the battlefield, who told us gruesome stories about "terrible slaughter," about "Banks' army having been all cut to pieces," and about the rebels being "close on their heels in hot pursuit." We tried to stop and rally the runaways, but with small success. A regiment with its colors, and a number of officers came on in an evidently demoralized state of mind, but still maintaining something like order. There were, however, only some two or three hundred men in its ranks. The officer commanding it said that the battle was lost, that they had been overwhelmed and driven from the field by vastly superior numbers, and that he was without orders. Seeing our troops marching on in good shape, he seemed to take heart and stopped his hasty retreat. We learned that General Sigel, who was ahead of us with the advanced guard, General Milroy's brigade, had also succeeded in gathering up some of the dispersed troops and especially two batteries of artillery in full retreat, the commanders of which willingly placed themselves under General Sigel's orders. When we had caught up with General Sigel, the cannonading still going on, he put General Schenck's and my division in position, but the rebels ceased their attacks, and the fight stopped without our becoming actively engaged.

General Banks had, indeed, been badly beaten, after a gallant struggle against a hostile army outnumbering him four to one, but the victorious Jackson, becoming aware of the strong reinforcements massing against him, withdrew across the Rapidan. On the 11th we had a day's truce between the two armies for the purpose of caring for the wounded and burying the dead. Confederate and Union officers met on the battlefield of Cedar Mountain and exchanged polite compliments. The famous cavalry general, "Jeb" Stuart, a figure of martial elegance, was one of the Confederate generals. I am sorry I did not have any conversation with him, for I could not help feeling myself attracted by that handsome young enemy looking so gay and so brave. . . .

On the 2nd of September General McClellan was assigned to the "command of the fortifications of Washington and of all the troops for the defense of the Capital." Three days later General Pope was relieved of his command, and the "Army of Virginia" was merged in the "Army of the Potomac." Of this army General Sigel's corps became the eleventh. Between the 4th and 7th of September General Lee crossed the Potomac for the purpose of invading Maryland, and in Washington an army was hastily put together to march forth and beat him. General Sigel's corps was kept within the fortifications for the immediate protection of the capital city. . . .

Antietam and the Emancipation Proclamation

On the 17th of September the battle of Antietam was fought, of which McClellan might have made a victory of immense consequence, had he not, with his usual indecision and procrastination, let slip the moments when he could easily have beaten the divided enemy in detail. As it was, General Lee came near being justified in calling Antietam a "drawn battle." He withdrew almost unmolested from the presence of our army across the Potomac. But the battle of Antietam became one of the landmarks of human history by giving Abraham Lincoln the opportunity for doing the great act which crowned him with eternal fame. There is something singularly pathetic in the story — and it is a true story — that Abraham Lincoln, harassed by anxious doubts as to whether the issuance of the Emancipation Proclamation, already once postponed, would not cause dangerous dissention among the Northern people, at last referred the portentous question to the arbitrament of Heaven and vowed in his heart to himself and "to his Maker" that the proclamation should certainly come forth, if the result of the next battle were in favor of the Union. And so, after the battle of Antietam, the great proclamation, in Lincoln's heart sanctioned by the decree of Providence, did come forth, and it made our Civil War before all the world not only a war for a political union, but also a war against slavery.

The effect produced by the appearance of the proclamation did much to justify the previous hesitation of the President. In the first place it did not at once bring about the confusion in the internal conditions of the Southern States that had been expected by the anti-slavery men who advised the measure.

In the North the Emancipation Proclamation was used by Democratic politicians to

denounce the Administration for having turned the "war for the Union" into an "abolition war," and much seditious clamor was heard about the blood of white fellow-citizens being treacherously spilled for the sole purpose of robbing our Southern countrymen of their negro property, and all this in direct violation of the Federal Constitution and the laws. While this agitation on the whole affected only Democratic partizans, it served to consolidate their organization and to turn mere opposition to the Republican Administration into opposition to the prosecution of the War. On the other hand, it greatly inspired the enthusiasm of the anti-slavery people and gave a new impetus to their activity. Moreover, it produced a powerful impression in Europe. It did, indeed, not convert the enemies of the American Union in England and France; but it created so commanding a public sentiment in favor of our cause that our enemies there could not prevail against it.

But the political situation at the North assumed a threatening aspect. Hundreds of thousands of Republican voters were in the army, away from home. Arbitrary arrests, the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, and similar stretches of power had disquieted and even irritated many good men. But — more than this — our frequent defeats in the field and the apparent fruitlessness of some of our victories, like that of Antietam, had a disheartening effect upon the people. Our many failures were largely ascribed to a lack of energy in the Administration. The consequence was that at the November elections in 1862, the Democrats achieved some startling successes, winning the States of New York and New Jersey, and a good many congressional districts in various other important States, and boastfully predicted that the next time they would obtain the control of the national House of Representatives. Many of the sincerest friends of the country's cause and of those in power became alarmed at the situation and impulsively held the Administration responsible for it. And not a few of them, to ease their minds, could think of nothing better to do than "write to Mr. Lincoln."

Severe Criticism of Lincoln — The Schurz-Lincoln Correspondence.

In Nicolay & Hay's biography of Lincoln (Vol. VII, p. 363), the situation is thus described: "In the autumn of 1862, Mr. Lincoln was exposed to the bitterest assaults and criticisms from every faction in the country. His conservative supporters reproached him with having yielded to the wishes of the radicals; the radicals denounced him for being hampered, if not corrupted, by the influence of the conservatives. On one side he was assailed by a clamor for peace, on the other by vehement and injurious demands for a more vigorous prosecution of the War. To one friend who assailed him with peculiar candor, he made a reply which may answer as a sufficient defense to all the radical attacks which were so rife at the time." That "one friend" was I.

I had, while in the field, carried on a more or less active correspondence with my political friends to keep myself informed of what was going on in the country. I had also, while stationed near Washington, visited that city and conversed with public men, among whom were Secretary Chase and Senator Sumner. The impressions I received from my letters, as well as from my conversations, were very gloomy. There was a discouragement in the popular mind which urgently demanded successes in the field for its relief. It was under these circumstances that I wrote from my camp to Mr. Lincoln, giving voice to the wide-spread anxiety as I understood and felt it. I thought myself all the more at liberty to do so since Mr. Lincoln, when I joined the army, had asked me personally to write to him freely whenever I had anything to say that I believed he should know. I have never again seen that letter and do not clearly remember all it contained. One of its main points, probably, was that in view of the suspicious current in the army and among the people, the Administration should select for the discharge of important duties only men whose heart was in the struggle and who could, therefore, be depended upon. Perhaps I intimated, also, that the Government had been too lax in that respect. Mr. Lincoln's prompt reply took me to task for my criticism in his peculiarly clean-cut, logical style, and there was in what he said an undertone of impatience, of irritation, unusual with him — this time, no doubt, induced by the extraordinary harassment to which he was subjected from all sides.

This letter was selected by Nicolay & Hay for publication in their history as a specimen of Mr. Lincoln's answers to his critics at that period, and, curious to relate, more

than thirty-five years later it was used by my opponents in political debate — perhaps for want of a better argument — as a weapon of attack to show that I was an utterly impracticable person who would never be satisfied with anything or anybody and who had even forced so good and amiable a man as Mr. Lincoln to break off his friendly relations with him. Nothing could have been further from the truth. In fact, I know of no instance more characteristic of Mr. Lincoln's way of treating occasional differences with his friends. Two or three days after Mr. Lincoln's letter had reached me, a special messenger brought me another communication from him, a short note in his own hand, asking me to come to see him as soon as my duties would permit; he wished me, if possible, to call early in the morning, before the usual crowd of visitors arrived. At once I obtained the necessary leave from my corps-commander, and the next morning at seven I reported myself at the White House. I was promptly shown into the little room upstairs, which was at that time used for cabinet meetings, and found Mr. Lincoln seated in an arm-chair before the open grate fire, his feet in his gigantic morocco slippers. He greeted me cordially as of old and bade me pull up a chair and sit by his side. Then he brought his large hand with a slap down on my knee and said, with a smile: "Now, tell me, young man, whether you really think that I am as poor a fellow as you have made me out in your letter!" I must confess, this reception disconcerted me. I looked into his face and felt something like a big lump in my throat. After a while I gathered up my wits and, after a word of sorrow if I had written anything that could have pained him, I explained to him my impressions of the situation and my reasons for writing to him as I had done. He listened with silent attention and, when I stopped, said very seriously: "Well, I know that you are a warm anti-slavery man and a good friend to me. Now let me tell you all about it." Then he unfolded, in his peculiar way, his view of the then existing state of affairs, his hopes and his apprehensions, his troubles and embarrassments, making many quaint remarks about men and things, all of which, to my regret, I cannot remember. Then he described how the criticisms, coming down upon him from all sides, chafed him, and how my letter, although containing some points that were well-founded and useful, had touched him as a terse summing up of all the principal criticisms and offered him a good chance at me for a reply. Then, slapping my knee again, he broke out in a loud laugh and exclaimed: "Didn't I give it to you hard in my letter? Didn't I? But it didn't hurt, did it? I did not mean it to, and therefore I wanted you to come so quickly." He laughed again and seemed to enjoy the matter heartily. "Well," he added, "I guess we understand one another now, and it's all right." When, after a conversation of more than an hour, I left him, I asked whether he still wished that I should write to him again. "Why, certainly," he answered; "write me whenever the spirit moves you." We parted better friends than ever.

Burnside's Confession of Unfitness

While Sigel's corps was camped within the defenses of Washington, events of great importance took place. A fortnight after the battle of Antietam, one of the bloodiest days of the War, which McClellan claimed as a great victory, the President visited the Army of the Potomac, which was still lying idle in Maryland. After his return to Washington the President ordered General McClellan to move forward, but McClellan procrastinated in his usual way three weeks longer, while the Government as well as the Northern people fairly palpitated with impatience. When McClellan at last had crossed the Potomac, and then again failed in preventing the Confederate Army from crossing the Blue Ridge and placing itself between the Army of the Potomac and Richmond, the President removed him from his command and put General Burnside in his place.

The selection of Burnside for so great a responsibility was not a happy one. Burnside had, indeed, some operations on a comparatively small scale to his credit. At the battle of Antietam he had stormed a bridge which has retained his name, perhaps even to this day; and storming and holding a bridge seems to have — ever since Horatius "held the bridge" in the old days of Rome — a peculiar charm for the popular imagination. He was also a very patriotic man, whose heart was in his work, and his sincerity, frankness, and amiability of manner made everybody like him. But he was not a great general, and he felt, himself, that the task to which he had been assigned was too heavy for his

shoulders. When the Army of the Potomac had crossed into Virginia, our corps was sent to Thoroughfare Gap to guard the left flank of our army, and so it happened that I was present at a little gathering of generals who met General Burnside after his promotion to congratulate him. If I remember rightly, it was at a little hamlet called New Baltimore. Burnside, in his hearty way, expressed his thanks for our friendly greeting, and then, with that transparent sincerity of his nature which made every one believe what he said, he added that he knew he was not fit for so big a command; but, since it was imposed upon him, he would do his best, and he confidently hoped we all would faithfully stand by him. There was something very touching in that confession of unfitness, which was evidently quite honest, and one could not help feeling a certain tenderness for the man. But when a moment later the generals talked among themselves, it was no wonder that several shook their heads and asked how we could have confidence in the fitness of our leader if he had no such confidence in himself. This reasoning was rather depressing, because so natural, and destined soon to be justified.

Fredericksburg

The complaint against McClellan having been his slowness to act, Burnside resolved to act at once. The plan of campaign he conceived was to cross the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg and thence to operate upon Richmond. His army of about 120,000 officers and men, which was then in splendid condition, he divided into three grand divisions and a reserve corps — the "Right Grand Division," under General Sumner, to consist of the 2nd and 9th corps; the "Center Grand Division," under General Hooker, to consist of the 3rd and 5th corps; and the "Left Grand Division," to consist of the 1st and 6th corps, under General Franklin. The "reserve corps" was to consist of the 11th corps and some other troops, under the command of General Sigel. The whole campaign was a series of blunders, mishaps, ill-conceived or ill-executed plans, and finally a horrible butchery, costing thousands of lives. On the 17th of November, Sumner's corps arrived at Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg, and the rest of the army followed within two days. But the pontoon trains for crossing the river did not appear until the 27th. Meanwhile, General Lee had drawn his forces together and strongly fortified his position for defense. Only on the 11th of December did Burnside begin to lay his pontoon bridges and cross his troops for the attack. Sigel's "reserve corps" remained on the left bank of the river, where we could overlook a large part of the battlefield — the open ground beyond the town of Fredericksburg, stretching up to Marye's Heights from which Lee's entrenched batteries and batallions looked down. In the woods on our left, where Franklin's Grand Division had crossed and from where the main attack should have been made, the battle began December 13th, soon after sunrise, under a gray, wintry sky. Standing inactive in reserve, we eagerly listened to the booming of the guns, hoping that we should hear the main attack move forward. But there was evidently no main attack; the firing was desultory and seemed to be advancing and receding in turn. At eleven o'clock Burnside ordered the assault from Fredericksburg upon Marye's Heights, Lee's fortified position. Our men advanced with enthusiasm. A fearful fire of artillery and musketry greeted them. Now they would stop a moment, then plunge forward again. Through our glasses we saw them fall by hundreds, and their bodies dot the ground. As they approached Lee's entrenched position, sheet after sheet of flame shot forth from the heights, tearing fearful gaps in our lines. There was no running back of our men. They would sometimes stop or recoil only a little distance, but then doggedly resume the advance. A column, rushing forward with charged bayonets, almost seemed to reach the enemy's ramparts, but then to melt away. Here and there large numbers of our men within easy range of the enemy's musketry would suddenly drop like tall grass swept down with a scythe. They had thrown themselves upon the ground to let the leaden hail pass over them, and under it advance crawling. It was all in vain. The enemy's line was so well posted and protected by a canal and a sunken road and stone walls and entrenchments, skilfully thrown up, and so well defended, that it could not be carried by a front assault. The early coming of night was most welcome. A longer day would have been only a prolonged butchery. And we of the reserve had stood there while daylight lasted, seeing it all, burning to go to the aid of our brave comrades, but knowing also that

it would be useless. Hot tears of rage and of pitying sympathy ran down many a weather-beaten cheek. No more horrible and torturing spectacle could have been imagined.

Burnside, in desperation, thought of renewing the attack the next day, but his generals dissuaded him. During the following night, aided by darkness and a heavy rain-storm, the army recrossed the Rappahannock, without being molested by the enemy. This was one of the instances in which even so great a general as Robert E. Lee failed to see his opportunity. Had he followed up his success in repelling our attack with a prompt and vigorous dash upon our shattered army, immediately in front of him, right under his guns, he might have thrown our retreat into utter confusion and driven the larger part of our forces helplessly into the river. We heaved a sigh of relief when we had escaped such a catastrophe.

General Burnside bore himself like an honorable man. During the battle he had proposed to put himself personally at the head of his old corps, the 9th, and to lead it in the assault. Reluctantly he desisted, yielding to the earnest protests of his generals. After the defeat he unhesitatingly shouldered the whole responsibility for the disaster. He not only did not accuse the troops of any shortcomings, but, in the highest terms, he praised their courage and extreme gallantry. He blamed only himself. His manly attitude found a response of generous appreciation in public opinion, but the confidence of the army in his ability and judgment was fatally injured. The number of desertions increased alarmingly, and regimental officers in large numbers resigned their commissions. A little later 85,000 men appeared on the rolls of the army as absent without leave. Burnside, deeply mortified, at once resolved upon another forward movement to retrieve his failure. He intended to cross the river at one of the upper fords, but a severe rain-storm set in and made the roads absolutely impassable. The infantry floundered in liquid mud, almost up to the belts of the men, and the artillery could hardly be moved at all. I remember one of my batteries being placed where we camped over night on ground which looked comparatively firm, but we found the guns the next morning sunk in sandy mud up to the axles, so that it required all the horses of the battery to pull out each piece. The country all around was fairly covered with mired wagons, ambulances, pontoons, and cannon. The scene was indescribable. "Burnside stuck in the mud," was the cry ringing all over the land.

Hooker in Command — Renewed Confidence

A further advance was not to be thought of, and, as best he could, Burnside moved the army back to its camps at or near Falmouth. It was fortunate that the condition of the roads rendered Lee just as unable to move as Burnside was, for the demoralization of the Army of the Potomac had reached a point almost beyond control. The loyal people throughout the country were profoundly dejected. There seemed to be danger that the Administration would utterly lose the confidence of the country. A change in the command of the Army of the Potomac was imperatively necessary, and the President chose General Hooker.

If Burnside lacked self-confidence, Hooker had an abundance of it. He had been one of the bitterest critics of McClellan and Burnside and even of the Administration — perhaps the loudest of all; he had even talked of the necessity of a military dictatorship. But he had made his mark as a division and corps commander and earned for himself the by-name of "Fighting Joe." The soldiers had confidence in him, and also some — although by no means all — of the generals. Lincoln, as was his character and habit, overlooked all the hard things Hooker had said of him, made him commander of the Army of the Potomac in view of the good things he expected him to do for the country, and sent him, with the commission, a letter full of kindness and wise advice. Hooker was a strikingly handsome man,— a clean-shaven, comely face, somewhat florid complexion, keen blue eyes, well-built, tall figure, and erect, soldierly bearing. Anybody would feel like cheering when he rode by at the head of his staff. His organizing talent told at once. The sullen gloom of the camps soon disappeared, and a new spirit of pride and hope began to pervade the ranks. By the 30th of April, the Army of the Potomac attained an effective force ready for duty in the field of more than 130,000, with over 400 pieces of artillery.

THE ELEMENTAL

BY

EDWARD S. PILSWORTH

BILLINGS sat in the snow and watched the freight train disappear around the bend.

"Hell of a game," he muttered, as he scrambled to his feet. "To take a man's last four cents and then can him off. I wonder where I am." When discovered by the trainman, Billings was asleep in an empty; his offer of four cents was accepted, then he was bounced. The day was bitingly cold, and every snarling gust of wind searched a fresh hole in his clothing; the snow chilled his feet; his teeth rattled against each other. Night was falling, and he had no resting-place.

"Got to get somewhere," he muttered. "Wish I had some of that coin I blowed. Well, here goes for luck."

He struck away down the railroad track, intent to find a farm-house, the snow percolating through the rents of his shoes upon the dirty toes, and his feet slipping on the ties. Drawing the dilapidations of his garments tight around him, he shuddered in their insufficiency, as his desponding figure slouched along. The jeering wind cut in between the abortive collar and his neck, and Billings indulged in commensurate profanity.

After a little he stopped and gazed around. The distance was hazy with hoar, for it was too cold to snow. A thin ripple of smoke filtered up to the dismal skies. For a while he stood, then plunged into the snow toward it. A sunken fence wire caught his toe and pitched him headlong; the barb lengthened the rip in his right shoe, and more chilly flakes insinuated themselves. He arose and struggled forward, falling into ditches and staggering wildly over stubble. Once, as he trod on deceptive ice, it broke and let him down; when he scrambled out, he was wet to mid-thigh, and the splintered ice had plowed a jagged furrow in his leg; he bound his neckerchief around it, the blood staining his dirty fingers.

He whimpered as he dragged himself along, cold and hungry, almost frozen; but the house was looming closer, and with it food and shelter. His feet were void of feeling, and his hands numb, as he rattled with his elbow on the door.

A woman, thin and faded, of a colorless individuality, opened it. She carried a child, about fifteen months old, in her arms, and Billings could see she was very near her trouble.

"Well," she harshly queried, "what do you want?"

"I'm a honest man, lady," he answered, with his professional whine, "out of work; and cold and hungry. Could you help me to a bite to eat and let me sit by your fire to warm myself?"

"No," replied the woman. "We don't want no tramps around here." She said it more with indifference than animosity. "I ain't got nothing for you," and shut the door.

Billings' experience was catholic, and he should have been prepared, but the woman impressed him with such a terrible forlornness, that he had expected better things. When he heard the lock click as she turned the key, despair obtained the mastery, and he sat on the steps, his head in his hands.

He was aroused by a tapping on the window and, with hope reawakened, raised his head. The woman was motioning to him, and he went close to understand.

"Lady," said he, "I'm starving, and I'll work for what you give me. Help a poor man to a little food, missis."

"Go away," she ordered.

"I'll do the work first," said he desperately. "Christ, madam, do you want to murder me?"

"If you don't leave, I'll set the dog on you," was her answer.

The man gave up: such flinty indifference staggered him, some way it assorted so ill with the decorous gravidity of the woman.

With weighted footsteps he stood a moment pondering, then directed his course

toward the barn. A dog came and looked wonderingly at him as he examined the door; it was locked. The dog came closer and licked the bloody cloth around his leg; then, as the man bent for a stone to smash the staple, bit him. Billings cursed with horrible profanity and forced his frozen limbs stumblingly away.

The legs of his trousers were stiff with ice where the water had frozen upon them, and below the knees he had no feeling, save for a little tingle back of his wound. Sometimes he would stagger runningly, then, if his foot struck an inequality, he stumbled; occasionally he fell. Automatically he blasphemed; when he discovered himself, he intentionally continued.

Presently, he knew not how, he found himself close to some snow-laden pines; he crawled beneath in the hope of shelter, sitting hunched together in a bundle, his frozen hands within the ragged coat. Then he started upright, for some one had laughed. Excitedly, he hunted; no one was near. Then, in wild surprise, he heard it again and knew it for himself. Was he going mad? He thought he would if he stayed there, so he got up and wandered away.

It was dark by now, and he knew little of his direction, or whither he went; times he hit against things, once he bumped into a tree, twice fell over fences, and the barbs tore deeper gashes in his rags. Then he found a little lean-to, one side and a roof upheld by posts, and underneath a heap of snow. Unthinkingly he disturbed it, and below was straw. In this he huddled for a space, but the chill caught his marrow, and he felt himself nodding. With a jerk it entered his mind that this meant death, and he arose and recommenced his stumblings. His stomach was faint, and he reached and swallowed a handful of snow; the deadly cold within him grew terrible. He was stumbling over a stubble field, the cornstalks scratching his weary legs, when he suddenly stumbled down a slope and saw the tracks of wheels.

Something dark was close to him upon the road, and he seemed to hear the wailing of an infant; looking close, he saw it was a woman carrying a child, without head-dress or cloak or decent outside covering.

"Madam," said his chattering voice, "for God's sake, tell me where I can get a piece of bread."

The woman pushed by with the crying baby. The tramp stood a moment, vaguely wondering, then followed, just as he had done many times with prosperous men in cities.

"Lady," he continued, "I am a starving man. Tell me where I can get some shelter."

The woman did not answer, and suddenly it was borne to Billings that it was she and not the infant who was crying. A curious feeling shook his faculties, a strange commotion seemed to stir some life within his frame; here was one more helpless than even he, because she was a woman. He marveled slightly at the odd emotion.

"Lady," said he, stumbling close, "kin I do anything for you?"

The woman turned a startled, swollen face, dimly discernible in the gloom, and Billings saw it was the woman who had refused him earlier in the evening. She stood and tried to speak, but succeeded only in producing racking sobs; suddenly she let her arms drop, and Billings, he knew not how, caught the baby and saved it from a fall.

"My husband," said she at last, "came home drunk and turned me and my child out of doors."

"The hell you say," said the man. He felt he could gage her sufferings by his own. "He didn't mean to do it, eh?"

"Yes. He struck me, and pitched me through the door."

"And he a man. Well, I'll carry the kid a bit. Where do you want to go?"

"I ain't got nowhere to go."

"Let's go back and see if he'll let us in."

"He might. P'raps he ain't so drunk now."

The woman walked in strange, contorted attitudes, and every now and then would interrupt the silence with a plaintive moan. They reached the farm-house in a little while and hammered long before receiving a response. Then a window opened, a man leant forth; there was a flash, a detonating report, and Billings heard the charge of a shot scatter along the porch.

With a wild cry he whipped around the house; he wondered that he still held the baby. A few seconds, and the woman joined him; Billings thought about her trouble so near, and his heart filled to a strange pity.

"Say," he said, "ain't you cold?"

"I am chilled clean through." She was taut with the cold.

The man heaved a deep sigh and, remembering her condition, discovered a strange humanity.

"My coat ain't much good," said he, "but you better take it."

"Wrap it around the child," she answered.

"The kid's all right; put it on yourself."

The cold night wind searched fearsomely through his wretched undercoat and vest,— he had no shirt,— and the little spurt of life the coming of the woman had aroused was flickering out.

"We got to get somewhere," he said presently. "We can't stand here; you'll freeze, and the kid'll freeze, and I'll freeze; and that crazy brute inside may come out and blow off some more lead. We just got to get somewhere."

"Let's go down to the barn," she replied.

"You bet. Got a key?"

"I can open it," she answered, preceding him with a decorous propriety.

As they crossed the yard, the dog came and smelt his legs, but though it growled, assumed no further hostilities. The woman produced a key and opened the padlock.

They groped an entrance within and climbed to the haymow, where, with a deep sigh of content, Billings passed the child to the woman and dropped to the straw. Warmth, warmth, he would soon be warm. He threw it over him, burrowed in it, and buried himself, all but his face. Then, with the return of heat, came frightful pains, and he groaned and thrashed around in agony. The woman took no notice. As he tumbled about, his hand struck something and smashed it; he felt as well as he could, with his frozen fingers, and discovered that it was an egg.

With horrible avidity he licked his hand, sucked the straw, felt around and found a dozen more. Thinking nothing of good or rotten, he crushed them in his mouth, smashed them in his teeth, and swallowed shells and all. Six or eight he served thus, then told the woman.

"What!" she said, "you ain't eating them, and eggs so high? They's mine; them are what I have for my own."

"But, Lord, I'm starving. I ain't eat to-day, and I'm cold and hungry."

"Well, you ain't got no right to them; they're mine, I tell you."

"All right," said Billings, "I'll quit." Even he, tramp and hobo, shuddered at the elemental selfishness of the woman.

For a time there was quiet, broken now and then by a short moan from the woman. Billings felt that the eggs had done him good and dozed as much as his pains would allow, but feeling was returning to his limbs, and the gash in his leg pained terribly. The frozen trousers were thawing and had become a sop of wet. Then the child began to cry, and the woman began a patient, monotonous crooning; the sound seemed to irritate instead of soothe, and the infant broke forth into wild shrieks of terror.

"Can't you do nothing for the kid?" asked Billings.

"He wants his bottle, and it's in the house," she answered; then, continuing, "I wonder if Joe would let me in."

"Let's try, anyhow," he replied, and they groped their way down the steps and out of the door.

The wind blew chill to the man, and his feet burned like fire when the snow bit them; he winced with agony as they shuffled to the house. The woman knocked at the door, but they received no answer, and after repeated hammerings she pushed it open and tremblingly entered.

After a space she returned.

"He is asleep," she said. "Here is your coat, give me the child," and then, without a word of thanks, reëntered the house and shut the door in his face.

He gazed upon it vacantly, then, with a jeering laugh, put on his coat and limped away toward the barn.

"Well, I'll be damned," said he, as he snuggled once more in the straw. "Here goes the rest of them eggs, anyhow."

A LITTLE WIDOW

BY

MRS. WILSON WOODROW

AUTHOR OF "SOMEPIN NICE FOR CELIA," "THE WAGES OF SALVATION," ETC.

AS THE centers of culture have their women's clubs, their Lenten lectures, classes in this or that, morning bridge, matinées, and afternoon teas, so Zenith included and combined them all in its Ladies' Aid Society; obliterating the boundaries separating these various manifestations of the eternal feminine, but retaining the spirit of each.

A narrow interpretation of the name and purpose of the organization might seem to limit its activities to the worthy, if uninteresting, altruism of the good Samaritan; but to the initiated this would appear as the unimaginative, uninspired reading of a purist in phrasing.

Although ostensibly what its name proclaimed, the Society was also a forum for the discussion of the hour, and a foyer for the display of fashions. It not only served as a weekly excuse for such feathers and furbelows as Zenith could muster; it was also an exchange for borrowing and lending, for "news and pottage," the gossip of the bazaar; and this was but the half, for the keen edge of interest was constantly whetted by its politics, its cabals, its intrigues, which not infrequently flamed into swift debate and impassioned and acrimonious oratory.

Reduced to its last analysis, the Aid Society was easily symbolized as the feminine brain of Zenith, passionately protected from the rough, disintegrating touch of man, who for some reason regarded it as a menace to his material comfort and mental supremacy and ever sought, but vainly, to dissolve it.

But perhaps its meaning, its hold upon the affections and its place in the life of Zenith are more clearly presented in the words of Mrs. Thomas, one of the most prominent members, than by any contradictory and halting descriptions.

"How'd ever us poor women bear our lives without the Aid Society?" she was wont to ask. "It gives us somethin' to dress up for once a week, an' somethin' to sharpen our wits on an' loosen our tongues over at the same time. Besides, we're a-doin' for the heathen in the uttermost parts of the earth, an' the poor that's always with you — when you don't set the dog on 'em."

At the present time Mrs. Thomas was voicing her devotion to the organization more loudly than ever, for it was the mellow season of fruitage, the season for the distribution of plums. To explain — it was the fall of the year, a time set apart for the annual disbursement of the funds of the Society for materials which, during the winter months, were made up into garments by the efficient members. Some of these articles were packed into missionary boxes and sent to remote quarters of the globe, while others were distributed to the sick and destitute nearer home.

This, the most important event of the year in the Society, meant the appointment of a committee of ladies who should take a day from their household duties and journey to Mt. Tabor, a mining town ten miles distant, there judiciously to expend the moneys entrusted to them; for Mt. Tabor boasted a shop which was not a mere combination of post-office, grocery, and feed store, with a few bolts of calico and flannel upon its rough shelves; but a shop which flaunted the name and, in a measure, presented the appearance of a department store. This Mecca was always spoken of as "over to Hayman's."

But a day or two before the called meeting of the Society, when the selection of a committee was to be determined by ballot, a rumor, arising from some unknown source, but spreading like the proverbial wild-fire, had it that a committee, composed of the President of the Society, Mrs. Evans, and four or five of her intimate friends, had

virtually appointed itself and was already engrossed in making out a list of the materials to be purchased. This rumor, whether founded or unfounded, was received with a disappointment and consternation which spent itself in sound and fury.

"Oh, shucks!" said one phlegmatic sister, after listening to these breathings of ineffectual ire from a new and active member, "what's the use of all this roaring? If Mis' Evans an' her click has resolved to be the committee, why, we can all regard the matter as settled. Go they will."

"My patience!" returned the new-comer in Zenith, exasperated to the point of plain speech, "you're all terrorized. Of course they're goin', if the rest of you are willin' to sit back an' let them; but this committee, as I understand it, is not appointed, but elected. Now, how's Mis' Evans an' her crowd goin' to be elected if we don't vote for 'em? Why, we got the game in our own hands. We'll canvass a little on the quiet, get our folks in line, and elect our own committee. Nothing easier."

The old resident swayed back and forth in her rocking-chair and viewed the speaker curiously. "I guess you don't know what you're talkin' about," she said simply. "Mis' Evans is smarter than greased lightning, and she's went an' got up on — oh, what's this here thing? — parliamentary law. Some of the rest of us tried it; but we couldn't make head or tail of it. She always gets ahead of everybody else. And now, when any question comes up before the Society, she'll listen very patient — when things is goin' her way; but if the opposition dares to speak, she's down on 'em with both feet, rapping the table with that new tack-hammer she bought for the purpose, an' callin' out sharp: 'No question before the house,' or 'not in order,' or somethin' like that; an' she's got her crowd to working so slick that it's 'meeting adjourned,' 'second the motion,' 'adjourned,' before you can get your breath."

The new-comer listened with scornful incredulity and, to do her justice, did make a daring and spectacular, if ineffectual, effort to free the subsidized society from the yoke of Mrs. Evans and her "click": but in her attempts to break boss rule, she suffered the cruelest disillusion of the reformer: that swift, poignant shock of seeing her most ardent adherents melt from her standards, fail her utterly at the crucial moment when she called for their support; and while she still strove to rally her forces, the erect, impassive little President, sitting nonchalant and unconcerned in her chair, with poised gavel, had, by some rapid and bewildering reading of parliamentary law, carried all before her, elected her committee, and was receiving congratulations before the opposition quite understood how it had all happened.

Following the usual precedent, on the ensuing Saturday the Committee, in what was regarded by the opposition as offensively jubilant spirits, took the train for Mt. Tabor with the important list of materials to be purchased written out large and plain on a full sheet of white foolscap paper and carefully tucked away in Mrs. Thomas' handbag, she being the only one of the party who possessed such a receptacle.

Mrs. Evans and her four intimates occupied two seats facing each other, while the Missionary, Frances Benson, a member of the Committee by courtesy, sat alone across the aisle. Mrs. Landvetter had scarcely entered the car before she drew from her pocket her inevitable lacework, and now sat by the window, her eyes fixed on her flying needles, and her mouth pursed counting the stitches. Mrs. Evans sat beside her, trim and upright, neat as a pin, her hands crossed in her lap, and her little feet, of which she was inordinately proud, barely touching the floor. Opposite was Mrs. Nitschkan, whistling softly through her closed teeth, her knees crossed, her soft hat on her lap, and her hands in the pockets of her coat. And then, Mrs. Thomas, a Venus colossal, joyous excitement in her blue eyes, tremulous smiles on her lips, smoothing mechanically her tight-fitting black kid gloves, which she kept in tissue-paper for funerals and great events like the present. Occasionally she paused to dispose more carefully, over the back of the seat, a rusty crêpe veil depending from her hat, and to settle more firmly the pink bow at her throat.

"Marthy Thomas," said Mrs. Evans suddenly, after gazing at her friend for some time in critical disapproval, "it don't seem to me just in taste for you to be wearing a crêpe veil down your back and a pink bow in front."

Mrs. Thomas looked at her for a moment in grieved surprise, and then her face assumed an expression of childish resentment.

"I don't see why not," she combatted. "I think it looks awful nice," appealing to the unsympathetic audience of her friends. "This pink bow," touching it with one black-gloved finger, "sort of shows that I'm in the world again, and," bridling coquettishly, "am open to offers, while this crêpe veil shows I ain't forgot poor Seth in his grave, an' can afford to mourn for him right."

A discussion of the propriety and legitimacy of these subtle intimations of the state of Mrs. Thomas' feelings and her attitude toward the world might have continued indefinitely, had not a diversion been created.

A tall, thin man with a worn and lined face, eyes deeply sunken in his head, and an expression at once satirical and sad, sauntered through the car, paused to speak to Frances Benson, and, after a word or two, took a seat beside her.

"My Land!" whispered Mrs. Thomas, in agitated consternation. "If there ain't Walt Garvin sitting down beside Missioner! That don't look just right to me."

"I guess there's no doubt but what he's the wickedest man in the county, and he's sure the richest," returned Mrs. Evans complacently, gazing at him with that admiration which is the tribute strength pays to strength, ambition to ambition.

"Vat makes Walt so bad?" asked Mrs. Landvetter, looking up from her knitting a moment. "I ain't neffer heard of his doing anything so fierce."

"He's an atheist or near it," returned Mrs. Evans, "and it ain't what he's done that's so bad, it's what he thinks."

"That's it," agreed Mrs. Nitschkan robustly. "Perfessers can slip through the straight an' narrer gate now an' then, an' kick up their heels in pasture, an' it don't count against 'em like it does against sinners."

"Missioner acts mighty pleasant to him," ventured Mrs. Thomas doubtfully.

"She's got to be." Mrs. Evans spoke sternly, regarding the Missionary with that protecting, tolerant awe, the tender impatience the Marthas of this world feel for the Marys. "She's wrestling for his soul, and," with a meaning glance, "she ain't being pleasant to him in your way, Marthy."

But the journey was but ten miles long, and, before Mrs. Thomas could attempt to refute the imputations of friendship, the train pulled in to Mt. Tabor; Mr. Garvin assisted the ladies to alight, bowed, and went his way, and the Committee proceeded up the sunshiny street which led to "Hayman's," with the momentous work of the afternoon before them; but slowly they went, and somewhat heavily. Something of the alert briskness, the fresh enthusiasm with which they had started out, had vanished; a silence fell; and each seemed occupied with her own thoughts, and scarcely had they gone two blocks when Mrs. Thomas paused irresolutely and then stood still, her soft, indefinite features expressing a mulish obstinacy.

"I don't see why we got to begin right now," she complained. "Why can't we have a few minutes to ourselves? Experienced shoppers like us can go through that list like locusts through a pea-vine." She turned her mutinous gaze upon her companions; but, for once, she failed to encounter the censure she expected, and realized instead that they were regarding her with an almost admiring approbation.

"There's some sense in what Marthy says," remarked Mrs. Evans, turning briskly to the Missionary. "We ought to arrange this thing so there'll be some system about it. Now, all of us ladies has probably got some little errands of our own to 'tend to, an' here we are with time to burn before us. Let's see. It's just one o'clock now," looking up at the clock in the square, wooden belfry of the little church, a gray, squat, unlovely tower standing out clearly from its background of deep blue sky and rugged mountains. "Now, why wouldn't it be a good plan for each of us to take an hour to 'tend to any little thing we may have on our minds, and agree to meet at 'Hayman's' at two o'clock sharp? We got to take the half-past five o'clock train for home, and that'll give us just three hours to go through the list, an' you girls know that it ain't really going to take us one hour."

This plausible statement was warmly confirmed. Only the Missionary wavered, but her hestitating objections were quickly overruled, and almost before her lingering doubts were voiced she saw her companions rapidly disappearing in various directions and found herself standing alone in the village street, with an hour's time before her, to make what use of she would.

Slowly, then, and rather aimlessly, she walked along the broad board sidewalk, to

pause presently before the window of the one book-shop the village boasted. While standing there gazing earnestly, if unseeingly, at the dusty and fly-blown contents, she heard her name spoken in a familiar voice and turned quickly to find Garvin again at her side.

"Not shopping?" he asked in surprise.

"No," she replied. "The others had some errands to do, so we are all to meet at two o'clock at 'Hayman's.'"

"But two o'clock is an hour away. Come," persuasively, drawing his watch from his pocket, "we have plenty of time for a little walk, and I have been wanting to show you a view from that mountain yonder." He indicated with a wave of the hand a mountain which rose steeply at the end of the village street and blocked the continuance of that thoroughfare. "It beats any view in Zenith."

The Missionary hesitated. "Shall I have time?"

"Of course," he reassured her. "It's only about a ten minutes' climb. Come."

She yielded with a smile. Who could have resisted the invitation of this afternoon in late October? The air was mild; there was a soft languor in the touch of the wind on one's cheek; the earth lay in a sort of dreaming brightness, and the hillsides were like vast, changing mosaics of color, inwrought, overlaid, inlaid with the gold of the aspens, the crimson and flame of the maples, the green gloom of the pines; and from farther purple mountains rose the white peaks sharply, coldly distinct against the deep, bending blue of the sky.

This was the scene that Garvin pointed out to Frances Benson as they reached the objective point of their climb, and as she looked upon it her dark eyes glowed in their depths, and her lips curved in sudden, rare smiles. There are certain temperaments so susceptible to color that it acts upon them as an intoxicant, and Frances Benson's was one of these. "Oh, the glory of it! The wonder of it!" she whispered. Then, as if seeking relief from the almost unbearable splendor, she turned her gaze down toward the little town, peaceful and bright in the afternoon sun.

"Things look more tidy here than in Zenith"; she caught self-consciously at the commonplace, abashed by her recent emotion.

"They surely do," Garvin answered. "By the way," diffidently, "I noticed last Sunday that the church looked pretty shabby. Do you think they'd let a sinner like me have it painted?"

She clasped her hands impulsively and looked at him with grateful, delighted eyes. "Oh, if you only would! You say that you notice that the church needs painting. Well, I notice that you are there almost every Sunday now, and I — I — am so glad."

He twisted his mouth in a queer little smile as he looked at the sun-drenched ranges.

"M — m, yes," he said dryly, "I'm always there when you're going to preach."

"Oh, I can't preach." She was really abashed now, the color tinged her cheek, and she drew back and spoke deprecatingly. "I just talk a little, just of the things that come to me to say," she explained eagerly.

He looked at her with wonder, even a curious, speculative awe. "That is why we come," he said. "If you gave us a real sermon, I guess none of us would be there. We've heard too many of them," with a short laugh. "It is you we wish to hear."

"Oh, no," with a deepening of the eyes, a strange, incredulous smile, as if she spoke from some secret conviction. "It isn't me. It's The Word that's drawing you."

"Maybe it is," he answered, influenced for the moment by her belief. "Maybe," he sighed, and then smiled in amused scorn of himself. "Well, well, let it go at that, anyway. Then you think I'll be allowed to paint the church?"

"Indeed, yes. Look at the shadows on the hills, Mr. Garvin! You can see them move. Oh," — with a start — "it must be nearly two o'clock. Oh — h — h." looking at her watch, "it is half-past two. What will they think of me?"

She hastened down the hill at such speed that he could scarcely keep pace with her, and with a mere, preoccupied nod left him at the door of "Hayman's"; but to her shamefaced relief, after making a tour of the shop and questioning clerks and proprietor, she discovered that none of the other members of the Committee had yet arrived. In order that no time might be wasted in seeking her when they did appear, she returned to the street and, standing just outside of the doors, awaited her coadjutors.

Minute after minute passed, the shadows lengthened, the wind grew chill, yet still Frances Benson kept guard alone, starting

at every footfall, occasionally consulting her watch, her face growing each moment more anxious and dejected. At last, long after three o'clock, Mrs. Evans rushed down the street like a small cyclone.

"Oh, Missioner," she gasped, clutching Frances Benson's arm with her strong, little hands, "I jus' stopped a moment at Mrs. Whalen's, — the dressmaker, you know, — to talk to her about the best way to make up my new dress, an' she got to showin' me some patterns an' talkin' about the styles. She's just been down to Denver, you know. Well, they's a complete change in sleeves in the last month; an' she got to showin' me how to get the new flare into the skirts and all; an' 'fore I knew it, sure's you're alive, it was after three o'clock. My land! I don't know when I ever did such a thing before. Where's the other girls?" without pausing to take breath. "In buying, I suppose?"

"They haven't come," said the Missionary, in a tired, flat voice. "You're the first."

Mrs. Evans fell back a step or two. "They ain't come!" she repeated shrilly, as if the thing were unbelievable. "Ain't come?" in a crescendo of incredulity. "An' Marthy Thomas has got the only list the ladies made out, in her hand-bag. Oh, why didn't we take a copy? We might have known that Marthy'd do something like this. She ain't no more to be depended upon than the wind. Did you happen to read over the list, Missioner?" clutching at a straw.

"Just once," answered Miss Benson, "but it doesn't help me. I can remember it in a general way, but that's all. I don't recall it well enough to buy a spool of thread."

"No more do I," groaned Mrs. Evans.

"How would it do," offered the Missionary tentatively, "to ask Mr. Hayman to keep his store open to-night? Then, if we find we can't get through before train time, we can hire a conveyance and drive to Zenith this evening."

This suggestion was scarcely made before it was acted upon by Mrs. Evans; but she presently returned from her diplomatic mission in what, for her, was a crestfallen state.

"He says," dejectedly, "he'd like to accommodate us; but they's a surprise party at his house to-night. His friends are going to surprise him with a gold watch and chain, and he's got to go home 'specially early to get cleaned up and study over his speech of thanks. I asked him if he wouldn't keep open an hour or two to-morrow; but he passes the plate in church, and he says he wouldn't break the Sabbath that way to oblige nobody."

Her companion sighed. "I guess there isn't anything to do but wait, then."

"There sure ain't," returned Mrs. Evans, with her usual decision.

At first they talked a little; but as the minutes were slowly ticked away by the open watch in the Missionary's hand, they fell to silence. A wagon laden with hay or ore occasionally lumbered past, a pedestrian, now and again, turned to gaze at the two lonely watchers; but still they waited, a somber and weary pair.

Mt. Tabor is closely encircled by mountains, and when the sun drops suddenly behind them like a great, flaring disk jerked by a string, night comes on quickly.

The deepening twilight and the cold wind from the peaks increased the anxiety of the watchers. The crawling minutes ticked themselves monotonously away, and the tension was growing almost unbearable, when Mrs. Evans suddenly peered forward. "I thought so," she said in tones of relief. "Here comes Landvetter."

"Hello, girls," cried that huge Teuton jovially. Then, with unusual volubility, "Vere vas de odders? Still buyin'? I vas a liddle late; but I t'ought dat didn't make no difference, since all you ladies vas so goot buyers. Ven ve find dat ve haf dat hour, I yust stopped in to Miss Kemmerer's. I ain't seen her for two, tree months, und I find dat her daughter Minna, she is yust home from de old country mit so mooch laces in so many patterns. Mein Gott!" with a fat chuckle, "I did not know how de time pass ven I get to lookin' at dem. Vell," noticing at last that something was wrong, "vat's de matter?"

"Matter!" exclaimed Mrs. Evans. "Matter enough! Marthy Thomas ain't showed up yet with the list."

"Hein?" cried Mrs. Landvetter, in uncomprehending bewilderment. "You ain't bought nutting! Marthy ain't come mit de list! Mein Gott! Mein Gott! Vat ve goin' to say to de S'ciety? Dey was kickin' enough about lettin' us come anyway. Und nutting bought, nutting bought!" She shook

her head slowly from side to side, repeating the words as if trying to grasp their import.

"Here comes Mrs. Nitschkan," broke in the Missionary hopefully, as that cheery Amazon rolled down the street through the gathering gloom.

"Gosh A'mighty!" called the gipsy, when she was within hailing distance; "what you all huddled here for, like so many wet hens? All done, an' waitin' for me? Well, you got to excuse me, girls, but I just thought I'd let the rest of you go ahead with that buyin'. I'm no good at that kind of work. I tell you what, though," laughing, "I've had the great afternoon. I hadn't hardly left you all, when who should I run across but the Thompson boys. They've just took a lease on the 'Pennyroyal,' you know, an' they wanted me to go up an' look it over. Well, I know the history of that mine from way back. 'She's got a bad name, boys,' I says, 'but I always believed she hadn't never been worked right.' Well, I went through some of the new drifts with 'em, and I chipped off some specimens." She pulled two or three of these from her coat pocket and fingered them affectionately. "They sure look mighty good to me. Well, it'll soon be time to start for home. Where's Marthy?"

"Yes, where is Marthy?" broke out Mrs. Evans shrilly. "That's what more of us than you, Sadie Nitschkan, would like to know. We ain't bought one thing," her voice rising hysterically.

"You — ain't — bought — one — thing!" repeated Mrs. Nitschkan, in stupefied astonishment. "You ain't bought one thing! Say it again, Effie."

"No, we ain't," snapped Mrs. Evans. "However should we?" — exasperated beyond endurance —"when Marthy Thomas has cavorted off, Lord knows where, with the only list we got, in her pocket."

Mrs. Nitschkan almost collapsed; her powerful and strongly knit frame became limp and flaccid. "Gosh A'mighty!" she whispered weakly, leaning against the wall. "That beats all; but," rousing to the necessity for action, "something's got to be done. Time's short. Can't we just go in and buy any old thing, Effie? Anything's better'n going back empty-handed. You know how the Society went on about our bein' a standin' committee, an' how we just had to railroad things through to get here at all. Say, Effie," pleadingly, "there must be some way out. Why, us ladies'll be shamed before the whole of Zenith."

"Oh, don't talk to me," cried Mrs. Evans, goaded beyond control, the tears starting to her hard, bright eyes. "There ain't nothin' to do. This is a judgment on us fer bein' such a pack of fools as to trust Marthy with that list."

Mrs. Nitschkan, with the nearest expression to worry that her face could possibly assume, drew a stubby pipe from her pocket and thoughtfully prodded the tobacco into it with her thumb. Still abstractedly, she lighted a match, and then suddenly dropped it from the shielding hollow of her hand, as she cast one quick glance up the street.

"Here she comes now," she cried.

Eagerly they bent forward, to a man, and then simultaneously drew one long, heartfelt sigh.

Through the dusk might be seen approaching the slow and reluctant figure of Mrs. Thomas. There was a frightened expression in her wide, blue eyes, there was confusion and apprehension; but there was also the reminiscent gleam of excitement and a joyous irresponsibility, which faded speedily in the chilling atmosphere whose belt she presently entered.

There was no word to greet her, only the cold reproof, the bitter indignation of three pairs of eyes.

Mrs. Thomas fumbled with the buttons of her coat and swayed slightly from side to side, the corners of her mouth drooping like an accused child's.

"I guess you girls all thought I never was goin' to show up; but you're all such smart, experienced buyers that I knew you wouldn't need me. I s'pose you're all through now?"

"Was you quite aware, Mis' Thomas," — Mrs. Evans' voice was as cold as ice and sharp as a two-edged sword—"Was you quite aware that you had walked off with the list, the only list that us ladies had to go by, as you very well knew?"

Mrs. Thomas' jaw dropped, the pink of recent happy experience faded from her cheek, she cast timid eyes quickly over the little band, and then fell into the blunder of explanation. "Why, why — after you all had left, agreein' to meet in an hour, I met Willie Barker, an' he says, 'Come into my drug store an' have a ice-cream sody,' an' I went, an' he set up the sody an' a big box

of candy, chocolate creams an' caramels, and — and — then he had his new horse an' buggy hitched in front of the store, an' he wanted me to let him drive me up the road a piece — an' —— "

"And of course" — Mrs. Evans' face was white, her eyes were blazing, her lips set in a thin line — "you had to cavort off with a spindle-shanked, knock-kneed, mush-brained jack-rabbit like Willie Barker, with no thought of the shame you was bringin' on the Committee. You know," passionately, "that to get here at all, we had to hustle like Injuns an' work every scheme that's known in parliamentary law. You know that I set up nights studyin' my manual, an' seein' how I could throw dust in the eyes of them that wanted to down us. Oh-h-h!" She drew in her breath with a long, hissing sound and clenched her hands in impotent indignation.

"I didn't mean no harm," wailed Mrs. Thomas, wiping her streaming eyes on the back of her hand, a movement hampered somewhat by the fact that her handkerchief had been fashioned into a bag to hold the remaining chocolates, and was tied tightly to her thumb. "I clean forgot the old list. I — I — " accepting the Missionary's proffered handkerchief and sobbing audibly and unrestrainedly, "I don't see why you're all so hard on me."

"I'd like to take a stick to you," growled Mrs. Nitschkan savagely. "Good land! What do you want to flirt around with Willie Barker for? Can't you never leave the boys alone? What for did you have to go an' bring this trouble on us? If you hadn't no respect for the rest of us, you might have thought of Missioner."

"You ain't no call to talk to me like you was a she-bear, Sadie Nitschkan, an' I ain't a-goin' to take your sass," retorted Mrs. Thomas, goaded to some show of defiance; but her weak burst of petulance died, and she cowered against Miss Benson, as Mrs. Nitschkan's small eyes narrowed, and she began the ominous preparation of rolling up her sleeve.

"We mustn't be too hard on her," interposed the Missionary. "I — I wasn't on time, either. I — " with an effort — "was walking with Mr. Garvin."

"Yes, but you was tryin' to save his soul," quickly interposed Mrs. Evans, "while Marthy Thomas was just foolin' an' playin'. Don't go for to excuse her, Missioner. She — " with a glance of scorching scorn — "wouldn't know how to go about savin' the soul of a flea."

Mrs. Thomas wept afresh at this indictment of spiritual incapacity.

"Ah, we mustn't be too severe," pleaded Frances Benson, encircling the culprit's generous waist with her arm. "I was no better," with a pale smile. "I forgot the time, too."

But Mrs. Evans was deaf to this desire of her idol to step from her pedestal and was determined to keep her there at all hazards.

"'Course you didn't," she cried. "You was in a hand-to-hand grapple with the Devil, an' you hadn't no time to think. When a sinner like Walt Garvin's in question, Satan's doin' some mighty pretty fightin' to hold him."

"Wasn't all you ladies on time?" asked Mrs. Thomas eagerly, a hopeful suspicion dawning in her eyes.

Mrs. Evans froze her with a glance. "It ain't goin' to do you a mite of good to try an' ferret out the sins of others. Your own is scarlet enough. Maybe," as if generously conceding a point, "one or two of us was a minute over time; but that's nothin' to do with you."

"Listen!" said Mrs. Nitschkan authoritatively, bending her ear toward the ground. "I thought so," with an air of finality; "the train."

As if to confirm her statement, a whistle sounded in the distance.

It was a sad little group that slipped aboard the railway coach ten minutes later and took their seats in silence and dejection; a silence and gloom which lasted until more than half the distance was traversed, and was only broken by what seemed an irrepressible giggle from Mrs. Thomas. Doubting the evidence of their senses and appalled by this unseemly mirth, the Committee turned shocked and astonished eyes upon the penitent.

The color had come back to her cheeks, and the light to her eyes. "Say, girls, what do you think? While we was out ridin' this afternoon, Willie flashed an awful cute motto on me. It was on cream-tinted paper, an' it had a red an' blue border, an'," simpering consciously, "it says in black an' gold letters, 'A Little Widow is A Dangerous Thing.'"

The Committee was too stunned for speech. For the first time in her existence, Mrs.

Landvetter dropped her knitting and, indifferent to the fact that it had fallen to the floor, sat staring at Mrs. Thomas and murmuring: "You can't neffer tell." Mrs. Nitschkan had fallen back, speechless for the moment; then she uttered, "Gosh A'mighty!" in an awed whisper and allowed her glance to travel slowly over Mrs. Thomas' well-cushioned six feet of womanhood. "A — little — widow!" she muttered huskily.

Even the Missionary stared and sighed.

Mrs. Evans alone remained oblivious. Throughout the journey she had sat with her arms folded on her chest, her chin sunk, her eyes fixed unseeingly upon the floor; but as the train pulled into Zenith, she lifted her head with one of her quick movements, the old alert intelligence and resolution in her face. Her glance passed over the disgraced Mrs. Thomas and rested upon her coadjutors, and then she addressed them briefly as might Napoleon his generals:

"'I bin a-thinkin' while some was yelpin'"— Mrs. Thomas cringed —"an' I come to this conclusion: that there's always pretty nearly a remedy for a thing, or there's none. Now, I think I got the remedy; but I'm a-goin' to ask you ladies, one an' all, to keep your mouths shut. If folks come botherin' round to find out what all we done, you just tell them to wait till the meetin' Monday afternoon, an' they'll see. I've got a kind of plan workin' in my head."

Relief showed in every face. A long experience had taught her friends to place a rather implicit confidence in this mistress of resource.

"But, Mrs. Evans," objected the Missionary gravely, "don't you think it's the only square thing to do, and far better, just to tell the truth to the ladies on Monday afternoon?"

They all exchanged alarmed glances. Such a course would be a virtual abdication of empire.

"No, I don't," returned Mrs. Evans shortly. "I ain't thinkin' of any such thing. You mind that fortune-teller we went to, Sadie Nitschkan? Well, do you remember she looked at my hands, an' she says: 'You're bound to get into scrapes, 'cause you're one of them active temperaments that's got to be always helpin' others; but you won't never get into a scrape,' she says, 'that you can't swim or fly out of.'"

"You bet that's so," affirmed Mrs. Nitschkan devoutly. "Now, Effie," as they stepped from the train, "we're a-puttin' our trust in you. If you can pull us out of this bog, you're goin' beyond yourself; but you can depend on the rest of us to throw off the scent any nosy coyotes that comes snuffin' around."

This agreement the Committee adhered to; but on the momentous Monday afternoon, when they assembled for the meeting, they seemed to have grown thinner and paler over night. There were worried lines upon their faces, their eyes looked heavy, as if from lack of sleep. Only Mrs. Evans wore a placid demeanor and a calm brow. There was no trace of care in her expression, although, as Mrs. Nitschkan intimated to Mrs. Thomas, this was a straw which must not be regarded as indicating too correctly which way the wind blew.

"You know Mis' Evans," she remarked, "an' if you don't, I do. Why," dreamily, "I can just see that woman on the Day of Judgment. St. Peter'll be readin' off her sins, an' she'll never quail. She'll stand there, maybe with Hell yawnin' at her feet, just lookin' him straight in the eye. An' I'm tellin' you now, after a ten minute talk with Effie Evans, he'll take off his hat an' let her pass. Managers like her is needed in Heaven, I guess. Specially there, I shouldn't wonder, considerin' all the flabby brothers an' sisters that seems dead sure of goin'."

The members of the Society had all entered and taken their places, before the little group, consisting of Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Landvetter, and Mrs. Nitschkan summoned courage to follow; but fairly inside, they could scarcely restrain their astonishment at the sight which awaited them. In the center of the room was a large table piled high with bolts of flannel, muslin, prints, etc., while ribbons, tape, and thread overflowed them. At the head of the table stood Mrs. Evans, her face set, her eyes stern. With a slight bow to the Society, she opened the meeting.

"Ladies of the Aid Society, I wish to call the attention of the members of this organization to the goods here on the table. The Committee heard some of the spiteful things that's been said about it, and following these remarks, we didn't feel that we cared to put ourselves in a position where we'd have to put up with such criticism; so instead

of buyin' accordin' to the list, we simply ordered the goods sent over here on approval, which is the latest, and what's always done where folks is up-to-date an' has any glimmerings of style about them. So, Ladies of the Aid Society, it's up to you. There's the goods, there's your list," — throwing it upon the table with a superb gesture. "You can select what you want. Mr. Hayman is here himself, over there in the corner, to measure things off, an' he's got his horse an' wagon outside, to cart 'em back when you're through with 'em.

"An' now, there's just one last word I want to say, an' it's this": — she paused effectively — 'us ladies of the Committee has been a good deal hurt an' cut up by the action of certain members of the Society. I shan't mention no names, but I guess everybody knows who I mean. There was a good deal of ugly talk about us tryin' to be elected on the Committee because we wanted to jant off to Mt. Tabor an' do our own fall buyin'. Well, those of us that wasn't hurt to the heart's core was fightin' mad, an' if saner counsels hadn't prevailed, there'd been a window or so broke on Sunshine Avenue. But the Committee held itself aloft an' tried to do its duty in a humble way. Now, none of us wants to hurl stones, but we can't help but feel that it's up to certain sisters who are well known to us to apologize to the Committee that's suffered this insult an' done the best it could anyway.

"An' furthermore, I wish to state that by goin' to Mt. Tabor Saturday, Missioner — Miss Benson — secured a offer from Walt Garvin to paint the church within an' without. That's all."

She resumed her seat with an air of wounded pride, hauteur, lofty scorn for her detractors, and dove-like forgiveness, ineffably blended.

"What I always been tellin' you?" breathed Mrs. Nitschkan huskily in Mrs. Thomas' ear. "Ain't I always been right?" — digging her sharply in the side — "Why, that woman, that little Effie Evans, no bigger than a minute, could give Gabriel pointers on how to toot his horn."

THE ROAD AT NIGHT

BY

WILLIAM LUCIUS GRAVES

INTO the valley flows my road
Into the starlit valley, dim as a dream,
Whither, swift thro' the voiceless, odorous night
Eager, I follow, I follow.
Caught in the wayside grass at my hurrying feet,
Palpitant there in the dew,
Palely gleams the firefly's living gold;
Delicate wings brush for a breath my cheek,—
Elfin kiss in the white moth's velvet flight
As he hastes to the fainting lure of the amber moon
Drowning in mist at the mountain's shadowy rim.
Firefly's glinting lamp, and kiss o' the moth,
Wind from the valley dying among the pines,
Star-shine steady and clear on my dream-dim road,—
Then, ah then, at the end,
Your step in the throbbing dark,
Your voice, beloved, your outstretched, quivering hands,—
You at the end!

CHICAGO AS SEEN BY HERSELF

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for April published the result of a careful investigation of the government of Chicago. It now publishes the following article, giving a picture of the conditions of life in Chicago, which have developed as the natural result of such a government. It would be impossible to secure a more authentic description of these conditions. This portrayal of them is not made by one man, or by an investigator who spent merely a few weeks or months in the study of local affairs; it is the work of scores of well-trained observers of life in Chicago, many of whom have spent years in learning the ways of the city, and all of whom have every reason to understate rather than exaggerate the conditions they describe. The indictment of the civilization of that city, given herewith, is not only most serious in itself; it is made doubly impressive by its sources.—EDITOR.

THE epidemic of crime with which the year 1906 opened in Chicago aroused the citizens to a degree of indignation almost unprecedented in its history. During the twenty-four hours ending at ten o'clock on the night of January 6th, tragedy of almost unparalleled enormity held sway in Cnicago and its immediate vicinity. The list of "bloody Saturday's" crimes and casualties comprised two murders, two probable murders, seven suicides — two of those who took their lives were men who brutally slew women they professed to love — five deaths by explosion, and five from other violent causes. As an added gruesome circumstance, a murderer was sentenced to be hanged.

"Human life," said a public prosecutor, "is the cheapest thing in Chicago."

On January 12th murder — once more with an inoffensive woman as the victim, and this crime more atrocious than any of a startling series that preceded it — again laid hold of Chicago. The latest victim was Mrs. Franklin C. Hollister, thirty years old, church singer and religious worker, who left home in the afternoon to sing at a funeral, and whose body was found the next morning on a heap of refuse in an enclosure behind a high board-fence at 368 Belden Avenue. A coil of copper tightly encircling the woman's throat, several bruises upon the face, torn and disheveled garments, and disordered hair told the police at once of a fiendishly brutal murder.

After this crime a general feeling of apprehension passed over the city. All the influence of the local churches was put forth in an effort to rouse citizens to a realization of the criminal menace which overshadowed Chicago. The subject was of all-absorbing interest in the community. The sense of outrage welled up everywhere. In Lake View, on the north side, there was talk by residents of leaving the city, so terrified had they become over the danger to themselves and their families. "It has come to a point," said a business man, in an informal meeting of citizens to discuss the hold-ups, murders, and crimes in this section, "where no one is safe — especially our wives and children."

Private Police Force Organized

Indeed, fearing for the safety of their women-folk in another residence quarter of the city, where police protection was inadequate, husbands and fathers in Sheridan Park and Buena Park initiated a coöperative system of defense. A vigilance service was established under the name of the Sheridan Park Protective Patrol, which furnished uniformed guards for unattended women to and from street cars and the elevated stations, and to and from the markets and stores of the neighborhood. In addition, day and night protection of premises was furnished, and instruction in the safeguarding of property and in dealing with burglars was given for the special benefit of defenseless women.

It was the testimony of hundreds of women living in this part of the city that they had never seen a policeman pass the house. Those living on a business thoroughfare like Halsted Street or Evanston Avenue, or those within view of a patrol box were the only persons accorded this novel sight; the residence streets themselves were practically unprotected.

"It's got so now, you have to watch for daylight burglars just as much as the night kind," said Captain Richard Levis, who was in charge of the Sheridan Park Patrol.

"They don rk alone or in pairs, necessarily; they are getting so strong they work in threes and fours and bring a wagon. Sometimes the people in the surrounding flats see four husky men moving out the furniture of the family on the ground floor and stacking it in a wagon in an alley. The next day they are surprised to hear that the 'movers' were burglars."

Captain Levis gave out the following series of "Don't's for Defenseless Women":

"Don't let mail accumulate in vestibule mail boxes. Have the janitor remove it when you are away, or it will serve as a notice to flat workers that you are out and the coast is clear.

"Don't leave directions to your grocer on the back door. This is another tip to the burglar that you are out.

"Don't open the door to any one after dark without knowing who it is. Call through the tube or ask behind the locked door.

"Don't trust a stranger because he is well dressed. The immaculate thief is dangerous; the ragged one generally is harmless.

"Don't trust the locks. Most apartment locks are toys: a burglar can 'jimmy' them in half a minute without noise. Get special bolts.

"Don't leave the house without making sure that all windows are fastened. Leave all curtains up with possible exception of bedroom. This often fools a burglar.

"Don't be impolite to a burglar if you find one in the house. Invite him to take it all, and the first chance you get, run to a neighbor and call the police.

"Don't scream in the presence of a burglar or hold-up man. If he is an amateur, he may lose his presence of mind and hurt you.

"Don't walk close to a building after dark; give an alley a good margin."

Women in Danger on the Streets

The chief alarm was over the great number of attacks on women. It has ever been our proudest boast as a people that in this country woman is respected and protected as she is in no other. That boast was becoming an empty one in Chicago. Women had not only been annoyed and insulted in great numbers on the streets, within a very short time, but many of them had been robbed, and not a few had been murdered. In the year before the Hollister tragedy there were seventeen murders of women in Chicago, which attracted the attention of the city.

The danger of attack and insult from rough characters, which an unprotected woman runs in venturing upon the streets of Chicago after nightfall, is great. From an investigation made by the *Tribune* at this time, it appeared that scores of these outrages upon unattended women had taken place recently in certain quarters of the city. The public did not hear of them because the police effectually suppressed the news of them. Furthermore, it appeared that reports of attacks on women were dismissed practically without investigation or attempts to bring the malefactors to justice. In the case of Mrs. Bertha Tyorka, who died January 15th as the result of a brutal assault, although all the details of the attack were reported two hours after its occurrence, no action was taken by the police until two hours after her death two days later. Efforts were then made to keep the real cause of her death a secret, and the report of "sudden death" was sent to the Health Department.

Plague Spots and Nurseries of Crime

It is not without reason that Chicago has gained the unwelcome reputation of being a paradise for criminals. The influx of outside crooks with desperate records is steady, and about equal to the exodus of those who have turned a trick and slipped out, to remain under cover in some other city until the noise over their crime has subsided.

In addition to this, the facilities for breeding the local criminal in Chicago are extraordinary. For example, in the territory bounded on the east by the Chicago River, on the west by Wood Street, on the north by Harrison, and on the south by 16th Street, murderers, robbers, and thieves of the worst kind are born, reared, and grown to maturity in numbers which far exceed the record of any similar district anywhere on the face of the globe. Murders by the score, shooting and stabbing affrays by the hundred, assaults, burglaries, and robberies by the thousand, — such is the crime record each year for this festering place of evil which lies a scant mile from the heart of Chicago. It is here that the locally notorious Mortell McGraw faction won the record for killing officers in fight after fight; and here that the McCalls lived, who defied the law, until five

years ago. When it is told that children six years old are often arrested for participation in burglaries, it will readily be seen that no great time elapses between the exit from the cradle to the entrance to the felon's cell.

Another plague-spot is the 38th police precinct, which is bounded by Division Street on the north, the river on the west and south, and the Lake on the east. In the first fifty-one days of 1906, 872 arrests were made there, and ten per cent of this total were of serious offenders, charged with crimes exceeding misdemeanors. In this precinct there were then 386 saloons. With an estimated population of 31,164 in the precinct, the saloons reached one for every eighty residents, and this included women and children. The most dangerous hold-up point in Chicago is in this section, the Clark Street bridge over the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad yards. In one instance of a hold-up in this vicinity, one of the two stick-up men remarked, as they turned to leave their victim: "He's trying to remember us; let's give him the guns." They gave him the guns; and he only escaped with his life by simulating a death-agony.

Vice and depravity are openly traded in as a commodity in Chicago, and the streets of a district traversed daily by at least one-third of the city's population are its market-place. The district is bounded by Sangamon, Halsted, Lake, and Monroe Streets and is known as the West Side levee. This public emporium of immorality and degradation exists by virtue of a regularly organized "protective association," whose members laugh at law, successfully defy those who have tried to cope with them, and, through some mysterious influence, are enabled to continue their traffic with a license and abandon that makes of the West Side levee an open brothel.

In the section known as "Little Hell," a network of dives, grimy hotels, and concert halls, lying between LaSalle Avenue, and the river on the north side, is another center of evil. Here officers supposed to patrol beats are found drinking openly with white-aproned bartenders after closing hours. On the south side orgies go on until four and five o'clock in the morning, and policemen are seen in the saloons. Police Chief Collins admits that he is unable to obtain from his subordinates truthful reports concerning the extent to which the saloon-closing ordinance is violated.

In various sections of the city "rowdy gangs" of boys and young men collect in crowds on corners to scuffle and fight among themselves and insult and annoy others. They range from little groups of boys belonging to respectable families, who gather on the sidewalks and make impudent remarks to, and throw dirt upon, passers-by, to crews of youth of low bringing-up, whom vicious dives, debased associates, and depraved and rowdy habits have fitted for the most odious and desperate crimes.

The public dance halls are the shame of Chicago. These halls have proved the first step for the highwaymen, the women of the "red light" district, and vicious characters in general. It is here that many young girls go whirling down the road to ruin in twostep time. Hundreds of girls in the corrective institutions can trace their first steps in delinquency to these halls, where drink and degeneracy are inseparable evils. There is a law that prohibits the sale of liquor to minors, and it certainly applies to dance halls, but it is not enforced.

Talk of Vigilantes and Lynchings

The movement to change existing conditions centered, during the late winter, upon an effort to increase the size of the police force. "We need a thousand more men," said Chief Collins, "to protect the life and property of the citizens adequately." This was generally recognized to be true. Even in the most populous and frequented districts, a policeman was a rare sight. Nobody had a sense of security in the street, either in the business districts or the residence quarters.

"The way things are going now" — said Alderman Kohout, who championed the cause of a larger force, to the city council, "how many more murders like that of Mrs. Hollister are you going to have? I tell you this is an emergency — more of an emergency than that of last summer, when we added to the police force during the teamsters' strike. Is not the virtue and the honor and the life of your mother or sister more important than escorting a lumber wagon through the streets of Chicago?"

In the meanwhile crime continued. On the night of February 27th five Chicago

women were set upon and beaten by highwaymen, and some of them robbed. On the same day the Grand Jury returned indictments against four persons for murder and against seventy-one for assaults to kill or to do bodily injury, for burglary, and for robbery. The men who were caught by the police and indicted for robbery and burglary were outnumbered by the men who had committed these offenses and had not been caught by the police. The Grand Jury believed the condition called for searching inquiry.

The people, goaded to desperation by the brutal attacks of thugs on weak women, talked of organizing for their own protection. The police did not catch or scare the criminals; they neither prevented crime nor caught the criminals to punish them. The people saw no hope in them and turned to the thought of vigilantes and lynching as a last resort.

A Murder Every Other Day

There was no marked betterment in the conditions through the spring, and in May there was another "wave of crime." And with the renewal of outbreaks of thuggery against women, in the public streets of Chicago, there came again talk of movements to hold indignation meetings and of vigilance committees.

At this time the startling assertion made by Attorney Mackenzie Cleland, in an address on the prevalence of murder and other crimes in Chicago, called forth denials from official sources. Mr. Cleland estimated that a burglary was committed in the city every three hours, a hold-up every six hours, a suicide every day, and a murder every day. Assistant State's-Attorney Olsen said these figures were greatly in error in some particulars. Coroner Hoffman pointed out that the statistics as to murders were much exaggerated, as the records of his office showed that during the first one hundred and twenty days of the year there had been only fifty-seven murders in Chicago. However, a city that had fifty-seven murders in one hundred and twenty days — practically one murder every other day — had no reason to feel relieved. The plain truth which Chicago had to face was, that lawlessness and criminality were still widespread, and that as yet the legal agencies for preventing crime were not sufficiently effective.

Attention was naturally called again to the police force. When the previous series of atrocious crimes against women roused the people of Chicago in the late winter to insist that their government really govern, the City Hall had declared that the police force was too small, and that if the city had only a thousand more policemen, women could go about unmolested by lustful thugs, and human life could be made passably safe in Chicago. The City Hall had been provided the money to pay more policemen, and it had the thousand more or was getting them. Yet there was another "reign of crime," with "the drag-net out," — but catching nothing,— and so again the necessity for more indignation meetings and vigilance committees. A list of the criminals who have committed dreadful crimes in Chicago and have slipped through the fingers of the detectives would make a good-sized book and be a shameful record of incompetence. The department not only does not pursue criminals; it is openly charged with protecting them and sharing their gains.

The most searching inquiry ever made into police conditions was that conducted three years ago by Captain Piper, a man of West Point training, and formerly assistant deputy-commissioner of police in New York. Captain Piper evinced the proper attitude toward the whole subject by directing his investigation primarily to the question of what patrolmen were actually doing on their beats, and he discovered there a condition of actual chaos and neglect. He found that the whole matter of patrolling beats was the subject of a systematic pretense — that officers simply left saloons and other loafing places long enough to pull their boxes at the proper time, and then disappeared until time to pull them again.

"Official Highwaymen and Thieves"

During the summer the frequency of hold-ups and assaults abated, as it usually does with the large exodus of criminal population into the country. The most interesting event in police circles was the trial of Inspector Patrick J. Lavin on the charge of having directed the robbery of the jewelry store of Bernard J. Hagaman, of Wentworth Avenue, in 1901, for which Patrick P. Mahoney, a patrolmen under Lavin, had been sent to the penitentiary. The Inspector was acquitted of this charge, but immediately after resigned from the

force. A letter to the Civil Service Commissioners, giving the desk-sergeant's view of this trial, spoke of certain commanding officers in the police department as "official highwaymen and thieves." "They are cruel and desperate as a man-eating tiger," the letter continued; "they stop at nothing, not even at death, to revenge themselves on any member of the department who is opposed to them. Get rid of this band of official highwaymen and give the honest policeman a chance to redeem Chicago and himself in the eyes of the civilized world."

Annual Winter Harvest of Crime

In spite of the increased police force, by the middle of October Chicago's annual winter harvest of crime was on in earnest. Thugs, burglars, thieves, and murderers were gathering in from all parts of the country and plying their trade almost openly. The city again abounded in loafers and thugs well known to the police as such, but favorably known to the slum politicians. The records showed that crime had not diminished in the least. On the contrary, at the beginning of the winter there were more criminals in Chicago than were ever there before, and the police showed themselves totally unable to cope with them.

"Don't Shop After Dark"

There was a small army of purse-snatchers and pickpockets who came into the business district with the crowds at Christmas time. Chief of Police Collins gave, among others, the following prescriptions for women shoppers, who should be attacked by one or more of these :

"Don't let the hold-up man scare you to death; keep your wits and forget to faint, and the chances are that you will not lose your pocketbook.

"Keep your wits about you at every moment while you are in the crush.

"Don't linger about the counters of the stores.

"Don't scream if you find your purse is being snatched in one of the big stores; it only creates a panic and gives the thief an opportunity to disappear.

"Don't wait too long before starting for home; there are more hold-ups after dark than in the daytime."

An Invasion of Tramps

In January of this year, in spite of all the agitation for law and order, the influx of rough characters to the city reached a record height. More than 20,000 men, including beggars, tramps, and nomadic workmen, attracted to Chicago by the open winter, were thronging the streets and choking the cheap lodging-houses. Crimes by street beggars included the beating down of a citizen with a piece of gas-pipe by a tramp, because he was refused alms, and setting fire to a dwelling by another man for the same reason. Men of this class were present in hordes; the streets were filled with tramps; and keepers of the cheap lodging-houses reported that the number of their guests was the largest ever known at that time of the year.

Hunting Women as a Sport

The dangers of the Chicago streets, which result from these conditions, are described by Mrs. W. C. H. Keough, a member of the Chicago Board of Education, in an article contributed to the Chicago *Tribune*, discussing the assaults on women in 1906. She says:

"Hunting women and hitting them on the head with a piece of gas-pipe seems to be the favorite sport of the Chicago Man. The man lies in wait for his prey as an East Indian hunter awaits the approach of a tigress. It is considered rare evidence of sportsmanship to capture the prey near her home, just as it is regarded as a proof of supreme skill when the hunter slays the tigress near her lair.

"It is time," continues Mrs. Keough, "for Chicago women to arouse themselves from their lethargy and demand protection from the city against the men who hunt down helpless women on the public streets. It seems to be becoming a mere pastime for rowdies, hoodlums, and thugs to attack and insult women on residential streets, inadequately or inefficiently patroled by police. These ruffians engage in hunting women as sportsmen go out into the forests to bag wild game. They walk for hours along unprotected, shadowy streets, looking for their victims. When they sight a lonely woman, unattended, and powerless to defend herself against the brute force of sinewy arms, they take up the trail. They follow her until, unawares, she walks into the darkness of a deep shadow on a street that is asleep. Then they spring upon her as a hunter springs from ambush when his prey has come within range of his rifle.

"Sometimes they hit her on the head with a bludgeon; sometimes they hold a cloth, saturated with chloroform, to her nostrils; sometimes they bind and gag her and carry her into the seclusion of an alley shed; sometimes they strike her with their bare fists or with brass knuckles. It makes little difference which method they use. They attack her, beat her, leave her senseless on the street, or kill her.

"Generally she resists, and they kill her. Often they shoot her down without warning, as a man rises from his boat among the tall grasses and brings down a duck. After they have 'bagged' — using the term of the huntsman — they kill her, rob her, or do worse than rob.

"Then what do they do? Enjoying the absolute protection afforded them by the existence of an inadequate and inefficient police force, they walk away from the scene of their crime as unmolested as a hunter returning to camp with his spoils. The dead body is found; or the attacked woman, if Divine mercy stays the hand of death, returns to consciousness and proceeds slowly, haltingly, painfully to her home. All the way home — whether she is a block away or a mile — she does not perhaps meet another person, scarcely ever does she encounter a policeman. At home, between sobs and the palpitations of her fluttering heart, she tells her story, — a story of being hunted on a public street of the second largest city in the freest country on earth — hunted like a dog.

"The police are notified. Sleuths are sent hither and thither. A suspect is arrested. He proves an alibi and is discharged from custody; another arrest and another alibi. That is the way it goes.

"The hunters engage in their 'sport' unmolested. It is cheaper to hunt women in Chicago than to kick a stray dog or beat a heaving horse. The risk of being caught and fined is not so great. It is easier to hunt women in the streets of Chicago than to hunt game in the closed season. There is no danger of meeting the game warden. Hunting women seems to be growing in favor as a sport in Chicago.

"The cry that women should not go unaccompanied along the streets of Chicago at night is a cry to which every woman should turn a deaf ear. It should be remembered that thousands upon thousands of women in Chicago are compelled by their financial conditions to go out into the world and put their shoulders to the task of earning a living. Thousands of women are employed at occupations which call them from their homes after nightfall; few in Chicago's great army of women workers are able to get home from the shops and factories and offices where they are employed until after dusk. They cannot obey the injunctions to remain indoors after dark without giving up hope of earning a living. They must be out after dark. Protection must be afforded them. It is an easy matter for the woman of leisure to stay at home when her husband cannot go out with her. It is easy for this woman to advise her sisters to stay within the protecting walls of their homes if they want to escape violence at the hands of the hoodlums that infest the streets. The club-woman, the society woman, the woman of husband and family, the woman in comfortable circumstances must outreach a helping hand to the less fortunate sister who cannot afford to stay at home, no matter at what peril or at what cost she ventures out."

THE foregoing article is constructed entirely of extracts from Chicago newspapers, covering a period of about fourteen months. These extracts are selected from the large amount of material which has been printed in that time, concerning the prevalence of crime in that city, and the alarm created by it. They have been given verbatim. They are not garbled, nor are they the most terrible that can be found. Chicago has an able, clean, and, generally speaking, a non-sensational press. This is a picture of Chicago as presented by these newspapers. Following will be found the origin of every paragraph in the article:

Paragraph 1, *Tribune*, January 16; *Record Herald*, January 7. Paragraph 2, *Tribune*, February 25. Paragraph 3, *Record Herald*, January 14. Paragraph 4, *Tribune*, February 5; *Record Herald*, February 23; *Record Herald*, January 14.

PRIVATE POLICE FORCE ORGANIZED:—*Tribune*, February 5.

WOMEN IN DANGER ON THE STREETS: — Paragraph 1, *Inter-Ocean*, February 10; *Record Herald*, January 14. Paragraph 2, *Tribune*, February 5; *Tribune*, January 17.

PLAGUE SPOTS AND NURSERIES OF CRIME:— Paragraph 1, *Tribune*, February 25. Paragraph 2, *Tribune*, February 11. Paragraph 3, *Tribune*, March 18. Paragraph 4, *News*, October 22.

Paragraph 5, *Tribune*, January 30. Paragraph 6, *Tribune*, January 17. Paragraph 7, *Tribune*, February 14; *Record Herald*, February 14; *Tribune*, February 14.

TALK OF VILIGANTES AND LYNCHINGS:— Paragraph 1, *Tribune*, January 18; *Tribune*, February 14. Paragraph 2, *Tribune*, January 16. Paragraph 4, *Tribune*, March 1. Paragraph 5, *Record Herald*, February 23.

A MURDER EVERY OTHER DAY:— Paragraph 1, *Inter-Ocean*, May 14. Paragraph 2, *Record Herald*, May 17. Paragraph 3, *Inter-Ocean*, May 14; *Chronicle*, August 15 and October 2. Paragraph 4, *Tribune*, January 18.

OFFICIAL HIGHWAYMEN AND THIEVES:— *Journal*, October 15.

ANNUAL WINTER HARVEST OF CRIME:— *Journal*, October 20 and November 23; *Inter-Ocean*, November 10; *Journal*, November 28.

"DON'T SHOP AFTER DARK":— *Record Herald*, December 17.

AN INVASION OF TRAMPS:— *News*, January 11, 1907; *Post*, January 11, 1907; *Tribune*, January 12, 1907.

HUNTING WOMEN AS A SPORT:— *Tribune*, February 11.

EDITORIAL NOTE

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, in this and in the preceding number, has presented two portrayals of life in Chicago. The first was a study of its system of civil government and its results; the second an account, taken entirely from its own reputable newspapers, of the conditions which exist as the fruit of that system. The matter was summed up editorially last year by the Chicago *Tribune:*

> Chicago has become a "snug" harbor for criminals. The tramp of the fields, the desperate characters from the Lake ports and other cities come here to ply their trade in winter. Chicago has come to be known over the country as a bad town for men of good character and a good town for men of bad character.

The reason for this condition is vicious political influence in the administration of justice. On February 2nd the grand jury, while discussing the prevalence of gambling-houses and disorderly saloons in the city declared: "It is our deliberate judgment that such a brazen exhibition of lawlessness cannot continue without official connivance."

The system which brings about this maladministration is perfectly well understood in Chicago. It is discussed continually in the editorials of its daily papers. The *Inter-Ocean* says, for instance:

> If Chief of Police Collins is really determined to chase out the loafer and the thug, it need not take all winter to accomplish it. It can be done speedily, if the officers and men of the police department are first convinced that the doing of it will not bring punishment to them rather than reward. The city abounds in loafers and thugs well known to the police. The fact that they are "well-known" to the police as loafers and thugs, while favorably known to the slum politicians, must not be permitted to deter the men on the police force from performing their duty. Family, social, and political connections with the loafers and thugs must be ignored if Chief Collins really intends to redeem the city from the reign of the confidence man, the footpad, the highwayman, and the burglar.

And the *Chronicle*, under the heading, "The Vice Trust":

> What are people to think when nameless and almost invisible parties go to the purlieus of vice in a certain locality and give them an option between selling out and being closed up by the police; and when, after refusing to sell, they are in fact closed up by the police; and when, after being closed up, other parties take their places and carry on the same haunts of vice in the same way without police interference? People must draw their own inferences, but there are those who do not hesitate to say that there is a regular combination in this city, with a large financial backing, which does this thing, and that it can, at will, cause the police force to shut up certain places of vice or to protect them.

Put plainly and simply, the fact is that crime and vice have been breaking down orderly civilization in Chicago because the ward politician, and not the people, has been able to dictate the administration of law.

A FIGHT IN ONE ROUND

BY

MICHAEL WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

THIS is Nicholas Snyder's story. I say it is his story because, although many things happened in his life that might be turned into interesting narratives, this that is to be related is the tale of the one big event — the really important deed — the crisis of his life — the keystone of the arch of his career. In all men's lives there is the one great deed. Great in significance, I mean; for in itself it may be a cavalry charge, or a dance,— a smile — a crime — a gesture of the hand. In Snyder's case it was a fight. Which was natural. He was a born fighter. If he had not got married when he did,— or, rather, to the girl he did,— everybody knows he would certainly have turned out to be one of the finest middle-weight pugilists of the day. And yet, if Nick had not married, he would not have had on his hands — and on his heart, and brain, and soul — the fight of which I am to tell you.

Nick was absolutely alone in the world before he married Mamie Grant. He was twenty-two years old; five feet ten inches; he was built compactly of hard muscle, bone, lean flesh; he was good-looking — and he knew it. He was absurdly vain. In the ring, a blow in the face enraged him more than a harder buffet in the body. But he had nobody to think of save himself. He was not like the run of pugilists: training for a fight one month and full of drink for two. He took such a joy, pride, pleasure in his skill with his hands, feet, legs, arms, eyes — and what brain was developed in him at that time — that he was always in training, always fit. He had been picked out of the street gangs — which infested the old Tenth Ward — by Alderman O'Brien, the district leader and general sport, who kept the big meat and grocery market; and so far he had won every fight he had taken on. The money he gained he could not keep. As they say in the ward, he was an "easy mark" — which is to say, he was generous — to all the "grafters," "shysters," and "bums" of the district, who flattered him and drank up his money. All he seemed to care about was fine clothes; and yet, in them, despite his somewhat strutting airs, he was as shy as a boy of sixteen.

Probably his good clothes and good looks, though, were what first attracted the eyes of Mamie Grant; for it was obvious in many ways, to a sensible girl like Mamie, that Nick was in a class apart from the majority of the "tough" boys who followed the sport of the squared circle. Mamie was a cashier in O'Brien's market. She, too, was without a family. She boarded with her aunt, a querulous woman broken down with the burden of many children, who grossly overcharged the girl; while Mamie's uncle, a cooper, was loafing half the time, because she had a good job, and why should he want any?

Mamie's heart followed the glance of her clear blue eyes. As for Nick, in the vernacular of the ring, he was jolted down and out,— 'way over the count,— and when the bell tapped again, it was the wedding bell. But literally there were no wedding bells, for they were married at City Hall by Alderman O'Brien, who gave Mamie a ten-dollar gold piece, and Nick a job as driver of one of his delivery wagons. Don't in haste commend the alderman's generosity. He counted — as did all the sports of the ward — on Nick's virtuous abjuration of the game waning as waned the honeymoon; and in the meantime, Nick's attachment to his business was good for the business. Fame was fame, in the Tenth Ward as elsewhere: there was money in it.

Nick, however, did not go back to the ring. Never, surely, had there been a bachelor who took with greater gusto, relish, appreciation — with more solid comfort, in

a word,— to domestic life, its peace, bliss, humdrum, than did Nick Snyder, sometime middle-weight bruiser and all around sport. Mamie kept for some time her place in the cashier's box. Nick got good wages. They had a four-room flat not far from the market. It was furnished "regardless"—as Nick boasted; "an' not on the bum instalment plan, neither. See?" And Mamie had a piano, on which she played in the evenings the songs from the illustrated supplements of the Sunday newspapers, whilst Nick watched her proudly.

By and by he had more cause for pride,— ten pounds of cause, in fact: a boy baby who went on growing at such a rate that he weighed twenty pounds when he was four months old. Oh, a bruiser; and hard as nails. Nick asked nothing better than this. He implored men visitors to feel of that kid's muscle—"why, sure, just take a grip—you can't hurt him, naw!" And he went around the district on his team, with his chest of a prize-fighter thrust out a foot before him; and on the back stairs of the tenements he would stop and yarn by the ten minutes with the old ladies and married women, as he delivered goods, talking baby—baby—baby. And he was utterly, wholly, intensely devoted to his Mamie, his pale rose of the street. She was worthy of his love and devotion. A good girl, and honest; kind; her heart filled with thoughts of her husband and boy. And she was fair. A slight—too slight—young woman, she was dainty and small; her long, heavy hair curled in golden brown; her skin was soft, smooth, white. There was a flush in her cheeks at all times; a clear, vivid suffusion of color; a tell-tale flush, but neither Nick nor Mamie knew at what it hectically hinted. But they were destined to know—yes, in time they found out the meaning of the flushing blood in the rose-cream cheeks.

And the time for that and for sundry other bitter, cold, bare, ruthless truths came upon them apace; for "to everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven." Their three years of married life were years of plenty, peace, prosperity, happiness, love. Now came other sides—more of the many shapes of this Protean figure, life.

First of all, Nick fell sick; he, the athlete, the strong man who had never before known the imprisonment of the sick-room. Typhoid fever came upon him. He wanted to go to the hospital, so that his Mamie should be spared trouble and work. But this she would not hear of. Too sweet to be foregone was the joy of the watch, the ward, the vigil, the work by the side of her lover-husband. Triumphantly she nursed him through the long, hard time of illness; and then she paid the penalty; for when Nick was convalescent, she collapsed. And her illness was that of which she bore the sign-manual in her cheeks: that tell-tale, hectic flush just beneath the delicate temples, in which there were delicate, hollowing shadows,—temples which grew more delicate and more hollow day by day. She recovered, seemingly, and for the time; but she was not really strong again. Dr. McGuinness shook his head ominously, but said nothing as yet to Nick, obeying Mamie's passionate prayer to him. Nick went back to his place in the market, bearing on his heart the burden of the knowledge that every cent of their savings was gone; that they were in debt; and that his Mamie—his pale rose—was drooping, drooping.

And a week later he lost his job.

Nor could he find another one, for the winter was that bitter one that will live long in the memories of the working people of that city as the winter of the labor troubles. The factory hands, with many other trades, had been newly organized into unions, and there came fight upon fight. There were strikes. There were lockouts. There were boycotts. There was the importation of scabs, leading to assaults in dark streets, open fights, arrests, imprisonments. There was the defaulting treasurer of a union. There were all the cruel, grim, sorrowful, bad deeds and scenes of a labor war crudely and savagely managed on each side. And in the midst of it was poor, bewildered, rather stupid, blundering Nick Snyder, out of a job, without money, with a sick wife and a two-year-old boy baby—with the lustiest of appetites—to look out for. Business house after business house failed when the mills shut down. Little tradesman after little tradesman went to the wall and, forced from the ranks of merchants, became members of the army of the unemployed. Alderman O'Brien was no small tradesman, but he had to join them just the same. O'Brien had adventured his fortunes on the stormy seas of high finance, and he had gone swiftly and tumultuously, dazed with despair and whisky, to shipwreck. He had speculated heavily

in the stock of a new company, the promoter of which had secured the aid of the political machine to force a bill, granting the company a franchise on most favorable terms, through the legislature. O'Brien had been given "the tip." "I'll get aboard the band wagon," said Alderman O'Brien. But the Governor, forced by public opinion, had vetoed the bill, and the stock went tumbling — down — down — smack to nothing at all. And that's where O'Brien went.

Nick Snyder went out on the street.

His fight was on.

All that had gone before, as he dimly yet strongly recognized, — his illness; the loss of his savings,— were as mere preliminary bouts, or warming-up exercises for the struggle with fortune. Here was the moment of the real conflict. He was stripped now. Yes, he was naked — he was simply himself. His job gone — his money gone — no one to turn to; but Mamie, and Nick, the boy, turning to him.

Snyder said: "I guess it is up to me."

The fight was on.

As in old days when, confronting in the ring some formidable opponent, there had been times when he had been surprised by the awkwardness, the hesitation, the indecisiveness of that opponent's attack and defense, in the beginning of the bout; so now he found that he was, as it were, sparring for place, for a chance to get in a winning blow, in this, the beginning of his spiritual fight. He did not come at once to close fighting — infighting, as they say,— with his grim and grisly enemy, Want. For a few weeks there were odd jobs here and there; he earned enough money to buy food and coal, although week by week he went behind with his rent. The landlord said nothing as yet; he was willing to give Nick his chance; but the landlord, too, feared shipwreck and could see the breakers. He owned only two tenement houses, and worked at his trade of baker; and there were mortgages on both houses.

It was the beginning of dreary winter. There was a monotonously gray, cold sky from which day by day fell flurries of snow and snarls of angry rain; and at night frost fixed the mud in the streets into stiff black ridges, which next day the feeble sunshine turned into sticky mud again. A dreary brumal season. A time of gloom.

The corner druggist was a sporting character, an admirer and old-time follower of the ring fortunes of Nick, but even the druggist, following the example of grocer, milkman, and, at last, the landlord, had something to say to Snyder to make him wince and pull his jaws tighter together.

The druggist said: "Nick, I hate to say a word — but your bill is running up pretty stiff — Gee! there is more than ten plunks for cod-liver's oil alone. I got bills to meet, myself, Nick, so I wish you'd do what you can for me."

Nick said, flutteringly: "But, say, you'll fill this prescription for me again, won't you, Doc?" His face was chalky white. The druggist frowned, turned his head, and spat with ostentatious vehemence into a corner. He answered, "Why, sure, I will, Nick, — God knows I don't want to bone you, Nick, but ——"

Snyder went to the pawnshop that day (first visit of many) and got rid of all his old ring clothes, boxing-gloves, a silver cup or two, and raised eight dollars for the druggist and secured his promise to give credit to the extent of ten dollars more, if the need lasted. "Mame simply has to have the stuff, Doc, or I wouldn't ask you."

That night snow fell heavily, and in the morning Nick sallied out to earn a little money shoveling it. Owning no shovel of his own, nor daring to buy one yet, he had to depend on borrowing shovels where he got a job, and was thus badly handicapped. He tramped miles through snow and slush. He was out all day, for sixteen hours,— and he earned sixty cents.

When he returned that evening, snow was again falling. He arose early next morning; but other men were before him, men who the night before had read the notice posted on the big doors of the car barns of the Miltonville Street Railway Company, to the effect that three hundred men would be employed as snow shovelers.

Nick heard the rumbling bass — profound — troubled — of the voices of a crowd and went around the corner. Three hundred men! There were at least a thousand men thronged in the wide space before the car barns. It was not yet six o'clock and was still dark. An orange-colored moon was sinking behind the fringe of willow trees in the vacant lot behind the car barns. There was a foot of snow on the ground. Around the big doors at one end of the barns the men were struggling and swaying to get nearer. Other men were pushing into the crowd

from the outskirts. Nick asked the reason for this scene. When he found out — when he heard that the pay would be a dollar and a half a day while the work lasted, he drew a deep, quick breath ; narrowed and hunched his broad, lean shoulders of a prize-fighter ; and pushed his way into the crowd, toward the door. The door opened. Three men in uniforms, dimly visible in the light from the inside of the barn, held shovels in their hands and began to swear in amazement when they saw the crowd. They attempted to deal the shovels out one by one. Impossible. The crowd was mad — it was lusting for the day's work — the day's money — represented by these shovels. The men on the outside pushed, scrambled forward, hurled themselves in like football players. And those before the door could not go away with their shovels. One of the men in the barn began to laugh.

He said to the others: "Close those doors, quick! That crazy gang will be inside here next you know, raising hell. Close the doors and pitch the shovels through the side window. First come first served. It's a free for all. If we want to get work started to-day, we can't monkey away our time here."

Nick — jammed in amid the men near the door — heard the words and turned his face toward the window, a wide window on the side of the barn, not far from the door. Now it opened, and the shovels came out in bunches of six and eight. With a roar, the crowd surged away from the door and formed another whirlpool — a vertigo of possessed men — maniacs, for the moment, in their fixed idea. A free for all fight began. Men threw themselves on their hands and knees in the batter of mud and befouled snow, trampled and sloshed by the frantic feet of the unemployed, and tried to crawl between the legs of those in front, to where the shovels lay. They fought each other for the shovels. They clinched and wrestled and hung together in groups of five or six, surrounding any man who held one of the coveted shovels. Their voices arose in hoarse, panting oaths — cries, inarticulate and furious,— snarls and growls, as of the brutes, that tear, one at the throat of the other. Shovels were brandished in the air, to come down broken and splintered, or crashing upon heads. Blood began to add a tinge of scarlet to the mud, the slime under foot. Alarmed, the men in the shed telephoned for the police, but they were long in coming. Men crawled out of the hurly-burly, limping, wounded, bruised — heads hanging in defeat. There were several groaning and blaspheming forms in the muck. A sickly daylight came into the sky. Then there was the tramp of heavy footsteps, and the police arrived. And the police, with clubs in their hands, used the clubs, and they separated the goats from the sheep. The sheep were authorized workmen of the Miltonville Street Railway Company, which had the sole right to run tracks through the streets of the city, a right granted in a franchise that cost nothing — save the purchase of a few aldermen. They were authorized by the right of the strong ; coming out of the fight with shovels in their hands. The goats — the goats were the six or seven hundred defeated ones — were disturbers of the peace. The ambulances took away those who could not tramp.

Nick was among the chosen,— the sheep, — an authorized workman, by the right of might.

He earned his dollar and a half. That night, when he took the money home, and after he had bought food and a little coal, he told Mamie of the morning's struggle.

Mamie said: "You are so strong, Nick. Oh, if you could only get a steady job — you can work better than any man in the town. You were bound to get one of those shovels." Nick said: "You bet I was. I'm all to the good when it comes to a scrap like that. But, Mame, — I hated to do what I had to do."

Mamie asked, "What was that?"

Nick said: "I had to punch a fellow who tried to give me the strangle hold. Then his nerve dropped, and he began to squeal and say he had a wife and children at home."

Mamie began to cry, and that caused the coughing to break out. She had a night worse than any yet. She was so pale and wide-eyed and still in the morning, that Nick groaned as he prepared to go out. The boy baby was strong enough. There had always been food for him. But he was so boisterous and heavy that his care was a great burden on Nick's Mamie — this pale rose of the street.

But Nick had to go out. On the stairs he met Dr. McGuinness — the "old sport," beloved in the district, who was still visiting his patients in the tenements, although the bills were mounting ; and well he knew that many a one would be left unpaid.

The doctor said, "Nick, that wife of yours has got to go to the hospital — or — but, pshaw! what was I about to say?"

With a very white face and suspended breath, Nick stammered, "Spit it out, Doc, — every word of it."

"I was going to say that you'd have to take your wife out of this city — it's too low — the air is bad — she needs fresh air and plenty of it; but what's the use of telling you things like that? You can't do it."

Nick said, "You were going to say something else, too, Doc."

The doctor said, "Yes, I was. Mrs. Snyder is in a very bad way, Nick,— its consumption that's coming on her."

Nick drew in his breath and went to the city hospital. Impossible for another patient to be received there. Impossible for any of the hospitals to receive any more free patients. There were private rooms, of course,— Oh, yes, there were private rooms; some as cheap as ten dollars a week.

Snyder ranged the streets that day like a gaunt, angry wolf. And that day he got a job. Fifteen dollars a week — and board— and lodging! The teamsters were one of the unions on strike, with the freight handlers in the big station; and that day the railway company began to hire strike breakers. Nick's friends were many in the ranks of the strikers. Without ever having thought much on the subject, Nick was one with his friends. Now, however, he was a strike breaker — he was a scab. Fifteen dollars a week! Ten would pay for a room in the hospital for Mamie. Two more would pay for board with the Grady family for the kid, little Nick. He would have three for himself. He would get his grub from the company, and his bed in the shed, turned into a barrack and guarded by police, in the freight yards. He would save these three dollars each week, and, as times bettered, when he got a decent job, he would have a little sum to help start things again; and then — thank God! — he would see to getting Mamie out of this town of the bad air, into a warmer and dryer climate. The Doc said that would fix her. She was not far gone. All right, then,— he was sorry to be a scab — but he guessed he would be a scab, all right.

The quiet, saturnine-faced superintendent of the freight yards was very willing to hire Nick. He needed men of his build, muscle,— with that firm set of the jaw, and those steady eyes.

Nick only hoped one thing, viz:— that he should be kept in the yards. But fate ordered otherwise. He was put on the seat of a two-horse team and sent out with a load of freight. And he had to drive through Front Street!

The railway company had managed its end in the fight with ability. The police, its ally, bungled. There were only eight or ten policemen in the whole length of Front Street when Nick drove out of the yard. There should have been fifty. The commissioner of police had promised fifty. Somebody had blundered.

When Nick Snyder heard that roar of a thousand angry men that beat into his face like a wind of storm, his heart leaped in his breast. From his high seat he looked down into infuriated, distorted, hot-eyed, open-mouthed faces. Fists were shaken at him. A stone or two, a big stick, came hurtling.

"Scab! Scab — why don't you join the union?"

"Scab!"

"Scab!"

"Scab — scab —'ab — 'ab — sc' — 'ab — 'ab! — Smash the dirty scab!"

His horses were stopped, they were held, rearing and plunging. Nick tried to whip them on. It was vain. A big man climbed into the wagon. Hoarse with rage — scarlet with hot blood in his fat and huge Germanic face, he took hold of Nick's coattails, and, in his blind passion, ripped the coat to the collar, bawling: "You scab! Why don't you join the union?"

Then others rushed upon the wagon before Nick could knock down his assailant. Loosing his voice and his passion at last, Nick shouted, in a voice heard through the street:

"I'll tell you why I am a scab — if you want to know! I've been out of work for three months. I've got a wife down with consumption — you sons of —! I've got a kid that wants grub!"

Mixed and equally furious shouts overbawled his own. In the frenetic outburst you might have heard such words as these coming from many: "You —! Do you think you're the only man with a sick wife and kids? Come off that wagon! Scab!"

And they pulled him down. The horses

were cut out of the traces and were allowed to run. The wheels of the wagon were smashed with a big sledge-hammer. The axles followed. The huge dray settled down with a crash, wrecked, its burden spilled into the muddy snow.

They let Nick go. He tried to get back into the freight yard. The frantic superintendent shook his fist in his teeth and cried: "You chump — you're fired! Hain't you any sense in your head? Why didn't you pull back when you saw — Oh — you — !" And the gate was slammed to.

Nick was out of a job again.

He said nothing. He thought little. His sole thought was, "I got to get money — I got to get Mamie a chance!" He had eaten little for days. His head was hot. But he walked erect and with firm feet. He went the rounds of the city streets again. He didn't earn a cent. He was going by a saloon, when he was hailed by a man wearing the clothes of a soldier, and he recognized Hank Durlan, who had enlisted a year ago and was home now on leave, to see his mother. Hank wanted to buy a drink; and Nick accepted a glass of beer, for thus he would be on a footing to avail himself without shame of the ragged-looking free lunch. There was talk, listless and reserved on Nick's part; beery and voluble on the side of the soldier.

"B' gad, Nick," said the soldier; "I am sorry to hear that Mamie is sick. Me mother was all to the bad, too, this last year; but she's all right now — and, s'elp me — how do you s'pose she got cured? Why, that fool kid brother of mine, Tommy,— that we all thought was crazy, because he never took his nose out of a book,— fixed the old woman. Sure. Now, wouldn't that bump you? But gee, I'm glad. Yes, sir,— have another, Nick? — yes, sir; the old lady's lungs were going all to the bad; an' Tommy, he read somewhere about keeping people like that out in the open air, cold or hot, and fixing them; so what does Tommy do, but read some more about it, and he simply mesmerizes me mother into doing what he says, and he took her up on the top of Pulpit Hill — Sure! You know the place. He fixes up a shanty near the big rock — it's there yet — and lives with me mother; the other boys chips in and pays for grub, and I'll be — if she isn't fine and dandy now."

Nick looked at him with blazing eyes. He questioned. There was little more to be learned from the soldier. Nick swung out and away. He sought out Dr. McGuinness. He talked with him. Then he went homewards. On the corner of the street he met his landlord. The latter asked for the rent.

Nick said, "If I had it, you would get it. I ain't got it. You can't get it."

The landlord said: "You've got to get out, then! That's all there is to say about it — you got to get out — do you think that I can afford to keep —" And he ran on and on, pitiable, babbling, frightened; angry, with the anger of the weasel who must defend his own hole. Nick left him and went in to his Mamie — his rose of the street — a woefully pale, a drooping, a fading rose.

Nick said to her: "Mamie — what do you think about that cough of yours?"

She looked at him with a smile shining through tears and answered: "Nick, I see you know. I've known for some time. It's all right, Nick!"

He dashed his fist of a prize-fighter upon the bare table and said, "It ain't all right — I won't stand fer it — No, not on your —" he stopped short, with his mouth open. He had been about to swear on her life, to say, "not on your life." And her life — why, Mamie's life was going out before his eyes. She caught at his hand and kissed it.

He said, "Mame — we got to get out — we're turned out into the street. Now, will you do just what I tell you to do?"

"Nick," she replied, "whatever you say goes!" The talk of her girlhood, the words of the street, came to her now, instead of the softer words she had drawn from her books.

"That settles it," he said. "Dress in your warmest — in all your clothes — and dress up the kid."

She moved to obey. Nick went into the kitchen. He rolled up a parcel of cooking utensils and what food there was in the house. He made a great bundle of a mattress and bedclothes — what they had left, and it was small,— and put it all together. He took whatever else there was — one chair, the table, a few other articles, and sold them. He thus secured one dollar and thirty cents. It was their fortune. He gave her minute instructions when and where to board a certain street car and where to get off. She was to start in three hours. Then he swung his bundle about him and kissed and left Mamie and the boy. He heard her hollow cough follow him down the tenement

stairs. He marched on, his face to the south.

Over the city, to the south, above the mills and tall chimneys and houses squatting on the low ground on the shores of the river which was the soul of the commercial life of the place, a hill of seven hundred feet elevation, with a singularly shaped rock on its summit, jutted up, some six miles from the City Hall. The fantastic rock gave to the hill its name: the Pulpit Hill. Over its crest, down its further slope, and thence into a wide region, stretched farm country. And to that hill Nick Snyder bent his way. He walked fast. He felt the weight of his bundles grow leaden, pound by pound; but he would not spend car-fare to the foot of the hill. Up the hill he toiled. He found the old, tumbledown shed that the boy had built for his mother, and there Nick deposited his burden, and at once went down the hill again. On the road he had a dreary wait, but at last a car stopped, and Mamie and the boy alighted. Nick swung the boy to his shoulder. A light snow had begun to fall. The boy was cold and hungry and cross. He cried. Nick growled him into silence. His other arm he put around Mamie's waist, and they went up the hill. She looked at him earnestly from time to time in their painfully slow ascent, but asked no question. At last they came to the hut.

Nick said, "Here's where we're goin' to live for a spell."

Mamie said, "What — what — you — say — goes, Nick." And her low, weak voice died on the last word, and she fell; she had fainted.

Nick's great lungs vented a shout that rang across the gloomy hillside, across the waste of bare bush, brown and dismal in the mean light, protruding above the dim, level whiteness of snow.

"Oh, have I killed you, Mame? Great God! Mame! Mame!"

But she opened her eyes, and she smiled — yes, she smiled, and she would have smiled had the destroyer of delights and sunderer of lovers been bending over her. "The boy is hungry, Nick," she said. "Get him a cracker out of the bag in my pocket."

Nick fed them both. He had a bottle of milk in the bundle. He had bread and eggs. He made a fireplace with stones. He gathered rush and with a hatchet cut wood and built a fire. He cleaned out the hut. He toiled like one possessed, to make the place habitable. Then he went down the hill again, to a store a mile away, where he bought oil for a lamp he had, and more provisions; returning with forty cents left of their fortune.

Before night fell he climbed to the very top of the hill and surveyed the country, seeing two or three farmhouses scattered in the radius of a mile or two.

With daylight he was on foot, and after breakfast he set out for the farmhouse nearest and asked for work. The farmer briefly told him there was none — he never employed tramps. But Nick, looking around to see the next house, caught the eyes of the farmer's wife, who was standing in the door, with a child playing behind her. He walked up to her. He looked into her face. She gasped and started back — for in his eyes were all the fever and fighting and praying and struggling emotions of his soul. And he muttered, "Fer God's sake, lady! . . . ."

She ran by him to her husband. "Harry — you know you want to cut the wood on the north patch — give him a job — he looks strong."

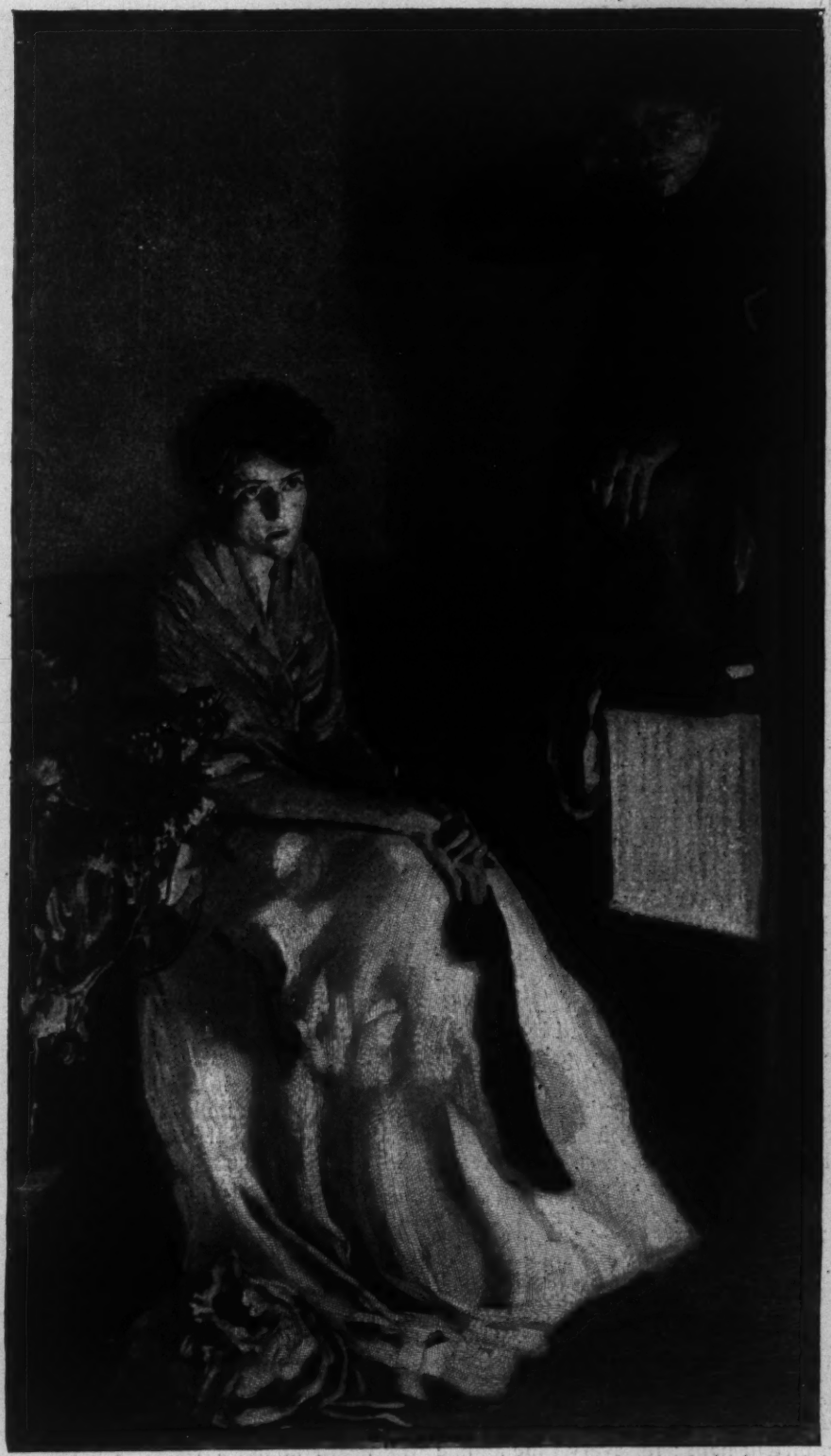
Nick got the job. The farmer paid him a dollar that night and offered to let him sleep in the woodshed; but Nick said, "I have to go home. Will you sell me some of your eggs and some milk?"

"Eggs are forty-five cents a dozen, now," said the farmer, "an' I don't know as I've got anything for you to take the milk along in — where do you live?" This question was exploded at the end of the rambling, slow speech, as after the soft purring of gunpowder along a fuse a firecracker bangs; but the curiosity of the farmer did not touch Nick. He was thinking of Mamie and the boy. He must hurry — home!

"I live over there, up the hill," he said, vaguely waving his arm. "Will you let me have the eggs and milk? I'll bring back the can in the morning."

"Yes," said the farmer's wife. As Nick strode off with great steps, through the early dark, toward the brow of Pulpit Hill, they watched him from the farmhouse door with wondering eyes.

That night the cold weather came on in earnest. All through the long hours chill blasts of icy air swept through the hut, that yawned with cracks in all directions, built as it was simply of boards, ill-matched, without plastering or paper. Mamie coughed and coughed and coughed; and the sounds



"'BUT, MAME,—I HATED TO DO WHAT I HAD TO DO'"

cut at Snyder's heart like so many knives. The boy, wrapped up warmly, slept without a sound or stir. Nick had built up a rough bunk upon which he had laid the bed; and he held Mamie in his arms all night. The starry sky gleamed, a great parallelogram of velvety black and brilliant stars, through the doorway, and sometimes against its shimmering splendor there passed vague, wan shadows of flimsy cloud or vapor, like phantoms of the cold. They could hear afar the roar of the town — the deep, hollow, abrupt shouts of engines in the yards, the grinding of wheels, and a low, humming diaphonic undertow of sound that was the nocturnal voice of the city — voice made up of a hundred thousand voices, sounds, cries, oaths, sighs, prayers, exclamations. Near at hand there was no sound save at times the rustling, crackling whisper of a breeze through some bush or shrub hard-frozen. Once, after a hard fit of coughing, Mamie smiled into Nick's face and said, "Well, dear, I guess if fresh air is good, we got all we can manage, now."

Nick said, "Mamie, you feel *sure* that it will cure you — for I *know* it will — it's *bound* to cure you — the Doc *said* it surely would."

But Snyder kept to himself that McGuinness had also added, "Or kill her. Yes, Nick, it is kill or cure."

And to Nick, as the days went on, it seemed manifest that the cold was killing his rose. Day after day she waxed more feverish and coughed harder and more constantly; and Nick, as he went to his wood-chopping,— working, toiling for very life,— left his soul behind him on the mountain-top and worked as something moved by an irresistible mechanism — silent, grim, imperturbable.

Defeat — a whipping — a knock-out blow — seemed ready, seemed, indeed, about to fall. He was on his last legs. His breath was growing short. He was becoming groggy. He could hold out against this implacable foe — pugilist Fate! — but little longer. It was not that he was a quitter, not because there was in him an undermining streak of yellow; but this opponent was too strong, too savage, too relentless, too untiring, too resourceful, and was gradually beating him down, down, down.

All day he worked, and by night he slept in intermittent naps; for every time Mamie coughed, or moved, or moaned in her sleep, he was awake in a trice, listening, heart-held with anxiety. He felt upon himself the burden of her life. He had brought her here, and to poverty before this, by the mere act of tying her destiny to his. He had never realized before the extent and the depth of this, his responsibility. Not only her life, but the boy's life, called out of space, were given into his hands. In the old days there had been no such thoughts, because there was no need. Everything had gone so smoothly. And they might so have continued, if laborers and employers had not fallen to fighting. But they had. And now all that Mamie and the boy could hope for in the world must come through him. Such thoughts went through his head in a vertigo of swirling emotions, rather than as well-defined words suggesting each its thought. At times a strange trembling swept through his frame, his hands would shake, and his head twitch backward; but he would subdue the trembling and control the twitchings and turn all his mind again to Mamie.

Thank God that it did not storm! was the constant cry in his heart. Cold the days, and colder the nights continued, but with a deep, clear coldness and little wind. When Nick went away to his work in the morning, Mamie obeyed the commands laid upon her with exactest obedience. The boy had a long cord tied to his waist and was allowed to tumble in the snow, or play within the hut to his heart's content. Mamie, wrapped about with blankets and bedclothes, lay on the frame constructed by Nick outside the doorway, near the fireplace, with a big pile of wood near her hand, which she could throw piece by piece upon the fire. She would lie there nearly all the morning. At noontime Nick would race home to her and beat up an egg in milk and make her drink and eat of bread in warm milk, the raw-beaten egg, and, sometimes, of soup he made himself. So, too, would the afternoon pass until Nick's home-coming. And thus a month went by.

Nick toiled homewards one evening when frosty stars were beginning to scintillate in the high, clear vault, and a line of crimson was slowly fading from the western sky above the town. He heard Nick, junior, calling to him lustily. This life had been good for the boy. No doubt of that. Nick senior's heart throbbed for a moment. Then he heard Mamie's voice. He had reached the hut.

"EVERY TIME MAMIE COUGHED . . . HE WAS AWAKE IN A TRICE, LISTENING, HEART-HELD WITH ANXIETY"

She said, "Nick — I've wanted to tell you something for some days — but I was — was — afraid —— "

He shrank back — back, and for the first time in his life he knew what the word shudder meant ; he shook from head to foot. What did this mean ? Was the knock-out blow coming now ? "Afraid ? What are you scared of, Mame ?" he asked.

She said, "I didn't want you to have false hopes, Nick,— but, Nick — dear Nick — I really think I am beginning to feel better — to feel stronger. I have been eating more — Nick !"

They flew into each other's arms. "Don't hurt me !" she gasped, as she felt his grip close around, and then he let her go. He turned in his tracks, his head uplifted, his eyes blazing, his face full of hot blood, and he fell into the attitude which of old applauding men had seen him assume as victor in the ring. Below them, far below in the valley, the lights of the city were spread, and Snyder thrust out his fists toward it — the amorphous monster below there, crouching in the valley of the shadow.

From the elevation on which he stood, his great figure was projected clearly and almost gigantically against the dim, red, western glow above the city, to the eyes of two men and a woman toiling up the hill, from the country side. There was the farmer, the farmer's wife, and Dr. McGuinness. The latter, unaware of the location chosen by Snyder for his desperate experiment, the last stand in his fight, and made uneasy and positively anxious,— for he had liked pale Mamie well, — had at last traced the family to Pulpit Hill and had called at the farmhouse that very evening, just a little while after Nick had left there. A few words to the farmer's wife ; and then he had plumped out the story of Mamie ; and when the farmer's wife heard that a sick woman — and a child ! — were on the hillside, she almost screamed, and ran for hat and cloak.

"There's the feller himself, Doctor !" the farmer cried, as Nick leaped upon the mound above the hut, and McGuinness pounded and panted on, the farmer's wife close at his heels.

They came upon a singular sight when they thrust their heads above the level of the little plateau.

The red camp-fire was blazing with a clear light before the hut, in front of which lay the couch from which Mamie had arisen to welcome Nick home. The boy, young Nick, was standing with sturdy little legs parted

"Up the hill he toiled"

A FIGHT IN ONE ROUND

widely; intently and silently watching his father. Mamie was in front of Nick, with uplifted, imploring hands, crying to him softly, "Nick! Nick! Nick!"

Nick Snyder was fighting. Heart, nerves, body, soul, all strung to a snapping tension for so long a time, now coördinated in a final expression of his fighting blood, acted upon, spurred, animated and electrified by Mamie's words and the wild hope they voiced. His senses were submerged in the delirium of the nervous collapse toward which he had been steadily going for weeks; and in the moment of breakdown, old instincts took the whip hand of his unloosed forces. He held his left hand straight out before him, the arm slightly crooked at the elbow; and the arm sawed backward and forward across the breast and up and down the side; his head was warily pulled down so that the hard-set, protruding jaw was sheltered by his sharply hunched left shoulder; his left leg, bent and loose at the knee, was pawing the snow before him, and the right leg was behind him; and now, suddenly springing from the right foot, he shot his left fist out, straight, then with a sudden drop its direction was changed, and the right hand was hurled forward instead in a terrible blow — the real object of the feint. And with the blow he bawled: "There! Take that! Yeh had me licked, did you? Heh? But I guess not. Come on, now,— come on — come on! *I'll* put you out of business. You can't down *me! I'll* win out! Put yer dough on *me*, boys. And as fer *you*, take that!"

It was another tremendous blow he swung; and by the glare in his bright eyes, it was plain that he had his foe clearly before him. Yes, there It was: the form made up of all the forms, and in this delirious moment become objective, of all the things he had been fighting: Hunger — Want — the Cough! There it was, menacing, vindictive, but palpably cornered at last, in shape to be seen and struggled with as a man longs to struggle, breast to breast and eye to eye — fist against fist! There it was, the Foe, the Enemy, the Thing that had slowly from its vantage-ground of the realm of the invisible been beating him down, down, down! And now it was here, under the stars, in the open, in final opposition contending with him — and already crippled by the blow he had given with the amazing force lent to him by the words of Mamie. And with all his soul in arms, Nick sprang forward in the ultimate, decisive conflict, the crisis of the bout, the apogee of the culminating round. His panting breath sang with loud hoarseness on the frosty air. He boxed with amazing swiftness, strength, ferocity, persistence. There were swings; there were right and left hand hooks, jolts, punches; there was rushing, and there was side-stepping of the nimblest; there was a rain of short-arm jolts, chops, wallops, stabs; and there were terrible straight blows from the shoulder rained in:— all of them scientifically enumerated for the tale's sake in the future by that old sport, Dr. McGuinness, even as he toilsomely pushed his way forward through the snow.

Watching her opportunity, Mamie had run in under the terrible arms and clung to Nick's waist. "Dear Nick! Nick!" she pleaded. "Hush. Don't swear. I may be wrong, you know. Oh, you frighten me, Nick!"

But he broke away from her, his eyes flaming: "No, you ain't wrong!" he loudly shouted. "Don't stop me—out of the way! Wait a minute. . . . There!" He had darted forward and again struck out into the empty air. "There!" he said again, and stopped, panting — looking down upon the snow. "Hear the gong? They're countin' him out! One! Two—don't you move!—Three! Four!" Tensely, slowly, he enunciated the words, following the stroke of the mystic gong he heard striking, tolling, triumphantly knelling the overthrow of the Enemy; and all the while closely, eagerly, warily eyeing the ground. Then burst an echoing, tremendous shout from his laboring breast:

"Down and out! Knocked out! Mame — Mame! I've won! By God, I win out — A fight in one round without a let-up, Mame; and — and — I — win — win — out!"

And the last words fluttering faltering on his lips, his eyes closed, the tension of his form relaxed, and he sank into the snow. Mamie threw herself upon his breast; but — Oh, how she thanked God in that instant! — Dr. McGuinness uplifted her and placed her in the arms of the farmer's sobbing wife, while he bent over Nick.

"What? and are you cryin', Mrs. Snyder? Tut! Tut!" said the little doctor cheerily; "sure, didn't you hear Nick say he won? Of course he did — he's all right — and upon me soul, and the Blessed Virgin, Mamie Snyder, I think that ye are all right, too!"

He was talking to give cheer at any price, was the little doctor; but he spake true words.

THE GENTLE ROBBER

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY GERTRUDE PARTINGTON

ONCE there was a robber bold — not that he looked bold, for he had the gentlest of manners and the most persuasive tongue. It was with a certain manly shyness that he approached his victims, and his voice was very low and soft as he convinced them how greatly to their interest it would be to hand over their purses, so that many went on through the green forest paths with empty pockets, it is true, but with eyes full of tears of gratitude for the benefactor who had held them up.

"Pray don't mention it!" said the Robber Chief, as he deprecatingly thrust into his wallet the purses he had taken and heard the outpoured thanks. "It is nothing, nothing! You would have done as much for me at any time if you had" — he never finished his sentence, but the wistful admiration of the man with empty pockets always added the right clause — "if you had had the brains."

Now the Gentle Robber, it need hardly be said, was highly successful in his chosen calling, or, as he put it, "the holy saints had given him rich possessions." He had started out moderately in a remote corner of the forest, as became a young and unassuming retail cut-purse, but soon his domain extended from his own retired dell to the adjacent glade, and the merry outlaw who had prospered there gave up the business and became a scrivener's clerk. It was not long before the Robber Chief owned the whole forest: the title-deeds, to be sure, belonged to the Abbey, which lay in a fat green meadow at the edge of the wood, but the monks could not work the forest as the robber could, and whatever harvest of gold and of silver, of jewels, of rich cloths from the packs of merchants of the East was to be gathered there, this one man reaped in his own apologetic way, which always seemed to beg pardon of those who were despoiled, for doing them so much good at one time. Soon the country round the forest was his, and yokel, franklin, and squire, Sir Bertram from the Castle and the Prior from the Abbey, began to render him accounts, and it came to pass that the Archbishop at the capital city, Mertoun, and the King upon his throne, and the strong nobles about him trembled at the robber's name, for the waves of his power flowed out until they met the waves of the sea.

Dearly the Gentle Robber loved his work in all its aspects, and he was master of its least details. A brave fight with a sturdy yeoman going home from market with a half-year's gains was joy to him, and merry in his ears was the sound of the thwack, thwack, thwack of the oaken staves as they fell on head and shoulders; an encounter with a rich merchant's train brought him naught but exhilaration, and the deft, swift hand that emptied pack and purse thrilled as it went about its chosen task. There was slow, sensuous pleasure in stripping off the garments of knight and of squire and leaving their limbs uncovered to the cold. Daintiest amusement of all was the spoiling of widow and of orphan: something of the ascetic lingered in the bosom of the Robber Chief, and rare and delicate was the task of emptying the scantily furnished larder, of carrying away the worn clothes, and the single jewel saved from the wreck of happier days. He found delight in feeling about his knees the clasp of the thin arms of the naked orphan as it wept for food, for genius knows no distinction of small and great, and yeoman and squire, knight and merchant, widow and orphan alike, thrilled him with a sense of his power, and through their cries sang in his ear the word "success."

In the course of time it came to pass that he became the chief support of the kingdom which he had caused to totter as he swept its riches into his own bulging pockets. When he came to court, as he sometimes did, wearing grave apparel and showing a modest face, the King leaned lovingly upon him; was he not financing the war with Binnamere and causing a half-dozen universities, which had but lately come into fashion, to rise in different parts of the land? The Archbishop conferred weightily with him in quiet corners; was he not building the great cathedral which was to be the glory of the city throughout coming ages?

"Nay, nay, nay!" said the Archbishop, waving a white, jeweled hand as the Chief began to divulge some of his larger plans. "Tell me not of thy wicked schemes! Thy methods I must condemn utterly, but if thou bringest me the money, well, I can at least see to it that it be not used for bad purposes. And speaking of money, we need for the walls of the apse a hundred bags of gold. Dost think thou couldst manage it?"

"Ay," said the Gentle Robber, and that night he despoiled nine men, killing three that resisted longest, for he was a great lover of Holy Church, and a devout believer, nor could she ask of him any service that he would not perform.

Now, the lust for gold is a strange thing. There be that gather it together into stockings and go hungry and dirty to the day's end for gold, and that is the miser's lust. There be that win it and spend it again freely for delicate food and fiery drink, and this is the sensualist's lust. There be that get it by cruel means and scatter it abroad on church and hospital, and this is the philanthropist's lust, which possessed the Robber Chief. Gold and jewels were piled so high in his forest cave that he could not see out of its window, and he hardly knew whether winter snow or the shadow of flickering leaves lay on the ground, nor could hungry church nor greedy halls of learning lessen his piles of treasure enough to let the sunlight in.

Far on the edge of the kingdom to eastward lived blunt Sir Guy of Lamont, and

..HE BEGAN TO WEAR THE LOOK OF THOSE WHO SEE MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE...

his son and heir was a young squire, Louis, by name, who had grown up much alone, wandering in the greenwood that circled the castle. Strong of arm and lusty he grew, yet cared not for the hunt, for he was friend to fox and hare, and the wild deer knew and loved him. Living close to spreading oak and delicate beech, among green leaves and nesting things, he began to wear the look of those who see more than meets the eye, and knight and franklin chaffed him as he sat apart while they grew merry over mug of ale or glass of wine in his father's hall. As he dreamed his dreams and thought his thoughts, rumors of the deeds of the Robber Chief floated to his ears, and he was sorely puzzled. It was a wandering merchant who brought the tale, spreading out his stuffs of velvet and of silk over table and settle and chair, and showing three great fresh sword cuts on his arm, as he spoke:

"Andrew, my brother, lost his head in the encounter, and it was severed by a single blow, but I escaped, though there be few that may."

With that he recounted all the tales that he had heard in his wanderings of the wrong-doing of this man, and they were many. Sir Guy listened with "Zounds!" and "'S death!" but the youth said never a word of pity or of blame; yet, when the story-teller had finished, he marveled at the lad's eyes. They were gray-eyes, with lashes dark and long, and the look in them was as the look in the eyes of a gentle beast when he is hurt to the death; then came to them the sudden fire of the avenger of misdeeds.

"My hour has come to fight," said young Louis of Lamont to the great stag that licked his hand that evening in the forest as the sun went down in golden haze. "Men do not know this cruel wrong; I must go to tell them, and mayhap lead them forth with banner and with sword."

Early the next morning, when all were making merry at the hunt, he set the face of his snow-white steed to westward and rode down long, green, leafy ways and across a great level plain toward the setting of the sun. In doublet and hose of scarlet, laced with gold thread, he was comely to see, with a white plume in his velvet cap, and thick hair of yellow, clipped evenly at his neck, and on his face the beauty that shines out from a light within. All day he journeyed on, yearning to meet alone the Robber Chief, whom he pictured as a man brawny of arm and of evil countenance, wherein black brows hid the sinister eyes, and a black beard covered a cruel mouth; and the lad longed with the lusty strength of untried youth to measure swords with this terrible foe. That night a woman gave him shelter at a wayside hut and told a tale of the Chief that chilled the young man's blood; the next night, as he lodged at a hall, deeds yet more cruel were recounted to him; and ever as he came nearer the heart of the kingdom, he found the air more rife with tidings of the Robber Chief's ill doings.

"They do not know," he said, lightly touching spur to his steed. "The King and the Archbishop do not know of these wicked things. Ave Maria, Ave Maria, let me but come in time to lead men forth!"

At the edge of a great forest he met, one day, a tired-looking man on a tired horse. The rider was neatly clad in sober gray and was both freshly shaven and neatly combed. Across his saddle lay a great bag of something that was wondrous heavy.

"Halt!" said the man, with a pleasant glance from his mild blue eyes. Then blood rose red to the young squire's cheek, and anger too great for any words lighted in his eyes, as his hand went to his dagger, and he urged his horse forward. It was a brave fight that he made, while the two steeds drew near and parted and drew near again, but a slender, white hand with an iron grip reached deftly and snatched the dagger from his hand, nor could he reach the short sword which he had so proudly belted to his side; and the strength of his adversary was as the strength of ten.

"Nay, be not foolish," said a soft voice, as the lad struck out with stinging fist; "'tis but thy purse I ask, and it would grieve me to do thee wrong. The purses of the kingdom belong to me."

"Now, by what right?" cried Louis of Lamont, between set teeth, his cheeks flaming deeper red.

"By the right of having brains enough to get them," answered the robber. Then he pinioned the lad's arm to his side and thrust a deft hand into his pocket, drawing out a purse of wrought gold.

"It will be to thy best advantage if thou canst but see it that way," he said courteously.

In the mind of the other the vision of dark, beetling brows and red, hairy cheeks was fading.

"Thou — thou art the Robber Chief," he stammered. His adversary bowed.

"It is thou who didst murder Baron Divonne, and who didst starve the Squire's daughter of Yverton with her seven children, and —" So great was his horror of the tales that flocked to his tongue that he failed to speak them, but a light as from the wings of the Angel of Judgment shone from his eyes and brow.

"The question is not, 'Shall I take thy purse?'" the Chief said gently. "I have it. The question is, 'How shall I dispose of it to the best advantage?'"

"It isn't that! I do not want the purse," said the young man scornfully; "but how canst thou traffic in crime?"

"I have little time for talking," said the Gentle Robber, with a hurt look on his face; he was extremely sensitive to adverse criticism. "Now I must be off. This great bag of gold is for the orphan hospital at the Abbey. If I may mention it without boasting, it derives most of its supplies

from me," and he looked wistfully for approval.

"Its supplies of orphans?" demanded Louis of Lamont, with his stern young lip curved in scorn; but the face of the other was as the face of a man who has failed to teach a great lesson of good.

As the lad rode on through the forest, his head was bent as if a hand had struck it and had laid it low, but coming into the open he saw far off, across the valley, the spires of the capital city, Mertoun, and its many red roofs gleaming by the blue river, and his heart throbbed within him for thankfulness and joy.

"Hasten!" he cried to the beast that bore him. "Yonder in that strong city be strong men to help me right ill deeds, and a minute gained may save some woman's life, or spare the bitter crying of a child."

His eyes were filled with a vision of the knights that would go out with him to war for the right, with the waving of plumes and the flaming of banners, in their hearts the anger of God for cruel wrong; and a yearning for coming combat tugged at the muscles of shoulder and of arm.

The palace of the Archbishop was moated, and there was a drawbridge there, and within, as on a green island, rose walls of fine gray stone, with window arch and doorway delicately carved. There was one at hand who took his steed, and one who led the way for him, and anon he found himself in a sunlit chamber where the Archbishop stood looking out upon the great cathedral which was rising stone by stone, with its blue-clad workmen standing against a bluer sky.

"What is it, my son?" asked the Archbishop, when he saw a young squire standing before him, worn, dust-stained, with anger burning in his eyes.

"Sire," said the guest, bending low, "I have hasted thither to tell thee of great wrongs."

"They shall be redressed," said the Archbishop, laying his hand upon the lad's head.

"There is a man," said Louis of Lamont, kneeling, his lips white with wrath, "who doeth cruel wrong and bringeth folk to death, and it must needs be that none in high places know, for he goeth unpunished."

"He shall be found and placed in my lowest dungeon," said the Archbishop fiercely. "Now tell me what he hath done."

"On my way hither I lodged with a poor woman who told me that he had slain before her eyes her husband and her sons, and all for a cup of silver coin that stood upon the mantel."

"A cup of silver coin!" groaned the Archbishop. "He shall hang."

Then he told of the murder of Baron Divonne, and of the Squire's daughter of Yverton, who was starved with her seven children; and he told all the tales that the wandering merchant had brought with his cloths of cashmere and of silk. As he spoke longer, the face of the Archbishop grew anxious, and when he finished, saying, "Men call him the Gentle Robber," black care sat upon the brow of the host.

"Delay not," pleaded Louis. "Give me armed men, for thou hast said that he shall die for his sins, and I have the blood of fighters in my veins."

"Nay, child," said the Archbishop. "Not so."

"Thou hast promised!" he cried in amaze.

"Ay," he made answer, "but I knew not then that the offenses were so many and so great, or that the enterprise was — ahem! — planned upon so large a scale. That makes all different."

"That makes the need to punish him a thousandfold greater," stammered the lad.

"Tut, tut!" said the Archbishop, with the solemn smile he wore at mass. "Thou dost not understand: logic is ever lacking in the young."

"Should not stripes be laid upon him for each cry he hath drawn forth? Should he not lay down his life, if that were possible, for each life he hath taken?"

"I had thought, when I heard the first tale, that he should die for the single crime," the Archbishop made answer, "but the case is altered by the later facts. 'A life for a life,' saith the Scripture, but naught of a life for a dozen or threescore, or an hundred, as the case may be."

Then a flame of anger shone out in the lad's face, and he waited.

"My son," said the Archbishop tenderly, "thou art young and ignorant, yet will I try to teach thee something of right ways of thought. In judging, all depends upon the point of view, and matters that look often black at first statement grow white or gray when thoroughly understood. Let us look upon this question in another aspect. Dost see yonder great cathedral rising?"

Though the youth made no answer, the Archbishop saw that he was looking at

"FOR SOME HALF SMILED AND HID THEIR SMILES AS BEST THEY COULD"

the gray stones and at the blue-clad workmen.

"'Tis God's house," said the Archbishop, "nor may it arise save through the gifts of this man. Wrong hath he done, but all is forgiven for that his gold is bent to holy purposes."

"But wrong he doeth still," said Louis of Lamont, in the stern voice of youth.

The Archbishop coughed behind his hand even while he spoke.

"There is much in the ways of Providence that we may not comprehend. God moveth in a mysterious way."

"Had the Robber Chief ceased from his crime and shown true penitence —" began the lad, but the Archbishop interrupted.

"God hath need of the man and of all the gold that he will bring, that institutions of learning and holy places may arise in the land."

"God may be worshiped by wood and stream," said the youth, in the still, small voice of one who knew; "nor hath he need of gold that is the price of suffering and pain and tears"; and so he turned and left the Archbishop and went down the steps, worn and weary, with dust on his crimson garments, and shame on his spirit, and the light of his face grown dim.

It had come back to its shining, however, the next day when he went before the King.

"It may well be that there is one bad man who hath power," he said to himself, "and he the Archbishop; but God would not grant that all be so," and hope beamed again from his eyes.

"'Tis the son of my old friend, Guy of Lamont, sayest thou?" cried the King, as he raised the lad's chin with one royal finger. "By my troth, 'tis his father's face again, but different."

"Sire," said Louis, as he did reverence, "I have come to tell of cruel wrong, and to win from thee a promise of redress."

"Thou shalt have it!" cried the King, with his hand upon his sword. "Friend or child of my friend went never yet uncomforted from the foot of my throne. Speak thy wrong."

Then the youth told him all that he had told the Archbishop, and added thereto other tales, and hope shone sternly in his eyes.

"Send forth with me a band of thy men-at-arms," prayed the suppliant. "Even now, perchance, are orphans made that might have grown tall in happiness save for this man's lust for gold."

Then the King looked about, and his face grew dark with anger, for some half smiled and hid their smiles as best they could with jeweled hand or velvet sleeve; some showed fear at seeing this thing which was not breathed at court boldly brought to light.

"Boy," said the King sternly, "hast no respect for them that be appointed to sit in high places, nor awe before an anointed King?"

"Yea, sire," answered Louis, marveling.

"Dost come before my throne with slanderous tales of one on whom I lean heavily and lovingly?"

"Sire," he said bravely, "thou dost not know his cruel deeds. He hath robbed and killed to the sickening of the heart."

"Mayhap," said the King, "but he hath carried all before him with great success, and so is the case altered. 'Tis a man of whom we have great need, and the young should not speak ill of older folk."

Then Louis of Lamont said never a word, but rose to his feet staggering, for the knowledge he had gained of men came as hard blows about the ears, and bending low he turned away.

"Stay!" cried the King. "Thy offense is great: thou hast spoken ill of a public benefactor, yet if thou wilt hold thy tongue, nor repeat thy silly tales, I will make thee one of my courtiers, and thou shalt go brave in velvet and in jewels."

But the youth shook his head and went forth alone from the presence-chamber; all looked after him, with smiles and jeers and whispered words of scorn.

"'S death!" cried the King. "'Tis a madman fit but for a dungeon, yet, for the sake of my old friend, Guy of Lamont, can I not cast him there."

The lad groped his way unevenly down the marble steps of the palace as one gropes in a path that is full of pitfalls and has suddenly grown dark, and he wandered, not knowing where, through the dark streets, until he found himself in the square before the great cathedral. Here many were passing with hands full of flowers, red roses and tall, white lilies and blue blossoms that grow pale among the wheat, for it was the feast-day of a saint, and they went to deck the altar which stood within unfinished walls, that men might worship there under the blue sky.

"I will tell them," said the lad, so he stood upon the cathedral steps and repeated all the tale, and blossoms red and blossoms

white were dropped at his feet, as men and women clustered about to hear.

"Ay!" they cried out, "we go hungry for this man, but who shall deliver us from him? Horses and armor could we find, perchance. Wilt lead us to him?"

Then of a sudden he smiled, and ceased speaking because of the choking in his throat; but after, he took up the tale and told it in the market-place and before the Palace of Justice and wherever he could gather folk together.

As days passed, all this came to the ears of the King and of the Archbishop and of the nobles of the court, and grave head met with grave head, and both were shaken solemnly in conference over this new peril which threatened the kingdom. One morn there went throughout the city a crier, who called aloud and read from a parchment in his hand to let men know that Louis of Lamont, son of Sir Guy, was excommunicate from Holy Church with full ceremony of bell, book, and candle, for slander of one of her greatest sons. Henceforward no man should give him shelter, no woman food or drink, lest they too come under the ban; and should he speak future evil words, his life would be forfeit.

Yet one who loved him, and there were many, hid him, and the next day and the next he wandered in the streets, begging men to rise in vengeance against the Robber Chief. On the third day he was taken by armed men, and the decree went forth that Louis of Lamont should, after three days, be burned at the stake in the square of the Palace of Justice. The youth smiled when he heard his doom; almost he was glad to escape from a world which he had not logic enough to understand.

So the day came when he should die, and it was a Friday of midsummer. In the center of the square stood an iron post to which criminals were wont to be tied, and to this they bound him. Close about him were heaped fagots of wood and dried branches, and within he stood in a motley garment, and the look upon his face was as the coming of the day. All about was a great press of people, merchant and butcher and cloth spinner, and peasant folk from the country round; and on a dais, built high for better seeing, were knights and ladies and nobles of the court, with the King himself, and the Gentle Robber at his side, trimly clad in sober gray and gently smiling.

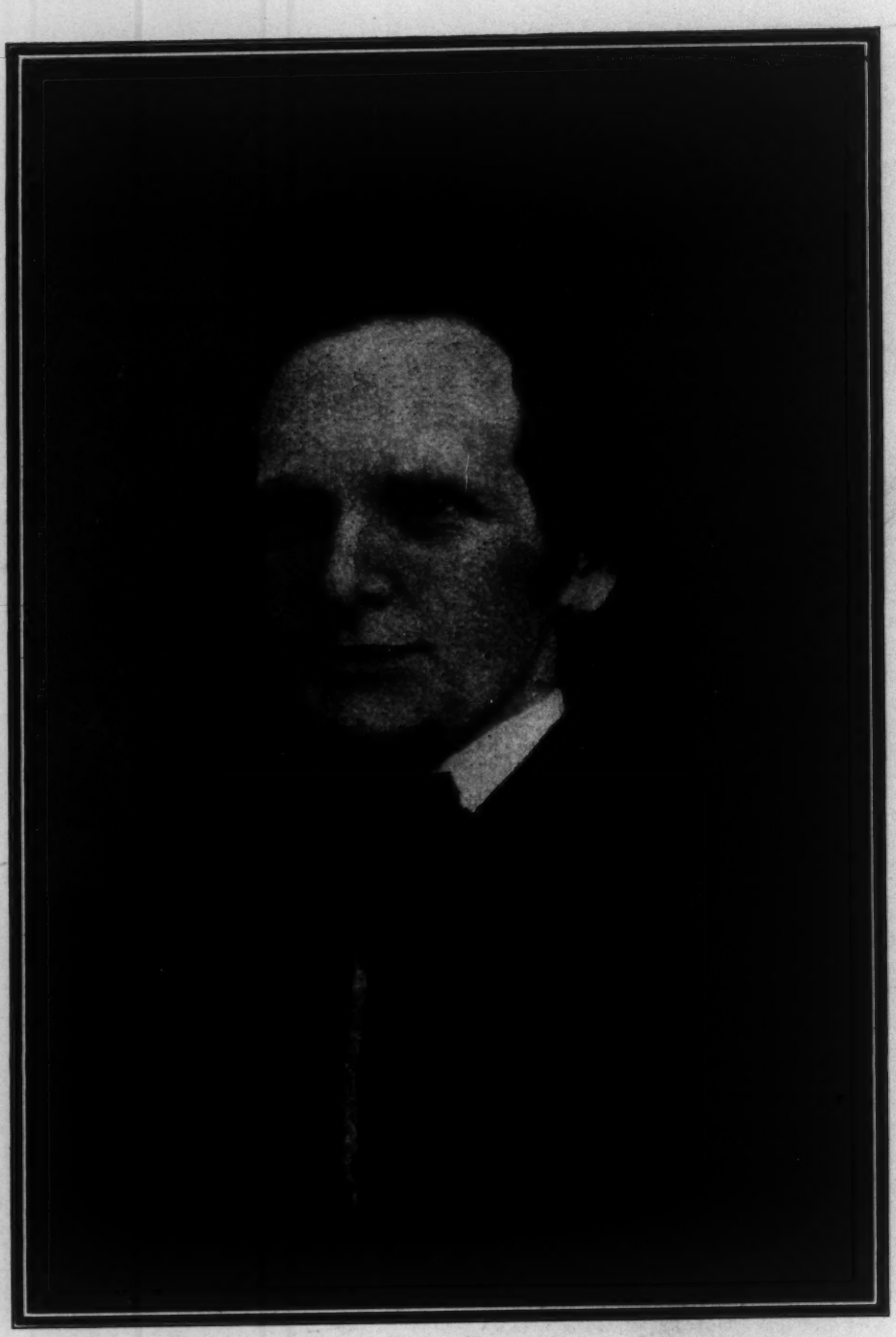
It was a soft day of golden sun, and the sky was blue above the place, and the least wind sighed softly as if for pity as it breathed about the iron stake and played with the yellow locks of the young Squire's hair and moved the red folds of the shameful garment that they had placed upon him. Lifting his face, he leaned his cheek against the wind, for it seemed to him a breeze that had played among the beech leaves in the ancient forest by his father's hall, and in taking leave of it he said farewell to his hound and to the woodland paths and to his father's face.

Now came a ghostly father, with a torch that flamed backward against the blue day, and in the name of God and Holy Church he bent and kindled the fagots. Then was there quick tumult and rush and stir through the square, for all rushed forward to see and to hear, and little maids were sorely trampled in the press by the great feet of smith and of husbandman, and women's aprons were badly torn. None cared, for all knew that saving grace was to be won for their own souls if their eyes but caught a glimpse of an heretic that was being burned to death, and when the fire leaped high into the air, they crossed themselves and gave God thanks. There was a flame in the young martyr's face that was not as the flame that leaped about him; but smoke and fire were speedy with their work, and his head bent over his breast, his body over the chain that bound him, and as his soul went free, folk breathed deeply in relief, saying that an evil-doer was dead. Upon the dais the King's broad face showed satisfaction; the Archbishop lifted his eyes to heaven, thanking God, then let them rest on the gray stone walls of the cathedral, glad that now naught should prevent the walls of God's house from rising. In all the great crowd, none other was so devout and so thankful as the Gentle Robber, and his mild blue eyes were moist with tears as he whispered to the King:

"'Tis marvelous, the ways by which Providence brings evil-doers to justice; ever the right prevails."

Then all went to the cathedral, knight, squire, and lady in velvet and in silk, the Archbishop in holy robes of purple and of white, and common folk in blue jean and plain linen, that special mass might be said in praise for this great deliverance, and the *Te Deum* sung.

"A GLIMPSE OF AN HERETIC THAT WAS BEING BURNED TO DEATH"



ASA GILBERT EDDY

Third husband of Mary Baker G. Eddy

MARY BAKER G. EDDY

THE STORY OF HER LIFE AND THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

BY

GEORGINE MILMINE

V

MRS. EDDY AND HER FIRST DISCIPLES

THE first six years of Mrs. Glover's life after her return to Lynn were a critical period in her history. Here she was at last working under favorable conditions, and her activities took on a more serious and resolute tone. During this time she became regularly established as the teacher of Moral and Physical Science (afterward Christian Science), published her long-delayed book, and brought about the first Christian Science organization. The student of her life here begins to feel in her the concentration and direction of energy which precedes any considerable achievement.

When Mrs. Glover left Stoughton early in the year 1870, she went directly to the home of her friend, Miss Sarah Bagley, in Amesbury, Massachusetts.

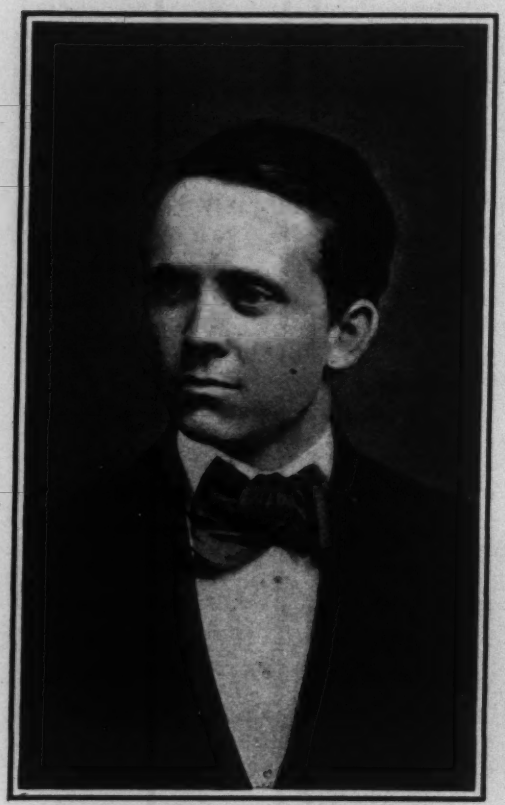
During her former stay in Amesbury, more than two years before, she had undertaken the instruction of a boy in whom she saw exceptional possibilities, and who was destined to play an important part in her history. When she first met Richard Kennedy, he was a boy of eighteen, ruddy, sandy-haired, with an unfailing flow of good spirits and a lively wit which did not belie his Irish ancestry. From his childhood he had made his own way, and he was then living at Captain Webster's and was working in a box factory. Mrs. Glover recognized in his enthusiastic temperament and readiness at making friends, excellent capital for a future practitioner. He studied zealously with her while she remained at the Websters', and when she was compelled to leave the house, Kennedy, with Quixotic loyalty becoming his years, left with her. After she went to Stoughton, Mrs. Glover wrote to him often, and whenever he could spare the time from his factory work, he went over from Amesbury to take a lesson.

When Mrs. Glover returned to Amesbury in 1870, she regarded Kennedy as the most promising of her pupils; he was nearly twenty-one, and she felt that he was sufficiently well-grounded in the principles of mind-cure to begin practising. Mrs. Glover accordingly made up her mind to try again the experiment which had failed in the case of Hiram Crafts: to open an office with one of her students, and through him advertise her Science and extend her influence. She herself had not up to this time achieved any considerable success as a healer, and she had come to see that her power lay almost exclusively in teaching. Without a practical demonstration of its benefits, however, the theory of her Science excited little interest, and it was in conjunction with a practising student that she could teach most effectively. She entered into an agreement with young Kennedy to the effect that they were to open an office in Lynn, Massachusetts, and were to remain together three years.

Establishment in Lynn

Early in the summer of 1870 Mrs. Glover and Richard Kennedy went to Lynn. They stayed temporarily at the home of Mrs. Clarkson Oliver, whom Kennedy had known in Amesbury, while he looked about for suitable offices. He heard that Miss Susie

Magoun, who conducted a private school for young children, had just leased a building on the corner of Shepard and South Common Streets and was desirous of subletting the second floor. Miss Magoun, now Mrs. John M. Dame, of Lynn, remembers how one June evening, when she was looking over the building to decide upon the arrangement of her school-rooms a very boyish-looking



RICHARD KENNEDY

The Amesbury boy whom Mrs. Eddy took to Lynn and made her first partner. His success in mental healing gave Mrs. Eddy her first start toward a career

young man appeared and nervously asked whether she intended to let a part of the house. He said he was looking for offices for a physician. Miss Magoun, misled by his youthful appearance, at once supposed that he wanted the rooms for his father, which caused the boy some embarrassment. He told her that the five rooms up-stairs would not be too many for him, as he should bring with him "an elderly woman who was writing a book," and they would each need offices and sleeping-rooms. Miss Magoun liked the boy's candor and liveliness and told him he might move in. He drew a sigh of relief, telling her that so many people had refused him that he had almost lost heart. Even when Miss Magoun's friends prophesied that she would lose her rent, she did not repent of her bargain; and she never afterward had occasion to do so. Miss Magoun's first meeting with Mrs. Glover occurred some days later, when her new tenants came to take possession of their rooms. As she was hurrying through the hall to her classroom, young Kennedy stopped her and introduced his partner. Mrs. Glover bowed and at once began to explain to her astonished landlady the Quimby theory of the universe and the non-existence of matter.

Richard Kennedy's Success

Kennedy's sign, which was put on a tree in the yard, read simply: "Dr. Kennedy." The rooms up-stairs were very plainly furnished, for Mrs. Glover had no money and her student very little. They bought only such articles of furniture as were absolutely necessary, covered the floor with paper oil-cloth, and put up cheap shades at the windows. Much to Miss Magoun's surprise, patients began to come in before the first week was over, and at the end of the month Kennedy was able to pay his rent promptly. By the first of September the young man's practice was flourishing. Miss Magoun's school was in excellent standing, and the fact that his office was in the same building recommended the young practitioner, while she herself was glad to say a good word for him whenever she could. It became a common thing for the friends of discouraged invalids to say: "Go to Dr. Kennedy. He can't hurt you, even if he doesn't help you." His offices were sometimes so crowded that he would have to ask his patients to await their turn below in Miss Magoun's parlor. The children in the school were fond of him, and he often found time to run down-stairs about dismissal hour and help Miss Magoun and her assistant get the younger pupils into their wraps and overshoes. He knew them all by name, and sometimes joined in their games.

Crystallization of Mrs. Eddy's Ambition

Mrs. Glover herself, during these first months, remained much in the background, a solitary and somewhat somber figure, applying herself to her work with ever-increasing

seriousness. For the first time she was free from pecuniary embarrassments, and she concentrated her energies upon her teaching and writing with a determination which she had never before shown. She seldom went out of the house, was usually silent at Miss Magoun's dinner-table, and the school children, when they met her in the hall, hurried curiously past the grave, abstracted woman, who never spoke to them or noticed them. Far from relaxing in an atmosphere of comparative prosperity, she was impatient of the easy-going friendliness of the people about her. She was contemptuous of the active part which Kennedy took in the social life around him, and resented his having much to do with Miss Magoun's young friends. She continually urged him to put aside every other interest and concentrate himself wholly upon Science. She was annoyed at the women patients who came often for treatment, and when she saw them sitting in the front office awaiting their turn, she sometimes referred to them as "the stool-pigeons." She began in these days to sense the possibilities of the principle she taught, and to see further than a step ahead. She often told Kennedy that she would one day establish a great religion which would reverence her as its founder and source. "Richard," she would declare, looking at him intently, "you will live to hear the church-bells ring out my birthday." And on July 16, 1904, they did — her own bells, in her own church at Concord.

The feeling of at last having her foot in the stirrup seemed to harden and direct Mrs. Glover's ambition as adversity had never done. She had something the world had waited for, she told Kennedy, and she meant to make the world pay for it. She often declared that she had been born an unwelcome child, and that from the first every man's hand had been against her. Although she was in her fiftieth year, Mrs. Glover had by no means reached the maturity of her powers. During these early years in Lynn she becomes in every way a more commanding and formidable person. Since she no longer had to live by her wits, certain affectations and ingratiating mannerisms became less pronounced. The little distinction for which she had fought so tenaciously and which she had been put at such shifts to maintain was now respectfully admitted by all her students — and by some even reverently. She began to dress better. Her thin face filled out, her figure lost its gauntness and took on an added dignity. People who were afraid of her complained that her "hawk-eye" looked clear through them, and persons who admired her compared her eye to an eagle's. Once relieved of the necessity of compelling attention from hither and yon, she conserved her powers and exerted herself only when

MARY BAKER G. EDDY

From a photograph taken in Lynn in 1871

she could hope for a commensurate result. In following her through the six years prior to 1870, one is struck with her seeming helplessness against herself and against circumstances, and with the preponderant element of blind chance — often mischance — in her life. Before she had been in Lynn a year, she had come to work with some sort of plan, her students were persons of good standing, and her life was more orderly and effective than it had ever been before. Success, from her first taste of it, was the making of Mrs. Eddy. From the moment she was in a position to command, she began to make headway. Her power was one of personality,

THE SOUTH COMMON INSTITUTE

Miss Susie Magoun's private school Richard Kennedy and Mrs. Eddy had their offices on the second floor of the building. In the picture Kennedy is looking from one of the second-story windows

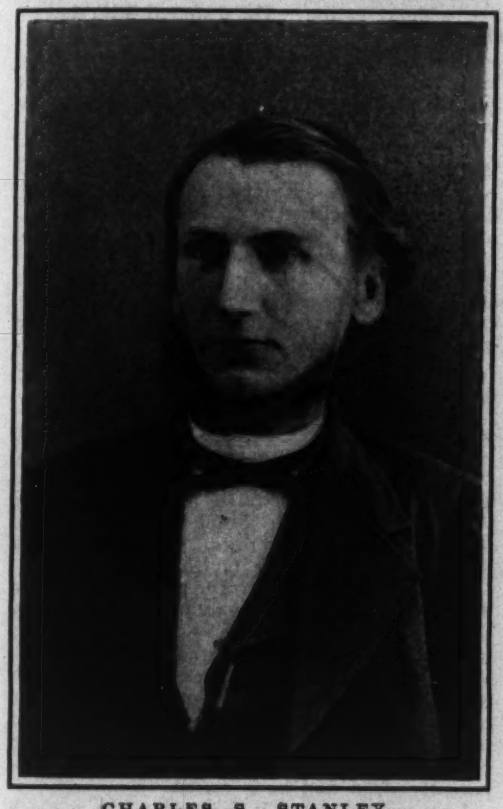
and people were her material;—her church, which so persistently denies personality, is built upon it. Her abilities were administrative rather than executive, and without a cabinet she exemplified the old fable of the impotence of the head without the body.

Early Students

Most of Mrs. Glover's first students were persons whom Richard Kennedy had cured or friends of his patients. The case of two young men in her first class will serve to illustrate. Mrs. Charles S. Stanley, who was suffering from tuberculosis in an advanced stage, was greatly benefited by Kennedy. She entreated her husband and half-brother to take instruction under Mrs. Glover, and they did so. Her husband at first felt that he had an aptitude for the subject and eventually became a practising student. As to the half-brother, George Tuttle, however, Mrs. Glover felt that there she had cast her seed upon stony ground; and certainly he must have been an incongruous figure in the little circle which met in her rooms to unlearn matter. A stalwart, strapping lad, he had just returned from a cruise to Calcutta on the sailing vessel "John Clark," which carried ice from Boston Harbor to the Indies. The young seaman, when asked what he thought he would get out of Mrs. Glover's class, replied that he didn't think about it at all, he joined because his sister asked him to. He even tried, in a bashful way, to practise a little, but he says that when he actually cured a girl of dropsy, he was so surprised and frightened that he washed his hands of Moral Science.

Mrs. Glover's course consisted of twelve lectures and extended over a period of three weeks. Her students were required to make a copy of the Quimby manuscript which Mrs. Glover called "The Science of Man," and although they were allowed to keep their copy,

they were usually put under a formal three-thousand-dollar bond not to show it. As soon as the student had taken the final lesson, Mrs. Glover addressed him or her as "Doctor" and considered that a degree had been conferred. Often she wrote her students a congratulatory letter upon their graduation, addressing them by their newly acquired title.



CHARLES S. STANLEY

Whom Mrs. Eddy sued for unpaid tuition, and who declared that her instruction was valueless

The members of her first class in Lynn each paid one hundred dollars for their lessons. They also agreed to give Mrs. Glover a percentage on the income from their practice. Tuttle and Stanley executed an agreement with her which was substantially in the following words:

"Lynn, Aug. 15, 1870. We, the undersigned, do hereby agree in consideration of instruction and manuscripts received from Mrs. Mary Baker Glover, to pay one hundred dollars in advance and ten per cent annually on the income that we receive from practising or teaching the science. We also agree to pay her one thousand dollars in case we do not practise or teach the above-mentioned science that she has taught us. (Signed) G. H. Tuttle, Charles S. Stanley."

Disagreements with Tuttle and Stanley — Stanley Dismissed from the Class

Trouble arose between George Tuttle and Charles Stanley and their teacher, and Mrs. Glover dismissed Stanley from the class. Although he afterward practised mental healing with some success, it was not with Mrs. Glover's sanction, and he finally became a homeopathic physician. In 1879 Mrs. Glover brought a suit in equity in the Essex County Court against Tuttle and Stanley for unpaid tuition. Judge George F. Choate,* the referee in the case, at his death left among his papers his book of minutes on this case of "Mary B. Eddy vs. G. H. Tuttle et al" — very full notes, written out in long hand, which throw a good deal of light on Mrs. Glover's methods of teaching and on her relation to her pupils. Judge Choate's notes on Stanley's testimony are in part as follows:

I went to Mrs. Eddy for the purpose of taking lessons — She pretended to teach me — She never taught me anything — I never told anybody I practised her method.

I was acquainted with Dr. Kennedy in Lynn. He practised physical manipulation. He first led me to commence practice, etc. — My wife was doctored by Dr. Kennedy — My wife told me Mrs. Eddy wanted to see me. I went, and Mrs. Eddy said she was about starting a class for others like me — She said she had manuscripts, not books, etc. She said she taught setting bones and obstetrics — she said she could teach me in six weeks to be as good a physician as any in the city. She wanted $100. I said I was too poor and could not pay — I left. My wife and I went again in the evening, and she urged me — finally I paid her $25 advance. Then I saw Tuttle with a manuscript. He said to get one to copy. I got paper. I asked her to postpone my lessons till, etc. — She said you don't require to eat in order to live. I said yes. She said she had got so far that she could live without eating. She called me and Tuttle to a room, showed me a paper. When she asked us to sign, I objected — She said when we had learned this and the other one (manuscript) which she would have for us, she would go with us and find a place, etc., and on these conditions, i. e., that she would teach us obstetrics, setting bones, and would go with us and find place etc.,† I signed the agreement.‡

She said she always went with students to see them well located, that she required this agreement — that she furnished other manuscripts, that this one was only a commencement.

* George F. Choate of Salem was for many years probate judge in Essex County, Massachusetts. He was a member of the distinguished Choate family, his father being an own cousin of Rufus Choate.

† Presumably a place in which to begin practising.

‡ The text of this agreement is given above.

She turned me out of the class at the end of three weeks. She told me I couldn't practise her method anyway because I was a Baptist — We were to have a six weeks' course, and it was at end of two weeks she told me to leave.

Finding that I could have a good effect upon my wife when she was sick and would have severe coughing spells, I thought likely I could have a

GEORGE H. TUTTLE

A young seaman who had just returned from a voyage to Calcutta, when he entered Mrs. Eddy's class. He shipped on the "John Clark," which carried ice from Boston Harbor to the Indies, and in this picture wears the water-tight clothes in which he helped to handle the cargo

good effect upon others. I saw what was in tnose manuscripts and asked her when the others she spoke of were coming. I asked her what to do if called to a person with a broken limb — She said if so, tell them there isn't any broken limb, that it is all belief, etc.

The testimony of George H. Tuttle, in the same suit, is recorded in Judge Choate's minutes as follows:

In 1870 I knew Mrs. Eddy — was a student of hers. My sister was being attended by Dr. Kennedy, and through my sister I was induced to go up to Mrs. Eddy's with Dr. Stanley and my sister. We signed an agreement — This is the agreement — She showed us how all diseases could be cured and that there was no sort of disease that she could not cure — Said that she would make us more successful than any physician.

The instructions were simply that we were to understand the teachings of the manuscript and that fully understanding it we should be able to heal all disease — We took lessons for a week and a half to two weeks, in the evenings only,— but every day, I think — There used to be an abundance of talk between her and Stanley — Considerable misunderstanding — about payments — and about his religion. She said that he couldn't be a success in this line so long as he adhered to the Baptist faith.

She said she could walk on the water — Could live without eating — He disputed with her — Offered to stand it without eating as long as she, and she backed down — She was to enable us to heal *all* diseases — bone-setting — obstetrics — and to treat everything successfully, — and she was to go with us and see that we had success.

She used to hold up consumption and tell us that there was no such thing as lungs — no liver — and they were all imagination — She became dissatisfied sometimes with him (Stanley) and sometimes with me — Finally she recalled the manuscripts, claiming that she wanted to make some alterations. I haven't got mine back, but she gave me another one finally. This is the one. Our instructions ceased — She had taken our manuscripts, and we were literally turned out — I learned from Stanley that he had been dismissed.

We went to see her and demanded our manuscripts — Did not get them — She complained of him, said she was dissatisfied — that he had fallen from grace and was going back on it — was attracted to the Baptist belief, etc., and he could not go on — Dr. Stanley and I went up together for the manuscripts. I don't remember the talk, but there were faultfindings.

She was dissatisfied with him — because he didn't pay — and with his dullness and inability to comprehend it (her Science) — In the first place she had held out to us that the knowledge of her principle and the possession of this power would surely attract patients to us, so that we couldn't fail to get patients — She said she had seen the dead raised — I didn't know if dead could be raised — I in part believed that those apparently dead had been raised.

I got treatment by Dr. Kennedy — In as much as she sent us out to Dr. Kennedy for a (practical) example, I suppose, — She taught rubbing, putting hand in water and upon the stomach, etc.

She claimed that Stanley must surrender everything, surrender the Baptist as every other creed — At the time we went for our manuscripts we were both turned out — Stanley gave her a piece of his mind — told her she was a fraud, etc.

I never regularly practised, because I never understood it.

Stanley said to her she was a fraud in getting the manuscripts back and generally — He was very mistrustful throughout. I don't think he had studied even the three weeks out.

She said she would give us other manuscripts in reference to bone setting — I don't remember what she said about obstetrics; she said generally that he would have only to walk into the room and be filled with the understanding, and all pain would disappear — I don't know but that something further was to be done in cases of bone setting.

When Mrs. Eddy took the stand, she said in part:

I told the defendant it was a very good method and better than I had found before of healing sick. I taught him the method. I told him it was through the action of mind upon the body — Don't recollect that I said it would cure *all* diseases. I didn't limit or unlimit it. I don't know that I meant for him to understand that it will heal everything — I presume I intended him to understand that it was a better method than any other. I don't think I ever told any student that it would heal every disease. I cannot give you an explanation — you have not studied it. The principle is mind operating on the body.

The mind is cause of disease — Through mind scarlet fever and diphtheria are cured — I have found that through the action of mind I could cure, as I have done, apoplexy, paralysis, etc.,— Heart disease, enlargement of heart, consumption are cured by mind — I have cured cases of consumption found hopeless by action of mind, blindness, deafness, etc.

The Prisoner of Chillon found that gray hairs are produced through the mind — I haven't tried my system on old age yet.

I didn't promise to teach him bone setting or obstetrics. Nor that I would furnish other manuscripts, nor that I would go with him to find his place, etc. Might have said I would make him a good physician — I taught him the application of hands and water — He told me he hadn't the means to pay me and that if I would take him by instalments, he would study — I didn't dismiss him, but he said "I understand enough now to do more than any of your students," that he knew enough now to go right into practice.

I never taught mesmerism. I did teach the laying on of hands — not with power — I did teach manipulation in 'sixty-seven, 'sixty-eight and 'sixty-nine and in 'seventy — I ceased — I can't tell the date — Can't tell if 'seventy, 'seventy-one.

I did teach Mr. Stanley manipulation — that was not my principle, it was my method — My method was metaphysical — I taught it — I don't know for what — it was because I saw a hand helped me — I thought it was a good method — I can't say whether it is a science, I can't say whether a part or the whole of it is a science — If it is practised right it is a science — that part which is effective and heals the sick is a science — I don't know as I can explain it. *I do not claim it as a discovery* (manipulation), *I had known of it always. Can't tell if I knew of this will power before I knew Dr. Quimby* — It is not always necessary to know what is the belief.

I should generally require them (my students) to keep the ten commandments —Should require them to be moral.

I can argue to myself that striking my hand upon the table will not produce pain — I don't think I could produce the effect that this knife would not produce a wound, but that I could argue myself out of the pain. I have not claimed to have gone as far as that. I have said that belongs to future time. I can alleviate — I cannot prevent a broken bone. I would send for a surgeon and set the bone — and after that I would alleviate the pain and inflammation. Can't do more in my present development — *I have seen the dead in understanding raised* * — The infant is the son of the parent and the parents' mind governs its mind — Through the parents' mind I cure the infant.

Before 1872 I taught manipulation and the use of water.

That was not all I taught — I never said that was the science, but I said it was a method, and until I saw a student doing great evil, etc.†

Richard Kennedy in his testimony said:

I went to Lynn to practise with Mrs. Eddy. Our partnership was only in the practise, not in her teaching.

I practised healing the sick by physical manipulation — The mode was operating upon the head giving vigorous rubbing — This was a part of her system that I had learned — The special thing she was to teach me was the science of healing by soul power — I have never been able to come to knowledge of that principle — She gave me a great deal of instruction of the so-called principle, but I have not been able to understand it — She claimed that it would cure advanced stages of consumption and the worse cases of violent disease, that these were but trifles under her Science.

I was there at the time Stanley was there — I made the greatest effort to practise upon her principle, and I have never had any proof that I had attained to it or had any success from it.

I had nothing to do with the instructions — She told me that she had expelled Mr. Stanley from the class — of his incompetency to understand her science — that it was impossible to convince him of the folly of his times — *that his faith in a personal God and prayer was such that she could not overcome it — She used the word Baptist in connection with him because he was a Baptist — but it was the same with all other creeds.*

So long as they believed in a personal God and the response to prayer, they could not progress in the scientific religion — I performed the manipulation of Mr. Stanley as follows:

Mrs. Eddy requested me to rub Mr. Stanley's head and to lay special stress upon the idea that there was no personal God, while I was rubbing him.

I never entirely gave up my belief in a personal God, though my belief was pretty well shaken up.

In rendering a decision in favor of Tuttle and Stanley, Judge Choate said: "Upon a careful examination I do not find any instructions given by her nor any explanations of her 'science' or 'method of healing' which appear intelligible to ordinary comprehension, or which could in any way be of value in fitting the Defendant as a competent and successful practitioner of any intelligible art or method of healing the sick, and I am of opinion that the consideration for the agreement has wholly failed, and I so find."

* See letter to W. W. Wright on page 106.
† Reference to Richard Kennedy.

"THE SKYLIGHT ROOM"

This room, in which Mrs. Eddy completed "Science and Health," is yearly visited by hundreds of Christian Scientists, and is regarded by them as the cradle of their faith. The room was Mrs. Eddy's study for several years

Tuition Fee Impelled by God

Within a few weeks after her first class was organized, Mrs. Glover raised her tuition fee to three hundred dollars, which price was never afterward changed. Concerning her reasons for fixing upon this sum, Mrs. Eddy says:

When God impelled me to set a price on my instruction in Christian Science Mind-healing, I could think of no financial equivalent for an impartation of a knowledge of that divine power which heals; but I was led to name three hundred dollars as the price for each pupil in one course of lessons at my college, — a startling sum for tuition lasting barely three weeks. This amount greatly troubled me. I shrank from asking it, but was finally led, by a strange providence, to accept this fee.

God has since shown me, in multitudinous ways, the wisdom of this decision; and I beg disinterested people to ask my loyal students if they consider three hundred dollars any real equivalent for my instruction during twelve half-days, or even in half as many lessons.*

In 1888 Mrs. Eddy reduced the course of twelve lessons to seven, but the tuition fee still remained three hundred dollars. In the *Christian Science Journal* for December, 1888, she published the following notice:

Having reached a place in teaching where my students in Christian Science are taught more during seven lessons in the primary class than they were formerly in twelve, and taught all that is profitable at one time, hereafter the primary class will include seven lessons only. As this number of lessons is of more value than twice this number in times past, no change is made in the price of tuition, three hundred dollars. Mary Baker G. Eddy.

Early Students were Shoemakers

Most of Mrs. Glover's early students were artisans; many of them shoe-workers. Lynn was then a city of about thirty thousand inhabitants, and shoemaking was, as it now is, the large and characteristic industry. Many of the farmers about the country had little shoeshops in their backyards and during the winter season took out piecework from the factories. The majority of the village and country boys had had something to do with shoemaking before they went into business or chose a profession, and when Whittier

* "Retrospection and Introspection," p. 71.

went from the farm to attend the academy at Haverhill, he was able to pay his way by making slippers. Among Mrs. Glover's first students were S. P. Bancroft, a shoe-worker; George W. Barry, foreman in a shoe-shop; Dorcas Rawson, a shoe-worker, and her sister Mrs. Miranda R. Rice; Charles S. Stanley, a shoe-worker; Miss Frances Spinney, who had a shop in which she employed a score of girls to sew on women's shoes; Mrs. Otis Vickary; George H. Allen, who was employed in his father's box factory; and Wallace W. Wright, then accountant in a bank.

Liberal religious ideas flourished in New England thirty-five years ago, and although one woman left the class because "Mrs. Glover was taking Christ away from her," most of the students were ready to accept the idea of an impersonal God and to deny the existence of matter. Even Dorcas Rawson, who was an ardent Methodist and had "professed holiness," unhesitatingly accepted the statement that God was Principle.

Student Sued to Recover Tuition

From the very beginning of her teaching Mrs. Glover had with her students those differences which later made her career so stormy. After the defection of Stanley and Tuttle, Mrs. Vickary, dissatisfied with her instruction, sued for and recovered the one hundred and fifty dollars which she had paid in advance for tuition.* Wallace Wright, one of the most intelligent of her early students, publicly attacked in the Lynn press the "Moral Science," as it was then called, which he had studied under Mrs. Glover.

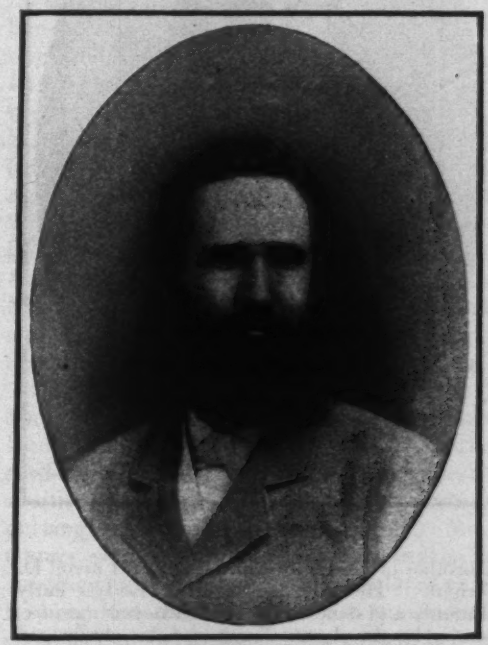
Wallace W. Wright was the son of a Universalist clergyman of Lynn, and a brother of Carroll D. Wright, who afterward became United States Commissioner of Labor. He was regarded as one of the most promising young business men in Lynn, when he was drowned in the wreck of the "City of Columbus," off Gayhead Light, January 18, 1884. When he first studied under Mrs. Glover, he was very enthusiastic over her Science and, much to his own surprise, made several successful demonstrations.

* The suit, Mrs. Otis Vickary versus Mary M. B. Patterson, was entered in the Lynn Police Court on August 3, 1872. (Mrs. Glover had not yet obtained legal right to use her former name.) The Lynn Five Cent Savings-Bank was summoned as Trustee. Both the Savings-Bank and the Defendant were defaulted, apparently for failure to appear and answer, and judgment was rendered for the Plaintiff, and execution issued for the amount of $150 and $5.73 for costs, on August 9th.

Mrs. Glover Wrote that her Science Could Raise the Dead

Before he entered her class, he had made careful inquiries about the nature of what she taught. Both he and his father were interested in her claims and wished to pin Mrs. Glover down to exact statements concerning her Science. He wrote her a letter, asking her nine questions, and requesting an answer to each in writing. The original letters of Mr. Wright and Mrs. Glover are now in the possession of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

(*Here follow the most significant of Mr. Wright's questions, together with Mrs. Glover's answers*):*



DANIEL HARRISON SPOFFORD

The student who took Kennedy's place as Mrs. Eddy's chief adviser, and to whom she entrusted the sale of "Science and Health"

"QUESTION 1 — Upon what principle is your science founded?"

"ANSWER 1 — On God, the principle of man."

"QUESTION 2 — Is a knowledge of anatomy necessary to the success of the student or practitioner?"

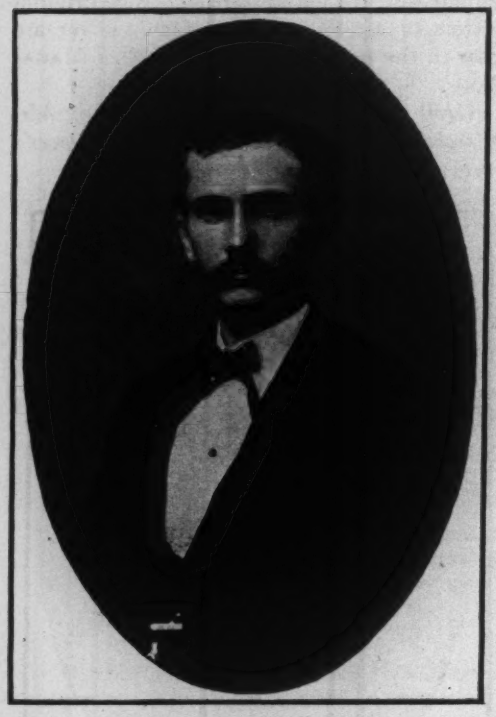
"ANSWER 2 — It is a hindrance instead of help, anatomy belongs to knowledge, the Science I teach, to God, one is the tree

* Mr. Wright's sixth question and Mrs. Glover's answer, in which she admits that Dr. Quimby practised her Science and had made it a subject of research for twenty-five years, was quoted in the March McCLURE'S.

whereof wisdom forbade man to partake, the other is the 'tree of life.' "

"QUESTION 3 — Will it meet the demands of extreme, acute cases?"

"ANSWER 3 — Yes, beyond all other known methods of healing; it is in acute and extreme cases that this science is seen most clearly in its demonstrations over matter."



WALLACE W. WRIGHT

A brother of Ex-Labor-Commissioner Carroll D. Wright. He was one of Mrs. Eddy's early students and denounced her Science as mesmerism. In the Lynn *Transcript* he challenged Mrs. Eddy to raise the dead or to walk on water

"QUESTION 4 — Is a knowledge of disease necessary to effect cures?"

"ANSWER 4 — This 'knowledge' is what science comes to destroy."

* * * * * *

"QUESTION 7 — Does it admit of universal application?"

"ANSWER 7 — *Yes*, even to raising or restoring those called dead. I have witnessed this myself, therefore I testify of what I have seen."*

* * * * * *

*In Mrs. Eddy's testimony in her suit against Stanley and Tuttle, printed in this article, she states that she has seen the *dead in understanding* awaken through her Science. — See page 103.

Wallace Wright Declared Mrs. Eddy's Science Mesmerism

In June, 1871, Mr. Wright went to Knoxville, Tennessee, and there entered into practice. Of this experience he afterward wrote:

The 9th of last June found me in Knoxville, Tennessee, as assistant to a former student. We met with good success in a majority of our cases, but some of them utterly refused to yield to the treatment. Soon after settling in Knoxville I began to question the propriety of calling this treatment "Moral Science" instead of mesmerism. Away from the influence of argument which the teacher of this so-called science knows how to bring to bear upon students with such force as to outweigh any attempts they may make at the time to oppose it, I commenced to think more independently, and to argue with myself as to the truth of the positions we were called upon to take. The result of this course was to convince me that I had studied the science of mesmerism.*

Wright accordingly wrote to Mrs. Glover from Knoxville, asking her to refund the three hundred dollars which he had paid for his tuition and also to compensate him for the two hundred dollars which his venture had cost him. On his return to Lynn he called upon Mrs. Glover and repeated this request. On January 13, 1872, Mr. Wright published a signed letter in the Lynn *Transcript*, stating that he believed Moral Science and Mesmerism to be one and the same thing, and warning other students against being misled. Mrs. Glover replied to this letter in the same paper, January 20th, stating that Mr. Wright had made an unreasonable demand to which she had refused to accede, and that he was now attacking her Science from motives of revenge:

'Tis but a few weeks since he called on me and threatened that if I did not refund his tuition fee and pay him $200 *extra* he would prevent my ever having another class in this city. Said he, "my simple purpose now is revenge, and I will have it" — and this, too, immediately after saying to individuals in this city that the last lesson the class received of which he was a member, was alone worth all he had paid for tuition. . . . Very soon after this, however, I received a letter from him requesting me to pay him over and above all I had received from him, or in case I should not, he would ruin the Science. I smiled at the threat and told a lady at my side, "If you see him, tell him first to take a bucket and dip the Atlantic dry, and then try his powers on this next scheme." . . .

My few remaining years will be devoted to the cause I have espoused, viz: — to teach and to demonstrate the Moral and Physical Science that can heal the sick. Well knowing as I do that God hath bidden me, I shall steadfastly adhere

*Lynn *Transcript*, January 13, 1872.

to my purpose to benefit my suffering fellow-beings, even though it be amid the most malignant misrepresentation and persecution

MARY M. B. GLOVER

Wright Challenged Mrs. Eddy to Walk on Water, Raise the Dead, etc.

This controversy continued several weeks, occupying columns of the *Transcript*, and on February 10th Mr. Wright issued the following challenge:

And now in conclusion I publicly challenge Mrs. Mary Baker Glover to demonstrate her science by any of the following methods, promising, if she is successful, to retract *all* I have said, and humble myself by asking forgiveness publicly for the course I have taken. Her refusal to do this, by silence or otherwise, shall be considered a failure of her cause:

1st: To restore the dead to life again as she claims she can.

2nd: To walk upon the water without the aid of artificial means as she claims she can.

3rd: To live 24 hours without air, or 24 days without nourishment of any kind without its having any effect upon her.

4th: To restore sight when the optic nerve has been destroyed.

5th: To set and heal a broken bone without the aid of artificial means.

I am, respectfully,

W. W. WRIGHT

At this point Mrs. Glover retired from the controversy, but five of her students, George W. Barry, Amos Ingalls, George H. Allen, Dorcas Rawson, and Miranda Rice, wrote a protest to the Lynn *Transcript*, February 17th, ignoring Mr. Wright's challenge, but defending their teacher and her Science and declaring that his charges against both were untrue. Mr. Wright had the last word and ended the controversy, February 24th, by exultantly declaring that Mrs. Glover and her Science were practically dead and buried; which certainly suggests that the gift of prophecy was denied him.

Mrs. Glover's pen at this period was not employed exclusively in controversy. In the Lynn *Transcript*, November 4, 1871, appear the following verses:

LINES

ON RECEIVING SOME GRAPES

BY MARY BAKER GLOVER

Beautiful grapes would I were thee,
Clustering round a parent stem,
The blessing of my God to be,
In woodland, bower or glen;

Where friend or foe had never sought
The angels "born of apes,"
And breathed the disappointed thought,
Behold! They're sour grapes.

And such, methinks, e'en Nature shows
The fate of Beauty's power —
Admired in parlor, grotto, groves,
But faded, O how sour!

Worth, — unlike beauty — fadeless, pure,
A blessing and most blest,
Beyond the shadows will endure,
And give the lone heart rest.

For the Transcript.

Trouble Between Mrs. Eddy and Kennedy

Though Mrs. Glover's classes grew larger, and Richard Kennedy's practice steadily increased, frequent disagreements occurred between him and his teacher. He found that the Quimby method was, like every other method of treating disease, limited in its scope, and urged Mrs. Glover to modify her sweeping statements concerning its possibilities — which greatly angered her. His common-sense rebelled when Mrs. Glover told her students that she could hold her finger in the flame of a candle without feeling pain, and her grim ambition rather repelled him. Although he was almost filial in his dutifulness, her tyranny in trivial matters tried even his genial temper. About a year after they opened their office, Miss Magoun married John M. Dame of Lynn and gave up her school, leaving the Moral Scientists to sublet from another tenant.

On Thanksgiving night of that year (1871) Mrs. Glover and Kennedy went to Mrs. Dame's new home to play cards. At the card-table Kennedy and Mrs. Glover played against each other, Kennedy and his partner playing, apparently, the better game. Mrs. Glover, who could not endure to be beaten in anything, lost her temper and declared that Richard had cheated. The young man was chagrined at being thus taken to task before his friends. The frequent scenes caused by Mrs. Glover's jealous and exacting disposition had worn out his patience. When he and Mrs. Glover reached home that night, he tore his contract with her in two and threw it into the fire, telling her that he would no longer consider himself bound by it. Mrs. Glover threatened and entreated, but to no purpose, and even when she fell to the floor in a swoon Kennedy was not to be moved.

From that night Kennedy prepared to leave Mrs. Glover. Their separation took place in the spring of 1872. When they settled their accounts, Mrs. Glover was left with about six thousand dollars in money. While they remained together, Kennedy had paid

their living expenses and had given Mrs. Glover half of whatever money was left from his practice, while Mrs. Glover's income from teaching was entirely her own.

Mrs. Eddy Still Acted as Medium — Christ and the Apostles her Controls

After this separation Kennedy took another office in Lynn, and Mrs. Glover remained for some months in their old rooms. She afterward boarded with the Chadwells on Shepard Street, later stayed at the home of Dorcas Rawson, and still later lived for some time in a boarding-house at Number 9, Broad Street, opposite the house which she eventually purchased. During this time many of Mrs. Glover's friends were Spiritualists, and she still continued to frequent their circles. Mrs. Richard Hazeltine of Lynn says in her affidavit:

> I distinctly remember meeting Mrs. Mary Glover at these spiritualistic meetings in which she frequently took part as a medium. It was in 1871 and 1872, as nearly as I can remember the date, that Mrs. Glover acted as the chief spiritualistic medium in a circle which met at the home of a Mrs. Clark in Summer street, Lynn. My husband, Richard Hazeltine, and I went to the circle at Mrs. Clark's and saw Mrs. Glover pass into the trance state, and heard her communicate by word of mouth messages received from the spirit world, or what she said and we believed were messages from the spirit world. I cannot forget certain peculiar features of these sittings of Mrs. Glover's. Mrs. Glover told us, as we were gathered there, that, because of her superior spiritual quality, and because of the purity of her life, she could only be controlled in the spirit world by one of the Apostles and by Jesus Christ. When she went into the trance state and gave her communications to members of the circle, these communications were said by Mrs. Glover to come, through her as a medium, from the spirit of one of the Apostles or of Jesus Christ.*

The Christian Science Shrine

The Essex County registry of deeds shows that on March 31, 1875, Francis E. Besse, in consideration of $5,650, deeded to "Mary M. B. Glover, a widow woman of Lynn," the property at Number 8, Broad Street, which became the first official headquarters of Christian Science.† This house, a small two-and-a-half story building, is still standing. When Mrs. Glover moved in, shortly after her purchase, she occupied only the second floor, renting the first floor of the house to a succession of tenants. She used as her study a little low-ceiled room on the third floor, lighted by one window and a skylight. Here she completed the manuscript of "Science and Health," read the proofs of the first edition, and prepared the second and third editions. The Christian Science reading-rooms of Lynn are now in this building. At the time of the June communions at the Mother Church in Boston, thousands of people go out to visit the little skylight room which they regard as the cradle of their faith. The room has, of course, been changed since Mrs. Eddy worked there. The woodwork has been painted white, and the walls and ceiling are now pale blue and cream color, dotted with gold stars. None of the original furniture remains; but the chair and table are said to be very like those which Mrs. Eddy used, and on the shelf is a clock like that which used to count the hours while Mrs. Eddy measured time out of existence. On the low wall there hangs — certainly not without a stirring effect of contrast — a very light and airy water-color of the gray tower of the original Mother Church in Boston. Over the door is frescoed the First Commandment:

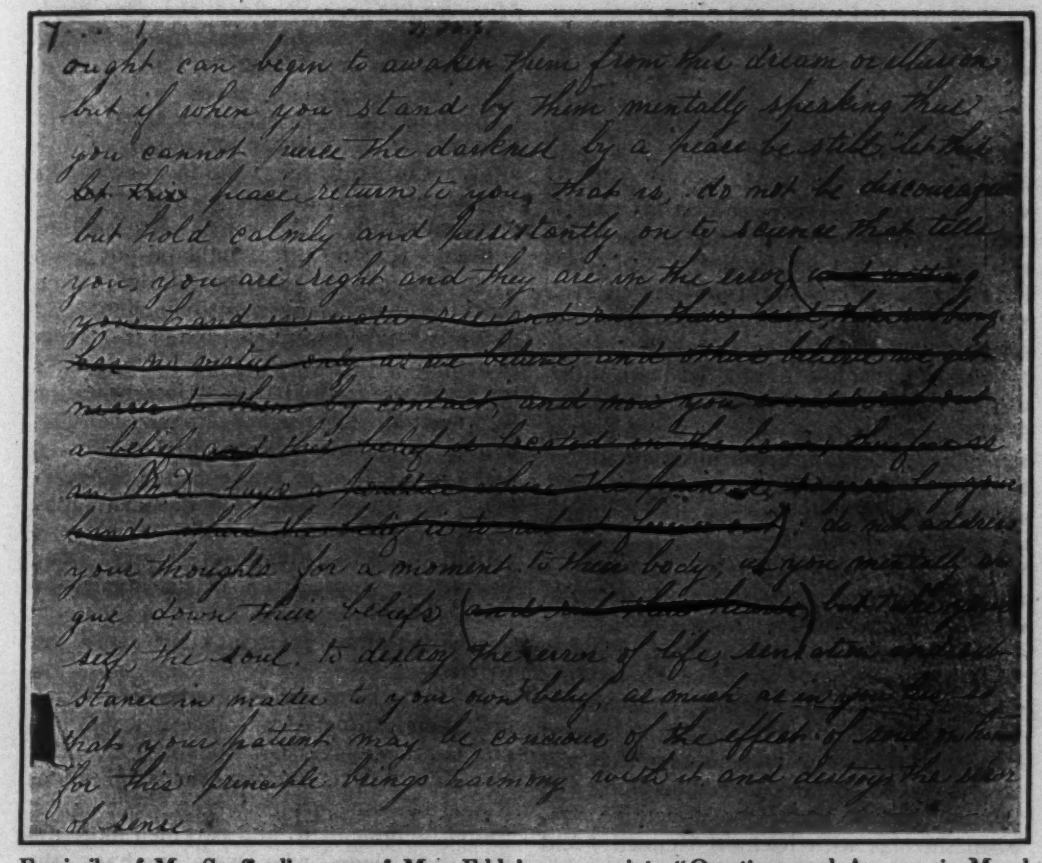
"Thou shalt have no other Gods before me."

Extravagant Devotion of Mrs. Eddy's Students

When Mrs. Glover moved into the Broad Street house, she already had about her a circle of staunch and devoted followers. Whatever disagreement she had with individual students, their number constantly increased, and for every deserter there were several new adherents. Her following grew not only in numbers but in zeal; her influence over her students and their veneration of her were subjects of comment and astonishment in Lynn. Of some of them it could be truly said that they lived only for and through Mrs. Glover. They continued to attend in some manner to their old occupations, but they became like strangers to their own families, and their personalities seemed to have undergone an eclipse. Like their teacher, they could talk of only one thing and had but one vital interest. One disciple let two of his three children die under metaphysical treatment without a murmur. Another married the woman

* Other Spiritualists of Lynn also remember when Mrs. Glover acted as a medium in the circle which met at the home of Mrs. George Clark. Mrs. Mary Gould, a medium in Lynn, remembers that at one time Abraham Lincoln was one of Mrs. Glover's controls.

† When Mrs. Glover bought this property, she assumed the mortgage on it of $2,800.



Facsimile of Mr. Spofford's copy of Mrs. Eddy's manuscript, "Questions and Answers in Moral Science" ("Scientific Treatise on Mortality"), showing the passage on "Manipulation," which was stricken out by her order after her separation from Richard Kennedy — See page 113

whom Mrs. Glover designated. Two students furnished the money to bring out her first book, though Mrs. Glover at that time owned the house in which she lived, and her classes were fairly remunerative.

The closer students, who constituted Mrs. Glover's cabinet and body-guard, executed her commissions, transacted her business, and were always at her call. To-day some of these who have long been accounted as enemies by Mrs. Eddy, and whom she has anathematized in print and discredited on the witness-stand, still declare that what they got from her was beyond equivalent in gold or silver. They speak of a certain spiritual or emotional exaltation which she was able to impart in her class-room; a feeling so strong that it was like the birth of a new understanding and seemed to open to them a new heaven and a new earth. Some of Mrs. Glover's students experienced this in a very slight degree, but such as were imaginative and emotional, and especially those who had something of the mystic in their nature, came out of her class-room to find that for them the world had changed. They lived by a new set of values; the color seemed to fade out of the physical world about them; men and women became shadow-like, and their own humanity grew pale. The reality of pain and pleasure, sin and grief, love and death, once denied, the only positive thing in their lives was their belief — and that was almost wholly negation. One of the students who was closest to Mrs. Glover at that time says that to him the world outside her little circle seemed like a madhouse, where each inmate was given over to his delusion of love or gain or ambition, and the problem which confronted him was how to awaken them from the absurdity of their pursuits. It is but fair to say that occasionally a student was more of a royalist than the king, and that Mrs. Glover herself had a very sound

sense of material values and often reminded an extravagant follower to render unto Caesar what was his due.

Daniel Harrison Spofford

Among the enthusiasts of Mrs. Glover's following was Daniel Harrison Spofford, who became a very successful practitioner of mental healing, and at one time had offices in Boston, Haverhill, and Newburyport, dividing his time among the three places. Spofford was one of the most interesting of Mrs. Glover's students and an important factor in the early development of Christian Science.* He was born at Temple, New Hampshire, and when he was a boy of ten came to eastern Massachusetts with his brother and widowed mother. He was put out to work for farmers about the country, and, although he was a frail boy, did a man's work. He was working as a watchmaker's apprentice when, in his twentieth year, he entered the army. He enlisted in '61 and served in the Army of the Potomac, in Hooker's brigade, until he was mustered out in '64, taking part in some twenty engagements, among them Gettysburg and the second battle of Bull Run. On his return from the army he went to work in a shoe factory in Lynn. He first met Mrs. Glover in 1871, when she was with Richard Kennedy, and he had access, through another student, to the manuscripts from which she taught. During the next three years, which he spent in the South and West, he carried these manuscripts with him and studied them. He was thoughtful and reflective by nature, and even when he was a chore boy on the farm he read the Bible diligently and went about his work in the barn and in the field pondering deeply upon the paradoxes of the old theology. He had worked out a kind of transcendentalism of his own, and he found something in the Quimby manuscripts which satisfied a need of his nature. When he came back to Lynn, in the spring of 1875, he began to experiment among his friends in the healing power of this system, and made several cures which were much talked about. Mrs. Glover soon heard of this and sent Spofford a letter, in which she said: "Mr. Spofford I tender you a cordial invitation to join my next class and receive my instruction in healing the sick without medicine, without money, and without price."

*Mr. Spofford now lives opposite the old Whittier homestead, on the road between Haverhill and Amesbury.

Mrs. Eddy Gave Spofford the Pen with Which "Science and Health" was Written

Spofford, who was then about thirty-three years of age, accordingly entered Mrs. Glover's class in April, 1875, and in a few weeks her teaching had become to him the most important thing in the world. Mr. Spofford still says that no price could be put upon what Mrs. Glover gave her students, and that the mere manuscripts which he had formerly studied were, compared to her expounding of them, as the printed page of a musical score compared to its interpretation by a master. His teacher recognized in him a mind singularly adapted to her subject, and a nature sincere and free from self-seeking. She turned many of her students over to him for instruction in Scriptural interpretation, addressed him as "Harry," and showed her appreciation of his loyalty by presenting to him, in a silver case, the gold pen with which "Science and Health" was written

In May, a month after he entered her class, Mr. Spofford opened an office in Lynn and put out his sign, "Dr. Spofford, Scientific Physician." His success was as rapid as Richard Kennedy's had been, although it would be difficult to find two men more unlike than these, who were perhaps the most intelligent and able of all Mrs. Glover's practising students. Kennedy was cheerful, impulsive, practical, and blessed with a warm enjoyment of the world as it is. He made a host of friends, whom he managed to see very often, and always found a thousand agreeable duties which he discharged punctiliously. Spofford was an idealist, somewhat tinged with the gentle melancholy of the dreamer — a type with which the literature of New England has made us all familiar. His frame was delicate, his hands and features finely cut, and his eyes were intense and very blue in color. His voice was low, and his manner gentle and somewhat aloof.

These men, both singularly upright in character, were destined to become two of that hated trinity, "Kennedy, Spofford, and Arens," which for years represented to Mrs. Eddy and her followers the incarnation of evil on earth. They were variously styled by her "mental malpractitioners," "mental outlaws," "mental assassins," and "arch destroyers of health and morals."

Foremost in loyalty among Mrs. Glover's women students was Mrs. Miranda Rice, who remained in constant attendance upon her, acting as mediator between her and recalcitrant students and attending her in those violent seizures of hysteria which continued to torture her. Mrs. Rice says that during these attacks the poor woman would often lie unconscious for hours together; at other times she would seem almost insane, would denounce all her friends, declare that they were all persecuting and wronging her, and that she would run away, never to come back.

In spite of the hardships of her service, Mrs. Rice remained Mrs. Glover's friend for about twelve years—Mrs. Glover rarely kept her friends so long. Mrs. Rice always felt under obligation to her teacher, for she had paid no tuition when she entered her class, and one of Mrs. Glover's most noted demonstrations—for years recounted in succeeding editions of "Science and Health"—occurred when she attended Mrs. Rice in child-bed. Mrs. Rice still affirms that the birth was absolutely painless.

Bronson Alcott's Visit to Mrs. Eddy's Class

George W. Barry, a student who avowed that Mrs. Glover had cured him of consumption, was long active in her service, and he always addressed her as "Mother." Once when Bronson Alcott, that undiscouraged patron of metaphysical cults, went to Lynn upon an invitation from Mrs. Glover and addressed her class, he turned to Barry and, struck by his youthful appearance, asked, "How old are you, young man?" Barry replied, "I am five years old, sir," explaining that it was five years ago that he first began to study under Mrs. Glover. Two years after he had thus defined existence, Barry sued Mrs. Glover, then Mrs. Eddy, for money due him for services to her extending over a period of five years; some of the instances set forth in his bill of particulars give an interesting glimpse of life at Number 8, Broad Street. Among the services rendered, as stated in this bill, was: "Copying the manuscript of the book entitled Science and Health and aiding in arrangement of capital letters and some of the grammatical constructions." (The Referee in the case found that Barry had actually copied out in long hand twenty-five hundred pages, and allowed him more than the usual copyist rate, "on account of the difficulty which a portion of the pages presented to the copyist by reason of erasures and interlineations.") Other services mentioned in Barry's bill were: "Copying manuscript for classes and helping to arrange the construction of some of the sentences"; "copying Mrs. Glover's replies to W. W. Wright's newspaper articles"; "searching for a publisher"; "moving her goods from the tenement on South Common Street, Lynn, i. e., disposing of some at the auction room, storing others in my uncle's barn and storing trunks and goods at my father's house, clearing up rooms, paying rent for the same"; "attending to her financial business, i. e., withdrawing monies from Boston savings-banks, going to Boston to get United States coupon bonds, taking in my care two mortgages," etc.

Students Worked in the Garden

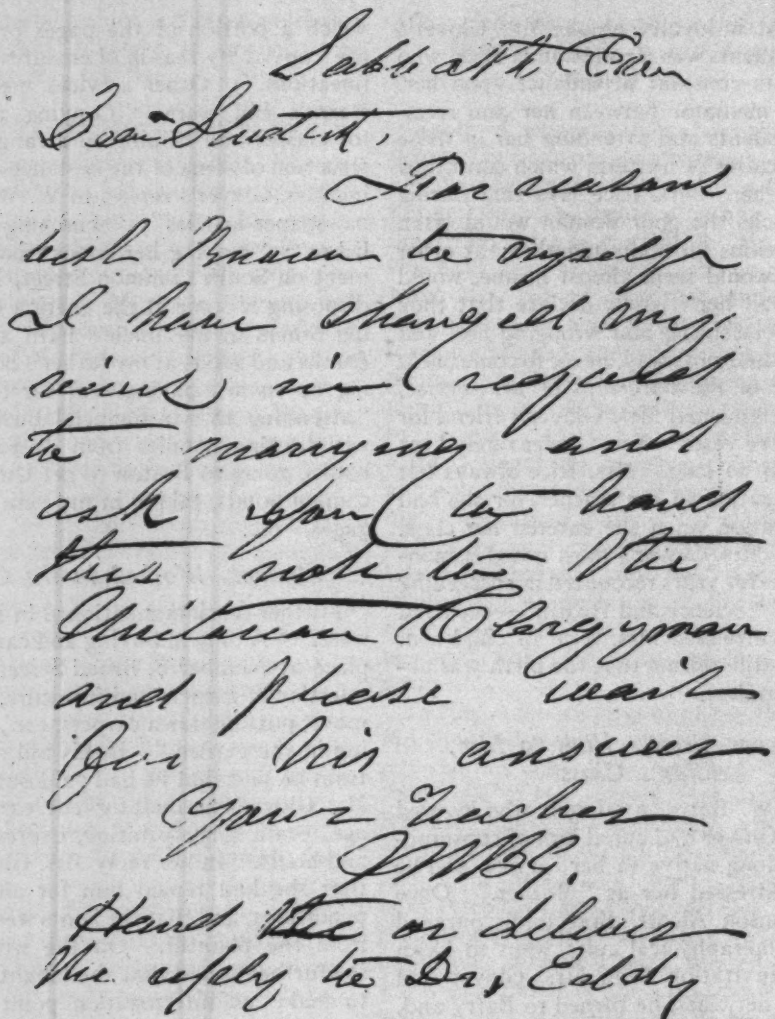
Further services mentioned in Barry's bill were: "Aiding in buying and caring for the place at Number 8, Broad Street; aiding in selection of carpets and furniture, helping to move, putting down carpets, etc., and working in the garden." In his bill of expenditures he said that he had paid out money on Mrs. Glover's account for rent, car-fare, postage, stationary, printing, express charges, and boots. In her reply Mrs. Glover stated that she had repaid him for all these expenditures, and that the boots were a present from the plaintiff. On the witness-stand she further stated that she taught him "how to make an interrogation point and what capitals to attach to the names of the Deity." She affirmed that she had cured him of disease. "I gave him mind as one would treat a patient with material medicine," she told the judge. Mrs. Glover later reproachfully published some verses which she said Barry wrote her before his defection:

> O, mother mine, God grant I ne'er forget,
> Whatever be my grief or what my joy,
> The unmeasured, unextinguishable debt
> I owe to thee, but find my sweet employ
> Ever through thy remaining days to be
> To thee as faithful as thou wast to me. *

Exit Quimby

The history of the Quimby manuscript from which Mrs. Glover taught during the five years 1870–1875 is interesting and significant. We have seen that while she was in Stoughton, Mrs. Glover wrote a preface, signed "Mary M. Glover," to her copy

* "Science and Health," (1881), Vol. II., p. 15.



FACSIMILE OF MRS. EDDY'S LETTER TO D. H. SPOFFORD

It was written on New Year's Eve, 1876, and announced her intention of marrying Mr. Eddy. The wedding took place the next day — See page 116

of Quimby's manuscript, "Questions and Answers," and that she made slight changes in, and additions to, the text. In examining the copies of this manuscript which were given out to her students in Lynn, 1870–1872, we find that this signed preface has been incorporated in the text, so that the manuscript reads like the composition of one person, and that instead of being issued with a title-page, reading "Extracts from P. P. Quimby's Writings," as was the Stoughton manuscript, the copies given out in Lynn were unsigned. This manuscript Mrs. Glover called "The Science of Man, or the Principle which Controls Matter." In 1870 she took out a copyright upon a book entitled: "The Science of Man by which the Sick are Healed Embracing Questions and Answers in Moral Science Arranged for the Learner by Mrs. Mary Baker Glover." This seems to have been only a precautionary measure, however, as she took no steps to publish the pamphlet until 1876. When it appeared, it contained allusions to events which happened after 1872, and it must have been largely rewritten after the date of the copyright.

In Stoughton "The Science of Man" was the only manuscript from which Mrs. Glover taught. By the time she arrived in Lynn, however, she had worked out another treatise, which she sometimes entitled "Scientific

Treatise on Mortality, As Taught by Mrs. M. B. Glover," and sometimes gave no title at all. Mr. Horatio Dresser and Mr. George A. Quimby, the two persons best acquainted with Phineas P. Quimby's writings, say that this second manuscript is only partially his, and seems to be made up of extracts from his writings, woven together and interspersed with much that must have been Mrs. Glover's own. In her early teaching in Lynn she gave out this new manuscript, first requiring her pupils to learn it by heart, and following it up with "The Science of Man," which still formed the basis of her lectures. She occasionally reinforced her instruction by giving to a promising pupil still a third manuscript, also a combination of Quimby and herself, which she called "Soul's Inquiries of Man." At this time, however, Mrs. Glover gave Quimby credit for the authorship of the three manuscripts, even for the two which seem to have been partly her own composition.*

"Manipulation" Repudiated

The next important change in her manuscripts occurred in the spring of 1872, when Richard Kennedy left her. Mrs. Glover was then without a practising student — a serious disadvantage to her — and she was so angered that she conceived for Kennedy a violent hatred, from which, without the slightest provocation on his part, she suffered intensely for many years, and from which it may be justly said she still suffers. Kennedy simply changed his office, refused to discuss Mrs. Glover at all, and went on practising. His success so annoyed Mrs. Glover that she wished to repudiate him and his methods, and to do this it was necessary to repudiate what she herself had taught him. She therefore announced that she had discovered that the method of treatment which she had taught Kennedy (i. e., wetting and rubbing the patient's head) was harmful and pernicious. Mr. Wright's articles in the Lynn *Transcript* had apparently suggested mesmerism to her, and she now declared that Kennedy was a mesmerist and his treatment mesmerism. In the first edition of "Science and Health," page 193, she says:

"Sooner suffer a doctor infected with smallpox to be about you than come under the treatment of one that manipulates his patients' heads, and is a traitor to science."

And on page 371:

"There is but one possible way of doing wrong with a mental method of healing, and this is mesmerism, whereby the minds of the sick may be controlled with error instead of Truth. . . . For years we had tested the benefits of Truth on the body, and knew no opposite chance for doing evil through a mental method of healing until we saw it traduced by an erring student, and made the medium of error. Introducing falsehoods into the minds of the patients prevented their recovery, and the sins of the doctor was visited on the patients, many of whom died because of this. . . . ."

Soon after her break with Kennedy she had all her students strike out from their manuscript, "Scientific Treatise on Mortality," the passages regarding the manipulation of the patient's head, as in the following:

That is, do not be discouraged but hold calmly and persistently on to science that tells you you are right and they are in error, (and wetting your hand in water, rise and rub their head, this rubbing has no virtue only as we believe and others believe we get nearer to them by contact, and now you would rub out a belief and this belief is located in the brain, therefore as an M.D. lays a poultice where the pain is, so you lay your hands where the belief is to rub it forever out) do not address your thoughts for a moment to their body as you mentally argue down their beliefs (and rub their heads) but take yourself, the Soul, to destroy the error of life, sensation and substance in matter to your own belief, as much as in you lies, etc.

Now Felt that Quimby Had Been a Detriment

"Manipulation," as she called it, became a thing of horror to Mrs. Glover; it was the taint which distinguished the false science from the true. Now, manipulation had been Quimby's method of treating his patients, and as Mrs. Glover was a person of singularly literal mind, breaking away from that method gave her a sense not only of independence but of conquest. She considered that she had improved upon the original Quimby method and left it behind her. She still taught her students to put their fingers upon the patient's head, but the rubbing and the bowl of water were now symbols of the dark abuses of "mental malpractice." Having abjured them, Mrs. Glover felt that this Science was hers as it had never been before. She felt that she had now a system which

* Daniel H. Spofford in his affidavit says: "In the year 1870 I was a resident of Lynn, Massachusetts. In that year I made the acquaintance of one Mary Baker Glover, at that time a teacher of metaphysical healing. She taught from three manuscripts, entitled 'Questions and Answers in Moral Science,' (Treatise on Mortality), 'The Science of Man,' and 'Soul's Inquiries of Man.' She always attributed the authorship of these manuscripts to P. P. Quimby, of Portland, Maine."

was practically her own, and told Dr. Spofford she considered that Quimby had been a detriment to her growth in Science. The more one studies the illogical and literal quality of Mrs. Glover's mind as evinced in her life and writings, the better one understands how she could readily persuade herself that this was true.

By 1875 Quimby's name was seldom mentioned in Mrs. Glover's class-room. She was now surrounded by a body of devoted students who venerated her as she had once venerated Quimby. Instead of pointing always backward and reiterating, "I *learned* this from Dr. *Quimby*, etc.," she began to acquiesce in the belief of her students, who regarded her as the source of what she taught. Her infatuated students desired to see no further than their teacher, and doubtless would not have looked beyond her had she pointed. Consequently, when the first edition of "Science and Health" at last appeared in 1875, there was but a casual mention of Quimby in its pages. Mrs. Glover's feeling of proprietorship in her Science had come about gradually; circumstances, especially her own success, had much to do with it. The progress of this assimilation is easily followed:

First—The writing of a signed preface to and the amending of the original Quimby manuscript.

Second—The incorporating of this preface in the text.

Third—The composition of a second manuscript, partly her own, from which she was able to teach successfully.

Fourth—The discontinuation of "manipulation" in treatment.

Fifth—The belief, fostered by her students, that her interpretation of the Quimby manuscript was far beyond the manuscript itself in scope and understanding.

Sixth—The writing of the book, "Science and Health," begun in the later 'sixties and finished in 1875, in which Mrs. Glover undoubtedly added much extraneous matter to Quimbyism, and developed self-confidence by presenting ideas of her own.

First Christian Science Organization

Although the Christian Science church was not chartered until 1879, the first attempt at an organization was made in 1875. Her students desired Mrs. Glover to conduct services of public worship in Lynn, and to this end formed an association, electing officers, and calling themselves the "Christian Scientists." In a memorandum book, kept by Daniel H. Spofford in the spring of that year, appears the following entry:

May 26—At a meeting of students, 8 Broad street, there was a committee of three appointed, consisting of Dorcas B. Rawson, George W. Barry and D. H. Spofford, to ascertain what a suitable hall could be rented for, and the amount which could be raised weekly toward sustaining Mrs. Glover as teacher and instructor for one year. Committee to report night of June 1.

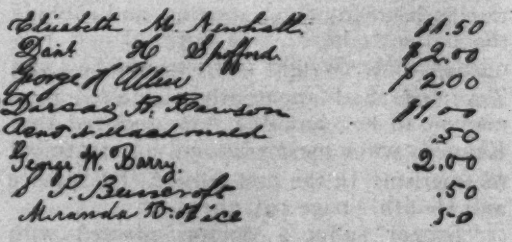
This committee entered heartily into its labors and drew up the following pledge, which was signed by eight students:

Whereas, in times not long past, the Science of Healing new to the age, and far in advance of all other modes was introduced into the city of Lynn by its discoverer, a certain lady, Mary Baker Glover,

And, whereas, many friends spread the good tidings throughout the place, and bore aloft the standard of life and truth which had declared freedom to many manacled with the bonds of disease or error,

And, whereas, by the wilful and wicked disobedience of an individual,* who has no name in Love Wisdom or Truth, the light was obscured by clouds of misinterpretations and mists of mystery, so that God's work was hidden from the world and derided in the streets,

Now therefore, we, students and advocates of this moral science called the Science of Life, . . . have arranged with the said Mary Baker Glover, to preach to us or direct our meetings on the Sabbath of each week, and hereby covenant with one another, and by these presents do publish and proclaim, that we have agreed and do each and all agree to pay weekly, for one year, beginning with the sixth day of June, A. D., 1875, to a treasurer chosen by at least seven students the amount set opposite our names, provided nevertheless the moneys paid by us shall be expended for no other purpose or purposes than the maintenance of said Mary Baker Glover as teacher or instructor, than the renting of a suitable hall and other necessary incidental expenses, and our signatures shall be a full and sufficient guarantee of our faithful performance of this contract.


Elizabeth M. Arnold $1.50
Dan't H. Spofford $2.00
George A. Allen $2.00
Dorcas B. Rawson $1.00
Geo. W. Barry. 2.00
S. P. Bancroft .50
Miranda W. Rice 5-0

Mr. Spofford's memorandum book continues the story of this association:

June 1—On receiving the report of the committee it was decided to rent Templars' Hall,

* Presumably Richard Kennedy.

Market street, and the first regular meeting to be June 6. Also a business meeting appointed June 8.

June 6—There were probably sixty in attendance at the meeting this evening.

June 8—At the meeting this evening, George H. Allen was chosen president, George W. Barry, secretary, and Daniel H. Spofford, treasurer, the society to be known as the "Christian Scientists."*

For five successive Sundays Mrs. Glover discoursed to her pupils in the Templars' Hall, receiving five dollars for each address. The remaining five dollars of the amount subscribed went toward paying incidental expenses. After the first two meetings a number of Spiritualists were attracted to the services. In the discussions following Mrs. Glover's talks they asked questions which annoyed her, and she finally refused to continue her lectures and abolished public services.

First Appearance of "Science and Health"

Toward the end of the same year the book "Science and Health" made its first appearance in print.† As Mrs. Glover had been unable to find a publisher for it on the usual terms, George W. Barry and Elizabeth Newhall advanced the one thousand dollars which the printer required to put out an edition of a thousand copies. The book seemed to fall still-born from the press. Very few copies were sold, and it was in some instances handled severely by sarcastic reviewers. Mrs. Glover was convinced that it was through this volume that she was to make her way, and that the most important task before her was to advertise it and push its sale. She accordingly entrusted this work to her leading practitioner and chief adviser, Daniel Spofford, persuading him to hand over his thriving practice to one of her new students, Asa Gilbert Eddy.

Asa Gilbert Eddy

Mr. Eddy first met Mrs. Glover through Mr. Spofford, to whom he had come as a patient. He was originally from Londonderry, Vermont, and was a weaver by trade, having worked for a number of years in a woolen mill at Springfield, Vermont. At the time he came to Mr. Spofford for treatment, he was a sewing-machine agent in East Boston. He felt an interest in Spofford's method of healing, was introduced to Mrs Glover, and soon entered her class. From their first acquaintance he and his teacher manifested a cordial regard for each other. He alone of all her students was permitted to call her by her first name, Mary, and she addressed him as Gilbert, often speaking of him to other pupils and extolling his willingness and obedience.

People who knew Eddy well describe him as a quiet, dull little man, docile and yielding up to a certain point, but capable of a very dogged sort of obstinacy. He was thrifty and very careful of his money. His sister-in-law, Mrs. Washington Eddy of New Haven, Connecticut, says that when Gilbert was a bachelor in Springfield, he did all his own housework, even his washing, and usually made his own trousers. When he visited his brother he always helped her with the housework, especially with the ironing, and she says that "he could do up a shirt as well as any woman." He was naturally deft with his hands, and, having grown up in a shiftless family, he had helped his mother with the housework, when he worked at all. He was short of stature, slow in his movements, and always taciturn. When he first came to Lynn people remarked upon his old-fashioned dress and singular manner of wearing his hair. He usually wore a knitted Cardigan jacket and a long surtout, gathered very full at the hips and a light cinnamon in color.

Other Students Jealous of Eddy

After Mr. Spofford's patients had been transferred to Eddy, Mrs. Glover's students began to feel that her interest in the new practitioner was out of all proportion to his usefulness in the Science. Mrs. Glover became aware of this jealousy and was greatly distressed by it. She felt that her students were leaning on her too heavily, and that by demanding her attention and even by thinking about her so constantly, they drained her powers and unfitted her for her work. She spoke much in these days of a temperamental quality which compelled her to take on the ills and perplexities of her friends and to suffer from them as if they were her own. She continually besought her students not to "call upon her" in thought when they were sick or in trouble. For some months before her marriage to Gilbert Eddy she seems to have felt completely at the mercy of her students' minds, and that she must find some way to put a barrier between their thoughts

*This, so far as can be learned, was the first time that Mrs. Glover's students were called "Christian Scientists."

†A detailed account of the publication of this important book will be given in a later chapter.

and her own. An almost incoherent letter, written to Daniel Spofford two days before her marriage, certainly indicates great mental distress, and she evidently felt that her favoritism toward Eddy had been the subject of criticism.

"Now, Dr. Spofford," she writes, "won't you exercise *reason* and let me live or will you *kill* me? Your mind is just what has brought on my relapse and I shall never *recover* if you do not govern yourself and TURN YOUR THOUGHTS wholly away from me. Do for God's sake and the work I have before me let me get out of this suffering I never was worse than last night and you say you wish to do me good and I do not doubt it. Then won't you *quit thinking* of me. I shall write no more to a male student and never more trust one to live with. It is a hidden foe that is at work read Science and Health page 193, 1st paragraph.

"No STUDENT nor mortal has tried to have you leave me that I know of. Dr. Eddy has tried to have you stay you are in a *mistake*, it is *God* and not man that has separated us and for the reason I *begin* to learn. Do not think of returning to me again I shall never again trust a *man* They know not what manner of temptations assail God produces the separation and I submit to it so must you. There is no cloud between us but the way you set me up for a Dagon is wrong and now I implore you to return forever from this error of *personality* and go alone *to God* as I have taught you.

"It is mesmerism that I feel and is killing me it is *mortal* mind that only can make me suffer. Now stop thinking of me or you will cut me off *soon* from the face of the earth."

Gilbert Eddy called on his teacher that same evening, and must have reassured the distracted woman as to the trustworthiness of his sex, for on the next day he was the proud bearer to Spofford of the following note, even the date line of which breathes peace:

"SABBATH EVE, DEC. 31, '76.

"DEAR STUDENT:

"For reasons best known to myself I have changed my views in respect to marrying and ask you to hand this note to the Unitarian clergyman and please wait for his answer.

"Your teacher,

"M. B. G.

"Hand or deliver the reply to Dr. Eddy."

When Mr. Spofford read the note he remarked:

"You've been very quiet about all this, Gilbert."

"Indeed, Dr. Spofford," protested the happy groom, "I didn't know a thing about it myself until last night."

He then produced the marriage license from his pocket, and Mr. Spofford noticed that the ages of both the bride and groom were put down as forty years. Knowing that Mrs. Glover was in her fifty-sixth year, he remarked upon the inaccuracy, but Mr. Eddy explained that the statement of age was a mere formality and that a few years more or less was of no consequence.

Marriage to Gilbert Eddy

On New Year's Day, 1877, the Reverend Samuel B. Stewart performed the marriage ceremony at Mrs. Glover's home on Broad Street. The wedding was unattended by festivities, but several weeks later Mrs. Eddy's friends and students assembled one evening to offer the usual bridal gifts and congratulations. An interesting picture of this friendly gathering is found in an account published in the Lynn *Recorder*, February 10, 1887.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS' FESTIVAL

MR. EDITOR — A very pleasant occasion of congratulations and bridal gifts passed off at the residence of the bride and bridegroom, Dr. and Mrs. Eddy, at No. 8 Broad St., on the evening of the 31st ult. The arrival of a large number of unexpected guests at length brought about the discovery that it was a sort of semi-surprise party, and thus it proved, and a very agreeable surprise at that. It afterwards appeared that the visitors had silently assembled in the lower parlor, and laden the table with bridal gifts, when the door was suddenly thrown open and some of the family invited in to find the room well packed with friendly faces; all of which was the quiet work of that mistress of all good management, Mrs. Bixby. One of the most elaborate gifts in silver was a cake basket. A bouquet of crystalized geranium leaves of rare varieties encased in glass was charming, but the presents were too fine to permit a selection. Mr. S. P. Bancroft gave the opening address — a very kind and graceful speech, which was replied to by Mrs. Glover-Eddy with evident satisfaction, when alluding to the unbroken friendship for their teacher, the fidelity to Truth and the noble purposes cherished by a number of her students and the amount of good compared with others of which they were capable. The happy evening was closed with reading the Bible, remarks on the Scriptures, etc. Wedding cake and lemonade were served, and those from out of town took the cars for home.

SPECTATOR.